



WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 26, 1905. EASTERN TEMPERATURES (Min.): Boston, 42; New York, 50; Buffalo, 36; Washington, 48; Pittsburgh, 42; Cincinnati, 56; Chicago, 43; St. Paul, 48; Kansas City, 54; Jacksonville, 68.

Part 1—General News Sheet—12 Pages. 5 CENTS

SEIZURE OF BASE SIGNAL FOR A FIGHT.
Togo Will Seek Russians in Port of Hainan and Enforce Laws.

Reinforcements for Rojstvensky Reported Off Saigon, While Japanese Fleet of Twenty Warships Was Seen Passing Kamranh Bay Saturday Evening. Oyama Pouring Troops To ward Vladivostok.

THE GREAT WAR.
[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
TOKIO, April 26.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Important news from the China Sea is expected any moment. Should it prove true that the Russian squadron has gone as far northeast as Hainan Island, Japan will strike without delay. The Navy Department was anxious to avoid any international complications with France, but it can be said with certainty that Rojstvensky, once he is discovered in any of the harbors of Hainan, will be attacked forthwith, unless he observes the instructions of the Chinese authorities to put to sea.

Every Japanese flagship has on board two professors of international law; those on Kamamura's squadron will suggest enforcement of the law in case it is defied by the Russian fleet in Chinese waters.

NEBOGATOFF SIGHTED.
[BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.]
PARIS, April 26.—A dispatch from Saigon to the Petit Journal states that nine warships, supposed to be Vice-Admiral Nebogatoff's detachment of the Russian Pacific Squadron, doubled Cape Bake, fifty miles northeast of Saigon, the night of April 25.

CASTRO THE REAL THING.
Venezuelan Congress to Elect Him Constitutional President and End His Term as Provisional.

SOLVENT CREDITS.
Milwaukee's Run on Bank Ended.

First National Receives Two Million Dollars and Clean Bill of Health.

NOT AFRAID OF HIM.
[BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.]
BOSTON, April 25.—The Journal tomorrow will say that the American Missionary Society, the Congregational body, which is to meet here tomorrow, has asked John D. Rockefeller for a contribution of \$100,000 for home missions.

NEW YORK'S GAS LIGHT.
Stevens Committee Sheds a Few Recommendations on the Legislature for the Public's Benefit.

PRICES DOWN IN PARIS.
[BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.]
PARIS, April 25.—Prices on the Bourse today showed a general decline, due partly to a resumption of possible events in the Far East.

NO DAMAGED VAP WARSHIP.
[BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.]
BERLIN, April 25.—An investigation shows that the German cruiser Sperrbrecher was not in the Straits of Formosa, April 22. She arrived at Tsingtau from Sanbalkwan April 21, and left Tsingtau April 24, bound for Hongkong.

THE CARLISLE LEAVES MANILA.
[BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.]
MANILA, April 25.—The British steamship Carlisle sailed from this port today, having cleared for Port Said. In some quarters it is thought that she will attempt to connect with Admiral Rojstvensky's fleet. The customs officials, after making a critical investigation, claim they could not prevent her departure.

TOO NEWSY FOR RUSSIA.
OUR CONSUL COMPLAINED OF.

HAY IN WRETCHED SHAPE.
This is the Tenor of Reports that Reach Berlin, but One from Bath Says Differently.

FEELING VERY WELL.
[BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.]
BAD NAUHEIM, April 25.—Secretary Hay says he feels very well. He has arranged not to receive visitors during the progress of the cure, although the rule doubtless will often be relaxed.

MUTINY ON CRUISER.
GALVESTON (Tex.) April 25.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Owing to the alleged tyranny of Commander W. G. Cutler, a mutiny has broken out on the cruiser Galveston. Sixty of the crew are in irons, forty more are in the brig, under guard, and twenty-six have deserted. Commodore sent ashore to arrest deserters refused to act. The men publicly planned to kill the commander when he received the ship's silver service. Ten of the leaders of this move were placed in irons.

ELASCO THEATRE
Every Night at 8 Sharp
THE ETERNAL CITY

MASON OPERAHOUSE
TOMORROW AND REMAINDER OF WEEK—With a Sensational and Dramatic
SOUTHERN-MARLOWE

MODERN VAUDEVILLE
THE ELITE STAGE COMPANY in the Sensational
"For His Brother's Crime"

OROSCO'S BURBANK THEATRE
TOMORROW SATURDAY EVENING—The Sensational
"OUT OF THE FOLD"

NOELUS THEATRE
TOMORROW SATURDAY EVENING—The Sensational
"PARSIFAL"

AMERICAN AUDITORIUM
Friday Night and Saturday Matinee, April 28-29
THE RICHARD J. JOSE GRAND CONCERT CO.

PSYCHIC PALMIST
"A MAN."
\$5.00 Life Reading for \$1.00.

WINSTON OSTRICH FARM
150 Gigantic Birds
MAMMOTH PLUNGE

MAN-OF-WAR
60 Cents for the Round Trip to San Pedro.

Pacific Electric Railway
PACIFIC MAIL S. S. CO.—For Honolulu, Japan—

PACIFIC MAIL S. S. CO.
NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA, TARIKI AND AROUND

WINE CO.
DOMESTIC GROCERIES

BRIEF WEATHER REPORT.
FORECAST for Los Angeles and vicinity:

POINTS OF THE NEWS IN
The Times

INDEX.

SYNOPSIS.

THE CITY.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

GENERAL EASTERN.

PACIFIC SLOPE.

MODJESKA OVERWHELMED.

FIERY NEW YORK FIRE.

REALLY LEFT SATURDAY.

THE GREAT WAR.

SEIZURE OF BASE

CASTRO THE REAL THING.

SOLVENT CREDITS.

NOT AFRAID OF HIM.

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Guard against this danger
Meyn's Cold and Cough
Druggists.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

DOUBLE DOSE OF 'CHANGES'

SECOND MINING STOCK BOARD A LOCAL PROJECT

Resigned Secretary of Oldest New Exchange Has Laid Ready to Spring Another, With Himself as President—Faction That Makes the Sparks Fly Among Promoters.

"It never rains but it pours." While there has been some past lamenting over the fact that Los Angeles has had no regular mining stock exchange, it is now about to have two. If the rival promoters succeed in carrying out their plans.

As announced yesterday in The Times, a board to be known as the Los Angeles Western Mining Exchange was formally organized on Monday night, and the organizers announced they would open on Monday next at No. 113 West Fourth street, in the Hillman building. It now appears, however, that everything was not so harmonious as might be desired. It was stated that two new directors had been elected to succeed McDermott and Moody, resigned, and it comes to light that the former of those men is now the prime mover in the effort to establish a rival institution.

From the start there seems to have been friction, and on Monday night there was a case for McDermott's resignation, say the other members of the governing board. He promptly complied, and left the hall, taking with him the original subscription list. Yesterday D. H. McLellan, who was elected permanent secretary, sent in a demand for its return. But McDermott still has the papers. He declares he has the right to them, as he was the original organizer, and he believes the signers will stand by him.

Yesterday he announced the organization of a second exchange, to be known as the Los Angeles Mining Stock Exchange, with himself as president and Frank Kirby, one of those who assisted at the meeting to organize the first exchange, as secretary. Other officers, he says, will be chosen in a few days and the exchange opened in the Chamber of Commerce building. According to Mr. McDermott, the question of headquarters in the rock upon which the split was brought about, he having declined to endorse the location chosen on Fourth street, which he claims is unsuitable for the purpose of an exchange. The rival organization is confident of the outcome and the promoters say they expect no trouble in going ahead. They say that Mr. McDermott's course is simply the result of his failure to be elected to office and intimates that he was endeavoring to use the exchange for his own ends.

THEY'RE HAVING TOO GOOD TIME.

WOODMEN'S SESSIONS LIKELY TO BE EXTENDED.

Southern California Hospitality Plays Host With Schedule of Business—Trip to Pasadena and Mt. Lowe—Insurance Goals of Payments Adjusted—Woodmen Confer.

One of the delegates from Montana remarked: "You are giving us too good a time here; it now looks as if, in addition to night sessions, the Head Camp of the Woodmen of the World probably will have to be prolonged after the stipulated time of ten days, for many of the most weighty and important matters are yet to be discussed and passed upon."

The session yesterday adjourned at noon to allow the delegates, together with those of the Grand Circle, to visit Pasadena, where in the afternoon and until late at night they were the guests of Pasadena Camp No. 23, Woodmen of the World, and Live Oak Circle, Women of Woodcraft. Back again to Los Angeles for a few hours sleep came many, while others remained in the Crown City, whence they will depart for a trip this morning to the wonders and beauties of Mt. Lowe. There the spot where the late Head Consul Falsenbury presided over a large and unique initiation a year ago will be visited, and perhaps brief appropriate exercises.

At the session of the Head Camp yesterday morning the measure for the sealing of insurance payments was, after much discussion, referred to the proper committee with instructions to adopt. The measure, the only one of the policy to be paid if death occurs during the first year of membership, three-fourths during the second year of membership, and the full face of the policy after the third year.

WOMEN OF WOODCRAFT.

The Grand Circle struggled yesterday morning with the question of slightly raising the rates of assessments, on which discussion was not finished at the close of the session. It will be discussed of tomorrow, after which the selection of a city wherein to establish permanent headquarters will be made.

MONET FOR MRS. BOHANNAN.

THE DIRECTOR WANTS TO SEE THE DENVER (Colo.) April 25.—(Exclusive Dispatch.) J. R. Bergen, clerk of Silver State camp No. 19, Woodmen of the World, left last night for Los Angeles, to try to secure for Mrs. Bohanna, through special legislation, the amount of the late Capt. Bohanna's insurance.

Saturday, March 12, Capt. Bohanna was wounded by George Shilster, who was visiting after having killed Kay Hill and wife. Capt. Bohanna died a few days later. It was reported after his death that he had not paid his last assessment on his Woodman policy, and unless a special law was passed, as he expects to be, Mrs. Bohanna will get nothing.

SLAP AT ORCUTT.

Massachusetts Man at Home Refutes Lies Retailed by Pin-head Prevaricator.

"Anybody who knocks the city of Los Angeles, either hasn't been there long enough to get a good look at the place, or is so severely prejudiced against it beyond reason," says W. J. Wadleigh in an interview that appears in a Worcester (Mass.) newspaper.

It was in the Worcester Telegram. It will be remembered that one A. W. Orcutt relieved himself to the extent of several columns of diatribe against this city, where he said the residents lived in tents and he could get only a bowl of soup with a fly in it, a cold potato, a piece of meat and a cup of coffee for 15 cents.

"A city which can increase its population from 11,511 in 1890 to 125,000 in 1934 must have some inducements worth taking into account," says Mr. Wadleigh to the interviewer. "Not only that, but today you can't go along any

SAILOR BEATEN IN BARBARA.

18 FOUND IN ROOMING-HOUSE CRITICALLY HURT.

After Drinking, He Attempts to Enter Companion's Room—Dispute With Proprietor Is Followed by Scuffle After Which He Is Found Bleeding With Numerous Cuts.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.) SANTA BARBARA, April 25.—A sailor of the flagship Chicago named Smiles was terribly beaten last night in the Langham rooming-house. The young man is in a critical condition, and the sailors have threatened to swear out a warrant for the arrest of C. D. Clark, the proprietor.

Smiles, a petty officer employed as an electrician in the navy, was on shore duty. He had been drinking—they all agree as to that—and he went to the Langham House to engage a room with a companion. Each secured a room and went out again. Later Smiles came back and wanted to go into his companion's room, and the proprietor of the house, C. D. Clark, refused to let him in, over which a dispute arose.

There was a noise of a scuffle and the sound of a falling body, which attracted Mr. Thompson, who was working on a new building near by. He rushed upstairs and saw Mr. Clark standing over the prostrate form of the sailor with a weapon in his hand. The sailor was bleeding from a number of deep cuts in his head and face, and was very weak. Mr. Thompson carried him downstairs and helped him to a nearby livery stable, where he remained until some of his companions took him on board the Chicago. He became unconscious before reaching the ship.

THE OPTICIANS.

They Hold a Banquet and Declare War on Ignorant Fakers—Good Move.

Trouble was brewed at Levy's last night for the street fakers who sell spectacles without knowing anything about eyes.

This practice has been partly stopped by a recent State law, last night the reputable oculists got together in the interests of that law.

They met at the banquet table, the guests of honor being Henry R. Cahn, C. C. Chino and W. H. Hays of the State Board of Optometrists.

S. G. Marchant of this city acted as chairman and the meeting was held at the Hotel Hamilton.

The general session of the meeting was to establish it as the ethics of the profession that the final end and aim should not be the pocket but the welfare of the patient, that patients not obviously in need of glasses, should be recommended to an oculist for treatment.

MIDGET MAN JAILED.

Meyer Accused in New York of Having Beaten Miss Hass in Los Angeles.

An exclusive dispatch to The Times from New York says that Antonio Meyer, who was manager for a team of midgets, of which Karoline Hass was the principal one, in 1934, was locked up in Lorlow-street jail in default of \$1000 bail yesterday, on an order of arrest signed by City Court Justice McCarthy, in an action to recover \$2000 for assault and battery brought against him by Miss Hass.

Miss Hass alleges that in Los Angeles, when her salaries were over \$1000 a week, Meyer demanded money, when Meyer threw her in the air and beat her with a stick, and caused her intense suffering.

NEW SCHEME.

Minnesota Women Here to Start Club for Busy Business Women of the City.

Mayor McAteer, Bishop Conaty, Bishop Johnson, several of the Superior judges and a number of leading club women have received invitations to appear at No. 2115 West Fourth street this evening, when the support and countenance to the opening of the "Los Angeles Business Women's Club" an undertaking launched by Mrs. Mary T. Duncombe and Miss Cora A. Buckmaster of St. Paul. Its promoters explain that the club is to be a utilitarian room-and-dinner affair "for the convenience and refreshment of downtown business women and such others as may desire to patronize it."

KERN COUNTY.

Three Poses Out After Newt Walker Who Slew Two Men at Havilah Town.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.) BAKERSFIELD, April 25.—Deputy Sheriff O'Mears of Caliente, Constable Lopez of Kernville and Sheriff Kelly from this city, all with posess, are in pursuit of Newt Walker, the desperado, who was shot and killed by Sheriff Kelly at Havilah, about forty miles from Bakersfield.

It is said that he will not be taken alive. The officers expect to have a battle before Walker is captured. He is noted as an unerring shot, is insured to maintain life and it is feared that he may prove to be a second McKinney.

It is known that he has many friends among the mining and cattle men of the mountain section around and that they undoubtedly shield him.

CATALINA ISLAND.

CANNON BOOMS EXCITE.

AVAILON, April 25.—Availon was considerably stirred up last evening about 1:30 o'clock when the rays of a powerful searchlight were turned on the town. Immediately thereafter came the booming of three shots from a cannon. The vessel from which the light and shots emanated was about three miles out and what occasioned the shots is still a mystery here. It was probably an Italian warship now at anchor at San Pedro.

A. Rothchild, a scion of the great financial family, returned to Los Angeles yesterday after having spent five days on the island, in hunting and fishing. He led a very quiet life while here.

QUAKER CITY POINTS.

Carroll Frost, who has been visiting his parents for a few days will return tomorrow to San Diego county, where he is superintendent and general manager of the High Peak group of mines, in which Whittier capital is interested.

The contract for grading about two miles of the street at Signal Hill, Long Beach, has been secured by A. B. Rothrock of this city and he began work there today.

SIGHTS TO SEE.

"Sight Seeing Suggestions" is the title of a little brochure issued by the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco, listing of attractions in and near that city.

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A. Rothchild, a scion of the great financial family, returned to Los Angeles yesterday after having spent five days on the island, in hunting and fishing. He led a very quiet life while here.

QUAKER CITY POINTS.

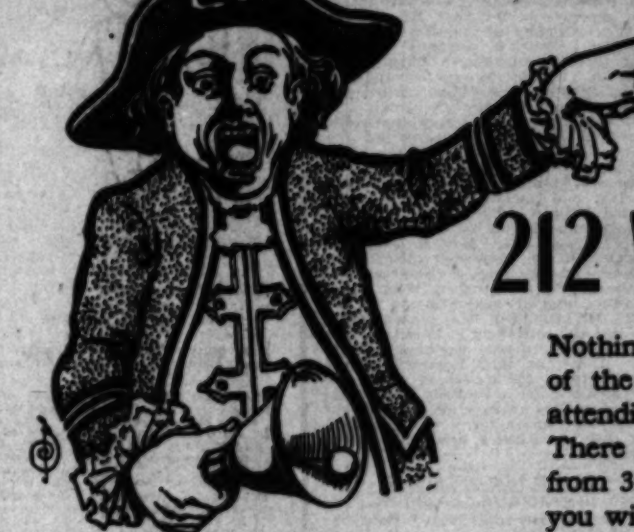
Carroll Frost, who has been visiting his parents for a few days will return tomorrow to San Diego county, where he is superintendent and general manager of the High Peak group of mines, in which Whittier capital is interested.

The contract for grading about two miles of the street at Signal Hill, Long Beach, has been secured by A. B. Rothrock of this city and he began work there today.

SIGHTS TO SEE.

"Sight Seeing Suggestions" is the title of a little brochure issued by the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco, listing of attractions in and near that city.

LOS ANGELES FURNITURE CO.



AUCTION SALE

212 West Sixth St. Between Spring and Broadway

Nothing we can tell you here will so convince you of the profitable buying of people who have been attending this sale as your personal attendance. There has not been a purchaser who hasn't saved from 30 to 60 per cent. If you attend today's sale you will see it for yourself.

Today—10 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.—Furniture, Carpets and Rugs
Tomorrow It's Draperies, Carpets and Rugs

Don't Overlook Your Drapery Needs Tomorrow

You should remember that Saturday of this week will unqualifiedly be the last day of this sale. After Saturday at 6 p. m. No more. Our lease here then expires and you'll hear no more of us until the new store is opened.

You May Find Just the Rug You Want at Half What You Want to Pay.

Los Angeles Furniture Co.



Why will the Franklin 12 H. P. Light Touring Car do more and better than many of 18 and 20 horse-power?

The power is all available—not handicapped by water-cooling, or by imperfect mechanical construction of any sort, or by excessive weight.

Franklin Four-cylinder Air-cooled Motor-cars

(Runabout, Light Touring Car and 20 and 30 H. P. Touring-cars) are the common-sense of motoring.

Come see the car. Or at least write for catalogue and "Coast to Coast" booklet.

H. H. Franklin Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Makers M. A. L. A. M.

Franklin Motor Car Co. 1806 S. Main Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

\$10 Given \$10 TO SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Who will draw cards for us, we will give away prizes each week amounting to \$10. The drawing is held every week on Friday night, and the \$10 is given to the winner. The drawing is held every week on Friday night, and the \$10 is given to the winner.

NOTE—The COW MAN has received many letters advising him that there are a few grocers who do not handle the COW MAN. If you know of such a grocer, please let us know, and we will send you a card, giving you your grocer's name and address, and we will mail you a label free of charge.

COW MAN
5717 & SHUTTLEWORTH STS.
100 Market St., Los Angeles, Cal.

NOTE—The COW MAN has received many letters advising him that there are a few grocers who do not handle the COW MAN. If you know of such a grocer, please let us know, and we will send you a card, giving you your grocer's name and address, and we will mail you a label free of charge.

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THE BULLETIN

Of San Francisco

The Bulletin guarantees the city circulation in San Francisco, verifying contracts made on the basis of the 1934 circulation.

The Bulletin gained \$1,151,000 in local display in 1934 over 1933, more than double the amount gained by other San Francisco daily.

Los Angeles Office
118 S. BROADWAY.

San Francisco "Call"

LOS ANGELES OFFICE
309 W. FOURTH STREET
Phone (Home) 1691
Phone (Business) Main 2700

The "Call" prints more news than any other paper published in San Francisco. The "Call" is the San Francisco paper that is read by all parts of Los Angeles by carrier. Orders for subscriptions and Advertisements to our office will receive prompt attention. Give it a trial.

AWNINGS

Newest styles. Tents and camping supplies complete. Estimates given.

SWANFELDT
Tent and Awning Co.
1775 4th St.
280 SOUTH MAIN ST.

J.W. WOLFSKILL

FLORIST
28 S. Main St.

Finest Carnations Grown. \$3.50 per dozen.

H. J. Whitley Co.
Jewellers
Importers, Diamond Merchants

345 South Broadway

THE ONLY SHOE that comes in Quarter Sizes

REGAL

The Shoe that Fits

Column
Blaney's Shoes Fit
HOME PHONE 2782 First Class

SCREEN DOORS
Screens by Adams Mfg. Co.
100 S. Main

PIANOS

J. B. Brown Music Co., 642 S. Main

FURS

Stored and Remodeled
D. BOHOF, Furrier 212 S. Main

WEDNESDAY, A

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near Mrs. DICKIN, above.	FOR
near C. C. BAKER, above.	FOR
Middle up, above.	FOR
near Mrs. DICKIN, above.	FOR
CONWAY & KEMMER,	FOR
on Lawrence St.	FOR
THE SYNDICATE (LTD.)	FOR
THE BARGAINS ONLY.	FOR
in the southwest;	FOR
side of Grand ave.	FOR
with car (including the car-	FOR
riage) and the car-	FOR
riage with some of the	FOR
the southwest, Prince-	FOR
ston, facing	FOR
and 17th at only 50 per	FOR
of these bargains more	FOR
THE SYNDICATE (LTD.)	FOR
A. Realty Invest.	FOR
and Spring sts.	FOR
one lot, close in, on the	FOR
F. Ninth and Third; cost	FOR
expensive. These are	FOR
at least but a few days	FOR
For a home site or as	FOR
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RE DEAL."	FOR
W. B. BRADFORD,	FOR
on Bradford Bldg.	FOR

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FOR SALE—

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LIVE STOCK FOR SALE
Horses, Cattle, Mules.

FOR SALE—A GOOD SINGLE
car delivery home. I own a
new car and want to sell it
to Los Angeles. Will ride
in the car for desert work. All
other details on request.

FOR SALE—ONE OF THE NICEST
homes in the city; worth \$20,000;
this home is absolutely
perfect. If you are looking for
a child to drive any place in
the city or to take your car,
it is sold for family use only.
Call today.

SALM—ONE OF THE NICEST
homes in the city; good all
year round; will stand any
ride; will stand any place
in the city; worth \$20,000;
at once. Ask for Mrs. Gilbert's
BROADWAY.

SALM—A WORK HORSE,
built like a tank, a steady
new horse. A woman

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SALE—FIVE NICHEST KNOWN
in the city; weight 100 pounds;
for lady or child to drive;
will stand with weight, 500
pounds.

SALE—AN EXTRA FINE male
driving horse, 5 years old, western
style, good liveries; very easy to
ride before & or after a race.

SALE—400; NICE, CHEVROLET
with about 800 pounds; good steady
runner; suitable for lady to drive;
one place with weight, 200 W.

SALE—A GOOD BAY HORSE
guaranteed safe and sound; 5 years
old; also rubber-tired horse and
Call today 128 HORN ST.

138-BARGAIN: MUST
 be seen: head
 of good big
 139-SEVENTH
 140-GOOD BLOCK: THAN
 old, sound, weight 120; also
 driver and good engine. Home
 141-SEVENTH ST., or Home Phone
 142-2 PRICES IN AND 4-SEAL
 young, gentle; extra good delivery; or
 can go up; cheap if sold later.
 143-UPON ST., City Limits
 144-A FINE DRIVING MAN
 ready to drive; the handsome
 145-SEVENTH ST., or Home Phone
 146-GOOD DELIVERY OR RARE
 weight 135 pounds; 5 years old;
 sound; will be sold as soon;
 147-SEVENTH ST.

-RAY MORSE, 80 Linn
 and trade; good condition,
 and sugar. \$15. 1226 W. GARD ST.
 -ON TRADE-3 GALLON FR
 (new fresh); want home, beauty
 1226 W. GARD ST. Phone W-2
 -FIRE JERRY COW: VERY
 fine cheap; can be and you will
 ANDERSON, 1226 S. FARMER
 -GOOD FAMILY COW, JERRY
 milk cows, large milkers, also
 for setting. See SCARFF ST.
 -BORN, MARSH AND
 for peddling or delivery.
 Mrs. SIXTH AND HOPE STS. IN
 -TEAM OF WORK HORSES
 w. 24-hk. Old Humbery
 -A WASHINGTON

— WINTER PARTY CARPETS
 SOUTH LIVERY, 222 E. Third.
 — WE WILL BUY A FINE JEWEL
 Shop, Superior of 222 MARION.
 — I PRIZE DURNAN COW,
 222 Dewey Ave.
 — MATCHED TEAM OF BAY
 harness; 1226 So. 2nd St.
 — AT S. F. YARD, E. VENT
 Ave., L. E. HUGHMAN.
 —
STOCK FOR SALE
 77, N. 2nd, Dodge Bros.
 —
 I PEN BARRED ROCKS.

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M. BRYN YOUNG AND
 M. BRYN. Home You
 GETTING MEN, BEL-
 121 E. 8TH.
 RY BIDE FINE SING-
 A. CROCKER ST. M
WANTED—
 Men Made.
DRIVING HORSE AND
 cart; not more than
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 CASH, 112 W. Seventh.
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DRUMMER MUST
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 immediately.

HORSE AND WAGON
 for small grocery; will
 load pig out. BUCK.
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 A MEDIUM WAGON
 20 days. Address W.
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 LIKE FEW UN-
 reasonable.
 MAN, Mrs W. English
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 BY COMPOSITE
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WORKS. IMPROV. OF
all attention to repair
F. Tet. Main 242.

MANUFACTURERS
pair wear a special-
from 1475. N. 10th.

WAREHOUSE CO.
also M.; open stor-
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MAIN. Phone Main

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THE CITY IN BRIEF.

NEWS AND BUSINESS.

Salt Lake City.

A letter has been received by Chamber of Commerce officials from Fisher Harris, secretary of the Commercial Club of Salt Lake City, announcing that 25 members of that organization contemplate a trip to Los Angeles over the new Salt Lake line between May 3 and 10.

St. Vincent's Dramatic Club.

This evening at the Father Meyer Memorial Hall, the St. Vincent's Dramatic Club will present the play, "The Secretary Pro Tem." As this is the first social event given by any of the Catholic societies after Lent, it is expected the affair will be quite a reunion for society folk.

Hairs Waxed.

Chief of Police Hammel has some interesting information to impart to the heirs of former United States Minister H. L. Atherton under the Cleveland administration who came to Los Angeles in the early nineties and died here in 1904 or '7. Several distant relatives are supposed to be residing in this city.

Promotion Day.

"California Promotion Committee Day" at the Lewis and Clark Exposition has been set for June 12, when members of that committee and their guests will be in Portland on an excursion that is to leave San Francisco June 10. A steamboat ride on the Columbia River will be a feature of the excursion. Arrangements for the trip are in the hands of the committee.

Quit Business.

Joe Margolia, a Hebrew who conducted a restaurant and alleged poker joint at No. 225 East First street, was put out of business yesterday by Patrolmen H. C. Walker. Margolia has been suspected of running a gambling place in the rear of his restaurant after the shop was apparently closed for the night, and the police have kept a constant watch. Yesterday Walker began pinning Margolia down and to leave arrest the restaurant keeper closed up and sought new pastures.

Two Good Deals.

Frank S. Hick and Frank Griffith have sold to Ernest Quinn and associates through Mines & Farish, a lot 21,000 sq. ft. on the east side of Hill street, between Third and Fourth streets, improved with a three-story brick building known as the "Columbian"; consideration stated, \$50,000. Mines & Farish have also sold for Joseph Hyams to a local investor a lot on the west side of Main street, between Pico and Fourteenth streets, 51,000 sq. ft., improved with an eight-room house; consideration stated, \$15,000.

Under a Cloud.

The Young Men's Society of the Cathedral parish will present the drama, "Under a Cloud," in their hall at Los Angeles and Second streets on Thursday evening. The leading parts will be taken by the Misses Grace Doolittle, Catherine Flood and Messrs. Joseph Ford, Anthony Joyce, Timothy Duffey, John O'Brien and John Quinn, and Joseph Flynn will present a vaudeville sketch. The entertainment will be followed by a reception and dancing.

Nepd Sunshine and Rain.

"Generally cool and cloudy weather has marked the past week, and this has been beneficial in some localities by retarding the growth of fruit till the danger of frost is past," says the weekly bulletin of the Weather Bureau, climate and crop service. "White warm sun" weather is much desired, in that sections the need of rain is beginning to be felt to insure the continuance of the favorable conditions that have prevailed so far this season. Hay is in progress in different places, both on wild and grain hay. Cherries promise well in some localities, while in others the deciduous fruit crop bids fair to be light."

Silver Medal Contest.

At the contest for the Democrat silver medal, conducted by the Los Angeles W.C.T.U., the medal was won last night by Miss Ethel Evertson, with the subject: "A Defense of the Deaf and Dumb." Her competitors were Misses Blanche Edmonson, Ruby Harriman, Maude Boyce, Flo Harcourt, Beulah Cogswell and Clara Hevly. All those who took part were drilled for the contest by Miss Grace Ford, and all showed the effects of good training. The music was furnished by the orchestra of the First Methodist Church, the Y.M.C.A. Glee Club and Prof. Jacobson, the latter rendering a violin solo. The contest was held in the First United Presbyterian Church, which was filled with interested spectators.

BREVITIES.

The volume of "Liners" in the Sunday Times has become so great that it is found necessary to ask patrons to get their Sunday advertisements in earlier; especially Sunday real estate advertisements, which in order to be printed must be in the office not later than 10 o'clock Saturday night. The printing of all real estate matter, including advertisements, in a part by itself on Sundays involves some considerable expense, making it essential, in order to get the paper out on time, to stop receiving real estate ads at 10 o'clock Saturday night. Dealers will suffer a favor on the Times office if they will turn in Sunday copy on Friday, when possible, or at least a part of it, and the balance early on Saturday. Sunday "Want" ads will still be received by phone and over the counter until 11 o'clock Saturday night.

The ladies' rest room on the top floor of the new wing of The Times' Building, is open daily from 9 to 5. Ladies from town or country will find this a convenient place to wait, rest or read. Stationery provided for correspondence. Both phones available. Take elevator in business office. All are welcome.

A. W. Witzel, formerly manager and operator at Coules Palace Studio, is now located in his own studio, No. 543 E. Main st., opposite Harbuck Theater. Free children's day every Friday.

For sale—Furniture, carpets and draperies, piano and gramophone, complete, in an eight-room house, near Westlake. Inquire 212 West Sixth street, Phone 5513.

Mrs. Kate Tupper Galpin lectures on "Stratford-on-Avon," Thursday, 10:30 a.m., Cornwell Hall. Seventy-five slides. Admission 10 cents.

Rehearsals for the Innes May Festival Chorus take place every Tuesday and Thursday evening at 7:45, at Birke's Hall, 345 S. Spring street.

Free bus to and from depots to guests of Hotel Rosilyn, 421 S. Main st. Meals 25c. 21 meals \$5.

There are undelivered telegrams at the Postal Telegraph Co.'s office for Mrs. Z. H. Neff, A. L. Lawrence, Joseph P. Smith and John Pawley. There are undelivered telegrams at the Western Union office for A. H. Robinson, Mrs. A. G. Winterhalter, W. J. Jones, Theodore R. Davis, W. H. Chatterton, Alice N. Henderson, W. Y. Price, W. W. Lehnardt, J. A. Perry, R. L. Bennett, J. F. Pryor, J. M. Dodge, Carl Badger, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, C. T. Gulliver, Mrs. Mary C. Miller, Dr. John N. Burns, Y. L. Reed, Julia Roman, Clyde F. Roy, Ed. Carolan, C. H. Sevance, W. M. Rogers, George A. Eastman, Timothy Zander, Charles E. Jones, John Palfinger, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barker, A. A. Leslie, Mrs. Jessie L. Carter.

PSYCHIC ALLIANCE.

Tyndall Society Names Committee to Scrutinize Odd Things and Help Unfortunates.

The Psychic Science Alliance met last evening at the McIvor-Tyndall Institute, No. 191 South Grand avenue, and named committees to have charge of matters as follows: Psychic research—for the investigation of all alleged unusual or supernatural manifestations; personal aid—to be of assistance "to any person in difficulty whatsoever, to render assistance by thought, word and deed to persons in need, without regard to race, creed or color. It was determined to form a cooperative publishing company for the printing and circulating of psychic science literature throughout the country and especially on the Pacific Coast and in the Southwest.

Resolutions complimentary to Dr. McIvor-Tyndall were proposed and adopted.

VITAL RECORD: MARRIAGES, BIRTHS, DEATHS.

BIRTHS.
BARTLEY—April 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Bartley, Los Angeles Military Academy, a daughter.

Deaths.
BARK—In this city, Michael Bark, aged 71 years, Remains at the funeral chapel of W. H. Butch, 2124 Broadway street, Interment at Forest Lawn.

BOWLE—in this city, Harry A. Bowle, aged 70 years, Remains at the funeral chapel of W. H. Butch, 2124 Broadway street, Interment at Forest Lawn.

BURTON—April 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Burton, aged 71 years, Remains at the funeral chapel of W. H. Butch, 2124 Broadway street, Interment at Forest Lawn.

HAVERLY—At her late residence, No. 4413 Sunset street, Los Angeles, April 23, 1935, at 11 a.m., Friends invited (Rev. Barbara, Cal. and Sandusky, O., papers of Los Angeles).

WALKER—April 23, Thomas Walker, a native of New York, aged 65 years, Remains at the funeral chapel of W. H. Butch, 2124 Broadway street, Interment at Forest Lawn.

Funeral Notices.
LAVORE—in Los Angeles, April 24, Marie Lavore, aged 65 years, beloved mother of George Lavore, Thomas Lavore, Mary and Julia Lavore, Funeral Wednesday, at 9 a.m., from St. Vincent's Cathedral.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Albert Levy, 25-month, aged 22, a native of Missouri, and Frederica Horvath, aged 23, a native of Hungary, both residents of Los Angeles.

Charles Le Grys, aged 23, a native of New York, and Josephine Edwards, aged 23, a native of California, both residents of Los Angeles.

Peter Haid Smith, aged 24, a native of England, and Josephine Edwards, aged 23, a native of California, both residents of Los Angeles.

Robert F. Tully, aged 24, a native of Canada, and Josephine Edwards, aged 23, a native of California, both residents of Los Angeles.

W. Charles Smith, aged 23, a native of Indiana, and Rita Cooper, aged 21, a native of California, both residents of Los Angeles.

John W. Ross, aged 23, a native of Pennsylvania, and Mary E. Ross, aged 21, a native of Michigan, both residents of Los Angeles.

Frank A. Waters, aged 23, a native of Illinois, and Martha H. Hoban, aged 21, a native of Wisconsin, both residents of Los Angeles.

Harry H. Harkerville, aged 21, a native of California, and Mary E. DeLoria, aged 21, a native of California, both residents of Los Angeles.

William A. Curt, aged 21, a native of Illinois, and Josephine Edwards, aged 23, a native of California, both residents of Los Angeles.

Robert F. Tully, aged 24, a native of Canada, and Josephine Edwards, aged 23, a native of California, both residents of Los Angeles.

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You Can't Be On Time
UNLESS your watch is Don't be cheated out of your appointments by a false time-piece. Bring it to the General and let us overhaul it thoroughly. We'll make it right for a very little money.

GENEVA WATCH AND OPTICAL CO.
305 S. Broadway

Watch Cleaned 75c
Main Spring 50c
Case Spring 50c
Roller Jewel 50c

"The Reliable Store"
Johnson's Special Reserved
\$1.25 A BOTTLE
So. Cal. Wine Co. 220 W. 4th St. Main 22, Home 71, Ex. 18.

Myer Siegel & Co.
1251 SOUTH BROADWAY
\$4.85 Sale of Silk Waists
Handsome silk waists ever had offered you at this price. Samples, you know. Styles and fabrics are the correct things in silk for present wear. You can rely on their trustworthiness, else we would not be offering them.

Marriage Announcements
Fashion's Latest Approved Styles at Home Cards Calling Cards WRITING PAPER "Brides to Be" No matter what the importance of the letter you write may be, use the best paper. It is poor economy to be misrepresented by using inferior paper. Samples Mailed Free. **SANBORN, VAIL & CO.** 387 SOUTH BROADWAY

The Chignon
The Chignon is a knot of hair usually fastened in a net, and worn on the back of the head. Needs only to be pinned on. When in a hurry to complete your toilet you will find this Chignon a very convenient and pleasing addition. We can match your hair perfectly. Mail orders our specialty. **WEAVER-JACKSON HAIR CO.** 445 So. Broadway

SUNDAY REAL ESTATE "LINERS"
10 O'clock Saturday Night. The volume of "Liners" in the Sunday Times has become so great that it is found necessary to ask patrons to get their Sunday advertisements in earlier; especially Sunday real estate advertisements, which in order to be printed must be in the office not later than 10 o'clock Saturday night. The printing of all real estate matter, including advertisements, in a part by itself on Sundays involves some considerable expense, making it essential, in order to get the paper out on time, to stop receiving real estate ads at 10 o'clock Saturday night. Dealers will suffer a favor on the Times office if they will turn in Sunday copy on Friday, when possible, or at least a part of it, and the balance early on Saturday. Sunday "Want" ads will still be received by phone and over the counter until 11 o'clock Saturday night.

A Wide Difference
lies between the man who seeks a position for himself and the man who makes a position for himself. And it is true that most of the men who make positions do wear clothing of inferior quality, a clothing made-for-them. Brauer-Krohn made-for-you attire has that prosperous look. A \$25 Continental Blue Serge Suit tells the tale. **Brauer & Krohn** Tailored to Measure 123-125 S. Main St. Phone—Main 111; Home 122.

OXFORDS \$2.50 and \$3
THE P. PULAR SHOE FOR WOMEN
Levy's Shoe Co. 421 SOUTH SPRING AVEWAY

Kryptok Lenses
Obtainable of Walter E. Seymour, 317 S. Broadway 3d Floor.

THE BIG SALE Of Neckwear.
Such unusual values you can't afford to pass them. "Alice R." collars, with long detachable tabs, very pretty embroidered pieces; Vassar collar and cuff sets, and belts, values up to \$2. Your choice now at \$1.70
Collar and cuff sets, very handsome embroidered patterns, new designs; neckwear in a variety of styles; belts in leather, wash and silk materials, worth up to \$1.50; now only 50c

Tailor Waists
White Japanese wash crepe, also very pretty colored madras waists; exceptionally good values. \$2, or 3 for \$5.00
A splendid new line of white madras waists, new styles, our own tailor-made \$2.50
Our big sale of Silk Waists will be held soon.

Machin Shirt Co.
HIGH GRADE SHIRT MAKERS
124 SOUTH SPRING STREET

ADVANCE BUGGY CO.
2000 Central Ave.
No noise and squeak mar the pleasure of a quiet drive when riding in an "Advance" Buggy. Why not get the best when it costs no more than some cheaper makes? We make 'em.

COLUMBUS BUGGY CO.
LULL CARRIAGE CO.
Cor. Main and Tenth Sts.

Bring Your Horse
and let us fit him out with a good harness, complete with stylish and serviceable, we can do it and at a price that will please you. We are showing some very attractive styles of pleasure vehicles. There are reasons why it will pay you to inspect our stock NOW. **HAWLEY, KING & CO.** Broadway and 104 North and P. St.

"Catch the Thought"
A. J. Hamilton & Son, 317 S. Broadway

BABY SHOP
Most complete line for babies in city. Outfits, dresses, caps, bonnets, etc. **Beeman & Hendee** 347 South Broadway.

For ABSOLUTE PROTECTION AT LOWEST POSSIBLE COST
See **PENN MUTUAL LIFE** I. CLARK GUY, Manager 318 Broadway Building, Phone Home 480

"THE DAYLIGHT STORE." Phone—Main or Home 182
Jacoby Bros. 331-333-335 South Broadway.

10,000 Remnants and Odd Lots Of Goods

Today will be remnant day—the first we have had in a long time. We propose to close out all remnants and short lines of goods at reductions ranging from one-fourth to one-half regular prices, and in some cases still bigger reductions.

No one can afford to miss this remarkable collection of bargains.

- 1-3 Off** All remnants of wool dress goods, including the latest popular weaves, such as Pashmina, nunsvelling, volles, etamines, Scotch mixed suitings, at one-third less than yardage price.
- 2-3 Off** All plain and fancy silk remnants, including pongees, taffetas, peau de cygne, printed silks, and other wanted silks in remnants men's wearing from 2 to 11 yards, at one-third less than yardage price.
- 1-2 Off** All remnants of curtains, silkoline, denim, and other drapery materials in lengths suitable for the average household purposes. All marked one-half regular yardage prices.
- 1-4 Off** Remnants of wash goods, including lawns, batistes, linoes, outing fabrics, madras, percales and calicoes marked at one-fourth less than regular yardage prices.

MEN'S FURNISHING SPECIALS
20c and 25c Men's Hdkfs. 12 1/2c Men's linen initial handkerchiefs, made of pure flax. Imported directly for ourselves. Special today 12 1/2c.
35c and 50c Men's Hose 19c Broken lots of men's fancy hosiery in hank thread, stripes, embroidered patterns, plain colors. While they last 19c a pair.
\$1 and \$1.25 Men's Shirts 69c Broken lines of men's shirts, fast colors, latest styles, some slightly soiled. While they last 69c. Remnant price 69c.

Short Remnant Lines—Big Reductions

A small line of W. H. Kaho, and R. & G. corsets. Come in black, white and gray. Values to \$1.50; your choice at 50c.
Broken lines of children's reefers, made of a good quality of Bedford cord, plume and grass flannel. Ages 1 to 4 years. Values to \$2.00; special at 50c.

A sample line of ladies' handkerchiefs, consisting of lace and embroidery edge, handsome patterns. Some slightly soiled. Values to 25c; special at 12 1/2c.

Remnants of ladies' silk belts in all colors and black. Gilt, silver, or oxidized buckles. Values to 25c; special at 9c.

All-silk vests in black or white only. 35c values; special at 10c.

A small lot of waist sets, belt buckles and belt pins. Values to 25c; special at 5c.

\$1.45 Sateen Petticoats 95c
A rousing big sale of splendid black sateen petticoats, made of an extra good quality with accordion pleated, some, stitched. Cut full and ample. Special today at 95c.

\$1.25 and \$1.50 Shirt Waists
Regulate new Spring styles in women's shirt waists, elaborately trimmed with tucks, necks, pleats, in dozens of different styles; women's \$1.50. Special today 95c.

DU BOIS & DAVIDSON
FURNITURE COMPANY
513 SOUTH BROADWAY

Our new location will be 212-214 West Sixth Street—between Spring and Broadway over the line from HIGH rent and HIGH prices. We will have a much larger store, and already made great purchases of fine goods to fill the new place.

We Move May 10th

Every item must be closed out before May 10. We positively will not move any present stock to the new location, if low prices will enable us to move it to your home.

Kind-up of the Removal Sale

The great removal sale is rapidly drawing to a close. You must hurry if you wish to see unparalleled bargains in furniture, carpets, etc. This week we are slashing prices on pieces throughout the store. We don't mean odd in style, but such lines as we have left or just a few of a kind. These bargains can't be duplicated when the limited supply is so close early.

IN ADDITION TO THE EXTREMELY LOW PRICES WE WILL OFFER PIECES THIS WEEK ON VERY EASY TERMS. SMALL PAYMENT DOWN TO SECURE ANY OF THESE ITEMS—THE BALANCE ON WEEKLY PAYMENTS.

CORNER CHAIRS—a very attractive piece of furniture for the parlor. Frame is finished in mahogany, handsomely upholstered with tapestry, in various patterns. Regular price \$25.00. This week **\$2.25**

SEWING ROCKERS—of solid quarter sawed oak; choice of two handsome styles with cane seat; formerly sold at \$2.50. This week **\$1.50**

DRESSER—of solid oak, with quarter sawed top and beautiful serpentine front. Has large beveled French plate mirror and is handsomely finished. Regular price \$30.00. This week **\$15.00**

OAK DINING CHAIRS—with cane seat and continuous back post. Regular price \$1.50 each. This week only **80c**

DINING CHAIRS—good hardwood rockers, with upholstered back and turned spindles. Choice of two styles, cobbler seat or shaped wood seat. Regular price \$2.20. This week only **\$1.00**

IRON BEDS—in two or three very attractive styles of the lot, this week only **\$7.00**

ROCKERS—good hardwood rockers, with upholstered back and turned spindles. Choice of two styles, cobbler seat or shaped wood seat. Regular price \$2.20. This week only **\$1.00**

513 SOUTH BROADWAY

HARDWOOD FLOORS
For all information, estimates, etc., call on.....
F. B. REICHENBACH CO.
Home Phone 2800 618 So. Broadway

HAY Scale Weight
LOS ANGELES HAY & STORAGE CO.
Both Phones 5991; 353 Central Ave

Los

FIFTH YEAR.
PER ANNUM \$2.50.

THE DAYLIGHT STORE." Phone—Main or Home 182
Jacoby Bros. 331-333-335 South Broadway.

ADVANCE BUGGY CO.
2000 Central Ave.
No noise and squeak mar the pleasure of a quiet drive when riding in an "Advance" Buggy. Why not get the best when it costs no more than some cheaper makes? We make 'em.

COLUMBUS BUGGY CO.
LULL CARRIAGE CO.
Cor. Main and Tenth Sts.

Bring Your Horse
and let us fit him out with a good harness, complete with stylish and serviceable, we can do it and at a price that will please you. We are showing some very attractive styles of pleasure vehicles. There are reasons why it will pay you to inspect our stock NOW. **HAWLEY, KING & CO.** Broadway and 104 North and P. St.

"Catch the Thought"
A. J. Hamilton & Son, 317 S. Broadway

BABY SHOP
Most complete line for babies in city. Outfits, dresses, caps, bonnets, etc. **Beeman & Hendee** 347 South Broadway.

For ABSOLUTE PROTECTION AT LOWEST POSSIBLE COST
See **PENN MUTUAL LIFE** I. CLARK GUY, Manager 318 Broadway Building, Phone Home 480

HAY Scale Weight
LOS ANGELES HAY & STORAGE CO.
Both Phones 5991; 353 Central Ave

Kryptok Lenses
Obtainable of Walter E. Seymour, 317 S. Broadway 3d Floor.

AY, APRIL 26, 1905.

Keyser silk
gloves, all
colors, 99c.

Odd Lots

propose to close out all
to one-half regular prices,

weaves, such as Panama,
third less than yardage price,
peau de cygne, printed warp
11 yards, at one-third less

materials in lengths suitable for
yardage prices.

ing shawls, madras, percales,
etc.

and \$1.25 Men's
Shirts 69c.

lines of men's madras
s, fast colors, latest patterns,
slightly soiled. Worth up to
Remnant price 69c each.

ductions

bags in brown, black, or tan,
all well made. 75c value.

in all colors; special at 13c.

's hose, all fast black; 3 by 3
value; special at 13c.

omen's neckwear, comprising
or pique; neatly trimmed with
in white with blue or pink
55c; special at 12 1/4c.

ry remnants, 25c value, at 10c.

cambric embroideries, very
variety to choose from. 10
yard.

50 Shirt Waists 95c

styles in women's white hem-
med with tucks, embroidery,
different styles; worth up to
\$1e.

SDSON

ing and Broadway—
much larger store, and

10th

ll not move any of
ove it to your home immed-

The
Sale

urry if you wish to secure
slashing prices on
h lines as we have but one
e limited supply is sold

WE WILL OFFER ODD
PAYMENT DOWN WILL
EELY PAYMENTS.

—fine quarter sawed oak, with
very handsome design and high
regular price \$18.00

Illustrated Weekly Magazine

Los Angeles Sunday Times

SEVENTH YEAR.
SEMIWEEKLY \$2.50.

APRIL 23, 1905.

FIVE CENTS

EASTER LILY.



OUR ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY A MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

Californian in tone and color, Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, the slopes, the valleys and the plains.

Devoted to the development of the country, to the exploitation of its marvelous natural resources and to the word-painting of its wonders and beauties. The contents embrace a wide range of good reading matter: Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles, thoughtful and picturesque editorials, brilliant correspondence, poetry, pictures and bright miscellany.

The Magazine being complete in itself, may be served to the public separate from the news sheets, except through the mails. It is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

Each number has from 28 to 30 large pages, equivalent to 120 magazine pages of the average size. The numbers will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. Address THE TIMES-MIRROR CO., Publishers, Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

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DISEASES OF PLANTS.

TOWARD the close of the last session of the State Legislature an appropriation was made for the purpose of establishing in Southern California an experimental station devoted to the study of plant pathology. The terms of the grant are of the widest scope; "the plant in disease" gives to the experimenters a sort of blanket franchise that will pretty well cover everything from beetles and bugs down to impoverished soils. Rightly the particular subjects that will engross attention are left to the experts, and to the cultivators whose special interests are to be promoted and safeguarded. But to a certain extent the exigencies of the hour will also determine the special lines of experiment and research. For such a State appropriation is of the nature of an insurance against the accidents that are liable at any moment to overtake an industry, just as they may overtake an individual in the ordinary walks of life; and the premium paid is intended to secure scientific succor and nursing at the shortest notice for the orchard, vegetable garden, or farm land that may be found affected with some sudden or insidious blight. In any such contingency obviously the energies of the new institution would for a time be focused on this one point, so that an isolated case of disease might be prevented from spreading into an epidemic.

While the details of the scheme, therefore, must necessarily be left to the trained scientific men and practical workers who will be put in charge of what will come to be both a field hospital and a botanical school of medicine, there is still one duty that devolves upon the general public. Theirs is the money that is about to be expended, and it is therefore right that they should take every reasonable business precaution to insure that it is invested to the fullest advantage and for the most permanent good. The appropriation is not a large one—\$30,000, a sum that must suffice both for starting the enterprise and for maintaining it in a state of efficiency during two full years. At the expiry of that period the work will, undoubtedly, be judged by its results, and further grants of money so be determined. Hence the special need of forethought and care in the first expenditure.

The amount now available would no-doubt suffice for the purchase of an ample tract of land and the erection of a commodious building. But if it be rashly applied to such purposes, there will be nothing left for research work proper—in other words, the real object of the appropriation will, for the coming two years at all events, be entirely missed. The public that has footed

the bill, and will have to foot all subsequent bills, will still be left without actual and visible proofs of the beneficial work which such an institution can accomplish. It may well be, therefore, that when the next appropriation comes to be called for, doubts may occur as to whether the State has not had quartered upon it a costly and useless white elephant—an unwelcome beast that will need hales of dollar bills for its sustenance, but in the end may prove of no practical service at all. And, furthermore, there will have been two years of valuable time lost, during which some wily and indefatigable enemy of the agriculturist, insect or fungus, may have got ready for a grand campaign of destruction.

The counsel of wisdom, therefore, seems to be that this first appropriation should be applied to the actual work of the institution. But how can this be accomplished? Laboratories cannot be improvised in the open air, and microscopes do not grow on fig trees. Pomona College comes forward with a practical proposal to meet the difficulty. It is prepared to place at the immediate service of the pathological institute accommodation for laboratories within its own buildings, together with free use of its microscopes and other scientific apparatus, of its library shelves well filled with the very class of books required, and of its specimen cases containing one of the finest collections of plants and insects in the State. Furthermore, it offers without charge of any kind all the land required for experimental purposes, and, on behalf of the orchardists and farmers of the vicinity, access to every growing crop, with full rights to pursue investigations on the spot.

The proposition is an attractive one, for a glance at the map will show that Claremont is, geographically, almost precisely the center of gravity of the citrus belt. And not only does the locality grow oranges and lemons, but its products also include deciduous fruits, walnuts, figs, olives, grapes, berries, melons, asparagus, alfalfa, barley and other cereals, with beetroot just across the valley at Chino. Furthermore, there is every variety of soil in the neighborhood, from the heavy black loam for walnuts to the light gravel for vines and the adobe for alfalfa. These there are all the grades of climatic conditions, as here cultivation extends right from the valley bottom up to the foothills. Altogether, therefore, from the two viewpoints of natural features and varied products, few places in the whole State could be named having greater advantages than Claremont.

But besides satisfying the conditions that may be deemed the prime essentials of the undertaking, this college town amid the orchards provides additional attractions. Unquestionably, it will be the men who carry on the enterprise that must make it either a success or a failure, and distinguished workers in the field of scientific research, the right men in a word, will be drawn to a place that has the college atmosphere, the college spirit, the college companionship, and the college equipment for pursuing their chosen life task. Such men do not willingly exile themselves from the seats of learning, thereby sacrificing many advantages and losing valuable opportunities. Moreover, while there will be great benefit to the student body by having these experts in their midst, and by seeing the work of thorough scientific investigation being actually carried on, it may be pointed out on the other side that valuable assistants will be obtainable from among the students. Nor will the keen enthusiasm of youth come amiss side by side with the wider experience and the more matured judgment of those directing the operations.

In summary, therefore, it may be said that Claremont offers free buildings and free equipment, free land, and free assistants; so that all, or nearly all, the money available may be saved for the actual carrying out of the experiments. The services of really first-class men must be paid for, and only by these initial economies will sufficiently tempting salaries be made immediately possible. With the proper men engaged, work can be commenced immediately, so that ere the time comes for another appropriation, important results may be shown, and the existence of the institution fully justified. Or, in the alternative, should there be failure for any cause—for example, through lack of sustained effort—then the whole scheme can be quietly dropped, without the serious loss to the State that would have been incurred had special buildings been erected and costly apparatus acquired.

It proves a commendable spirit of local pride and ambition that several other towns in Southern California are manifesting a desire to have the new pathology institute in their midst. But this is a clear case where a spirit of wider patriotism must be shown. The question is one of the greatest good for the whole of California. By the terms of the appropriation the establishment is to be in the southern half of the State, and the whole southern section must decide, unselfishly and impartially, which is precisely the best location. Above are stated, frankly and fairly, the arguments that have been urged in favor of that place as combining the greatest number of factors likely to conduce to the successful carrying out of the work. It is now up to any other center to say that it has superior advantages to offer.

R. M.

In an editorial last week reference was made to a consular report from Germany in regard to fruit shipments from America condemned on the ground of "superfluous sulphurization." The report will be found in The Times of today, on the Workers' Page, Part VI.

REMARKS BY MEN OF THE TIMES.

The man who throws orange peel, or banana skin, or other slippery things on the sidewalks, should be given a term in the chain gang, without the option of a fine.

The following quotation is respectfully referred to those good people who are so persistently trying to reform the world. "The world will grow better and healthier just so soon as men leave off trying to make others behave, and each one begins to behave himself."

The "monsters of the mountains" would surely have smiled a sardonical smile could they have heard and understood the long prayer of the chaplain of the Illinois Legislature, who petitioned the Almighty to save Roosevelt from these same "monsters," on his hunting trip.

More effective than a hundred sermons on the evil of divorce was that brief dispatch from Chicago telling how a pretty girl had died of a broken heart—or what we are pleased to term a broken heart—because she had been unable, after fifteen years steady effort, to reconcile her father and mother, who had been divorced when she was 12 years old.

There is quite a discussion under way among sporting people on both sides of the Atlantic in regard to hunting, which many properly denounce as a cruel amusement. The London Mail recently told of how an unfortunate fox, after having been hunted for an hour, took refuge in a lumber yard, "much to the amusement of the townspeople." People who can find amusement in the agony of a terrified animal are degenerates.

At a recent meeting of a woman's club in Los Angeles the subject was "The Protection of Birds." Three of the most earnest speakers wore allegories in their hair. When it is known that the algreto in the bridal plume of the heron, obtained at nesting time, and that the tail of it means starvation to the nestlings, whose plaintive cries are said sometimes to fill the southern forests, when heron hunters have been through them, it will surely be necessary to say any more to induce merciful women to refrain from wearing this, the most cruel of all bird adornments, because, in other cases, where bird plumes are worn, the birds are at least killed, and put out of their misery, whereas this custom means the protracted agonizing death of thousands of little innocents. If the women must wear feathers, why not wear ostrich plumes, the taking of which involves little or no suffering?

ONLY THE GRASS.

I found the wilding grass in such fine mood
One April morning, that I stayed to note
Its manifold beguilements. Near a path
Whose winsome thoroughfare these feet well knew
A band of grass lies round about a hill.
There unprofaned by makers of mown sod,
The graceful stems had grown to airy ways,
Till every one, with waist of suppleness,
And far-flung ruddy finger tips, did sway
In the rhythmic breeze—a siren of delight.
Softer than silken kins they touched and parted,
The silent laughter of the faun-free sun
Dancing amid their nymph-like slender forms.

Ideal comrades in the meadow grass—
For hours of idleness: it has a look
Of leisure, and contentment absolute.
The happy way it mid-roads to the shadows
Of its own plummy blades upon the path;
The tiny concert of the cricket's joy
Blent with the gnats' light chorus; the soft whirr
Of busy-idle flies that hurry by;
The honeyed monotone of lower bees,
These audible notes of the still solitudes
Are all the breathings of the April grass,
Lulling to rest as perfect as the dew.

For there is rest that holdeth as one charm—
The amber, sapphire, amethyst and green
And every rosy hue of fairest life
In one serene, unmoving, crystal hour!

RUBY ARCHER

EASTERTIDE.

Oh, what a glorious time of year
The spring at Easter tide,
The songs of robin, thrush and lark
Are echoed far and wide.

Glittering rays of brightest light
Add beauty to the scene.
The dewy leafage sparkling glist
Reflects its golden gleam.

Fresh youth, new life, fond hopes are here,
To beckon us along;
Delusive mirage, each may be,
But fill our hearts with song.

Could life retain this joyous thrill
Of hope so bright, but past,
No sorrow need we ever fear,
As long as life shall last.

Then let us sing a joyous song,
Of happy days that glide,
Renewing hope, and youth, and life
In the new Easter tide.

RUSSELL JUDSON WATSON

LOSS BY UNCLE SAM LOSSES WHILE CONGRESS

From Our Own

PANAMA, April, 1905.—Un-
millions through the Mis-
fore the canal is completed
gun their investigations of the
chases made by the canal com-
that everything shall be done by
only backed by Congressional ac-
all right in ordinary government
they are like great iron balls of
engineers, retarding their work
money and, I might almost say,
on in this letter I shall show
affected the hospitals and how
real work on the canal. At this
work cannot afford to be penny-
The work is already started, and
on the ground. There is an immen-
of supplies, and emergencies are
time to time which will demand
are of comparatively large sums
in such occasions minor mistakes
may make more than an ordinary
in money and health will be enor-

A Loss of \$20,000 a Day.

The parents who have boys on
treated in the matter of health.
treated in pushing the work on the
of delay will cost them at least \$20
on the canal, including the money
the French, about \$200,000,000, and
it will take from ten to twelve
At 3 per cent, the annual
will be equal to \$3,000,000, but
usually, invested the interest about
beginning to end, and it will be only
\$4,500,000 a year. The engineers
of the engineering, administration,
and expenses, which will be about
the work, will approximate \$2,000
added to the \$4,500,000, makes \$6,
elements for each year it is building
value of the work. The moment the
expense stops and the canal become
dead of a dead one on our national

Now, \$6,500,000, dividing by 300, m
working day, and that is what the de
and year out. For every day the
over the prices we shall have to ap
working hour will cost us \$2000, and
this means a loss of more than \$20,



the rate of 50 cents per second at every
ing day through.
this the time to haggle about the cost
the time, hospital supplies and blue-
of the engineers?
want to know.
Tape at Panama.
Congress is making such a fuss
of expense at Panama that both t
the engineers are afraid to buy the ac
a lot of red tape that makes their
as great as though they were bo
We are building and repairing o
houses here. The other day an orde
ington for 12,000 doors to be forwa
The Panama department of material
that they be purchased in the open
of the commissioners tells me that th
do so, for Congress would surely inv

Red Tape at Panama. By Frank G. Carpenter.

LOSS BY DELAY.

UNCLE SAM LOSES \$20,000 A DAY WHILE CONGRESS DILLY-DALLIES.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PANAMA, April, 1905.—Uncle Sam is likely to lose millions through the Miss Nancys of Congress before the canal is completed. They have already begun their investigations of the petty emergency purchases made by the canal commission, and they insist that everything shall be done by slow government methods, backed by Congressional action. Such methods are all right in ordinary government business, but, just now, they are like great iron balls chained to the legs of the engineers, retarding their work at an enormous cost in money and, I might almost say, in life as well. Further in this letter I shall show how such delays have retarded the hospitals and how they are retarding the actual work on the canal. At this initial stage the government cannot afford to be penny-wise and pound-foolish. The work is already started, and the high-priced men are on the ground. There is an immediate need for all sorts of supplies, and emergencies are bound to come from time to time which will demand the immediate expenditure of comparatively large sums at a moment's notice. On such occasions minor mistakes may occur, a few men may make more than an ordinary profit, but the saving in money and health will be enormous.

A Loss of \$20,000 a Day.

The parents who have boys on the isthmus will be interested in the matter of health. The taxpayers are interested in pushing the work on the canal; for every day that it is delayed will cost them at least \$20,000. We are to spend \$400,000,000 on the canal, including the money we have already given the French, about \$300,000,000, and it is estimated that it will take from ten to twelve years to build it. At 3 per cent. the annual interest cost on that sum will be equal to \$12,000,000, but as the money will be actually invested the interest should be averaged from beginning to end, and it will be only half the above sum, \$6,000,000 a year. The engineers tell me that the cost of the engineering, administration, sanitation and general expenses, which will be about the same throughout the work, will approximate \$2,000,000 a year, which, added to the \$6,000,000, makes \$8,000,000 for these two years for each year it is building. This is the time when the work. The moment the canal is done this expense stops and the canal becomes a live account instead of a dead one on our national ledger.

For \$8,000,000, dividing by 300, means \$20,000 for each working day, and that is what the delay will cost us year after year out. For every day that Congress haggles over the prices we shall have to spend \$20,000. Every working hour will cost us \$2000, and every working minute a loss of more than \$30, that loss going on

an outrageous action. Other orders have been made for picks and shovels, others for water pipe, machinery, large and small, and for a hundred other things which the work imperatively needs; but ships come and ships go, and the supplies are not here. I understand that orders were sent in for blue-print paper months ago. All drawings and engineering reports are copied on this paper, and it is almost a necessity to the furtherance of the work. I suppose it will come in time.

As to the waffle irons and muffin tins, made much of in one Congressional investigation, they were probably the part of a furniture order. The United States gives quarters to its American employees. It has already bought 400 or more sets of furniture for this purpose. It will need all sorts of ranges and kitchen supplies, and I suppose the Miss Nancys of Congress will demand that each stove lid and stove holder be duly advertised for competitive bids, while in the meantime our good American laborers may do their cooking on spits.

As far as I can see there is no extravagance here. The chief kicks among the men at the top are not on account of personal discomfort, but from the delay which occurs in the lack of tools for expediting their work.

Story of Twelve Whitewash Brushes.

Indeed, all sorts of stories are told here at Panama as to how red tape works in the government service. A very pertinent one, which, however, I do not believe, is the story of the twelve whitewash brushes. According to this one of the sanitary officers in the middle of the zone had sent in an order for twelve men to come to his station to do some whitewashing to make the place sanitary, and at the same time he sent in a requisition for

plies and machinery on hand have been of enormous value, and the French warehouses are ransacked to supply many deficiencies.

A Business Administration.

Indeed, the enormous interest and working cost of building the canal demand that it should be pushed to completion as rapidly as possible. We need a modern business administration, with modern business methods. We need men who will look at the commercial side of every proposition, as well as the technical and political sides.



In order to shorten the time we should first adopt a careful, well-considered and comprehensive general scheme of work and then have an administration which will see that the labor, material and machinery necessary to vigorously prosecute that work are promptly furnished.

This means that we must have a one-man power at the head of all things connected with the construction of the canal, and that this power must be on the ground with ability to meet emergencies and with authority to act without the delay incident to making reports to some other authority 2000 miles away and without wasting one or two months of waiting before any important individual move can be made.

It means that the ordinary restrictions of our routine government work should be modified, and that those which prevail in our great railroads and other business institutions should take their place. It means the abolition of the red tape which now holds us to such work, and that everything should be done to hurry on the completion of the canal at the earliest possible moment. It means that we should have the best and the most improved machinery, that no time should be wasted in experimenting, and that only machinery which has been in actual use and has stood the test of actual service should be employed. This is the idea of the engineers here, and as I have shown, in describing the handling of the Culebra cut, it will make possible the completion of the canal in a comparatively short time.

It seems to me that if a man like the chief engineer were given entire charge of the work at Panama, with a large enough contingent fund to meet every possible emergency and with the authority to act in emergencies, as far as the isthmus is concerned; and if at the same time a man of similar ability and training could be placed under the Secretary of War and the President at the Washington end of the line the canal would go jumping from now on to the finish. This, of course, means consulting and advisory engineers for Mr. Wallace, and it also means plenty of assistance for the men at the other end, with the President at the head as the boss of the whole.

A Kick from a Trained Nurse.

Some of the most serious delays, caused, I suppose, by advertisements for bids, have been in supplying the hos-

of 50 cents per second at every watch-tick the day through. At the time to haggle about the cost of waffle irons, hospital supplies and blue-print paper for the engineers?

Red Tape at Panama.

Congress is making such a fuss about the petty expenses at Panama that both the commission and the engineers are afraid to buy the actual necessities. A lot of red tape that makes their actual cost ten times as great as though they were bought at double prices here. The other day an order was sent to the Panama department of material and supplies that they be purchased in the open market; but the commissioners tell me that they would not do so, for Congress would surely investigate such

twelve whitewash brushes. The men came all right, but the order for the whitewash brushes had to pass through the government mills, and the clerks in charge first mailed a query to the sanitary agent as to whether nine whitewash brushes would not do quite as well. He replied that they would not, and in the course of two days the extra three brushes arrived. Meanwhile three men had been waiting for a chance to get in their work, and their wages footed up many times the cost of the brushes.

I might also tell the story of a feather duster upon which bids are alleged to have been gotten at the Panama shops and other stories, but such things are only illustrative of government methods which are better understood in Washington than here. The truth is the men at Panama use every means possible to get what they want for their work. Some of the employees even take money out of their own pockets and buy at the stores, trusting to be paid back in the future. The French sup-

OF THE TIMES.

peel, or banana skin, or dewalka, should be given out the option of a fine.

respectfully referred to persistently trying to re- will grow better and leave off trying to make agina to behave himself."

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THE GRASS.

grass in such fine mood that I stayed to note ments. Near a path roughfare these feet well know, round about a hill. y makers of mown sod, had grown to airy ways, waist of suppleness, y finger tips, did away sence—a siren of delight. kles they touched and parted, of the faun-free sun y nymph-like slender forms.

the meadow grass - am; it has a look testament absolute. mid-nods to the shadows blades upon the path; of the cricket's joy ate light chorus; the soft white that hurry by; otone of lower bees, of the still solitudes age of the April grass, perfect as the dew.

that holdeth as one chris- are, amethyst and green; ne of fairest life moving, crystal hour!

RUBY ARCHER.

EASTERTIDE.

ness time of year t Water tide, tis, thrush and lark r and wide.

of brightest light to the scene. ge sparkling glim hidden gleam.

ew life, fond hopes are here, along; e, each may be, earts with song.

in this joyous thrill ight, but past, e we ever fear, e shall last.

ing a joyous song, e that glide, e, and youth, and life Water tide.

RUSSELL JUDSON WATERS

pitals. Several of the doctors have told me that they have been out of important drugs for a considerable time, but it was not until this morning that I had a detailed statement as to the lack of medical and surgical necessities. My informant is one of the American trained nurses who has been employed at Ancon for several months. Said she:

"We have had great trouble in getting things of all kinds on time. When the Americans took hold supplies were sent down for a hospital of 100 beds. We have now 300 beds in use and no proportionate increase of supplies. This means a lack of basins, rubber sheeting, lamps and lanterns. We have had only a few temperature thermometers. In my ward I had twenty-three patients, and in order to get a thermometer to take their temperature I had to go to another ward to borrow one. This was the case in other wards, and it so resulted that in one ward no temperature was taken from 1 p.m. until 9 a.m. the next day. The nurse in charge of that ward would have had to go out in the dark, down the hill, through the trees to another ward to borrow a thermometer. She was afraid, and did not go, and I don't blame her. Such thermometers cannot cost more than 50 cents apiece at wholesale.

"Another thing we needed but could not get," the nurse went on, "was absorbent cotton and gauze. We ordered it from the United States, but it takes a month to get an ordinary purchase through, and for weeks we lacked this material to dress wounds and drain them. We used old mosquito netting for a time, and also bought cheese cloth of the Panama stores and tried that. The cheese cloth contained starch, and when it became dry, it would make a covering over the wound standing out from it. I do not know that any injury resulted from this, but it was certainly a great annoyance to the doctors and nurses."

"How about drug supplies?" I asked.

"We have been short of a number of important medicines at times. We have been entirely out of arsenic, strychnine, potash and digitalis, and also of iron, iodine and similar drugs. One of the medicines we use is the elixir of quinine, iron and strychnine. We were once out of that for weeks, and it was the same with Fowler's solution of arsenic."

Nurses at Panama.

"What kind of a position is that of trained nurse at Panama?"

"It is not an easy one, and it is poorly paid," was the reply. "We nurses came here on the understanding that we should have all our expenses and \$50 a month. We get \$50, but there are so many incidentals that there is very little of our pay left at the end of the month. We live at Ancon, and have to have a cab every time we go to Panama to shop. This costs us about a dollar a time, and the result is from \$8 to \$10 a month goes in cab fares. And then the washing. Only the uniforms can be done up at the hospital laundry, and all the small articles that a woman must have, such as handkerchiefs, laces, fine dresses, etc., must be washed outside. This costs on the average about \$5 per month. In addition there are many other expenses, so that all told, one makes much less here than at home.

"The truth is, the salary of a trained nurse at Panama should be \$75 or \$100 per month, everything included. I think the nurses would be satisfied with \$75, but, considering the work, the risk to health and the distance from home, \$100 a month is little enough. Such a salary would raise the standard of the nurses here, and would bring the best. As it is now, we are paid too little. Indeed, we get \$25 per week when we nurse in private families in the United States, and that usually in rich families where the comforts are far greater than here."

"How many nurses are there at Panama?"

"I should say about forty, and of these two-thirds are Americans and the rest Canadians. They are all fairly good, but it is claimed that the salary is so low that the very best American trained nurses will not come. We have no nurses from Johns Hopkins, the University of Pennsylvania or the Blockley Training School of Philadelphia. We have some from Bellevue Hospital, New York, but none from the other large and well-known hospitals of that city or Washington. Some of our nurses have served in Cuba and the Philippines, and we have one who went with Dr. Anita McGee to Japan and nursed in the hospitals there. The nurses are all conscientious, and they all earn their salaries several times over."

Jamaica Negroes at Patients.

"Give me some idea of the character of your patients."

"I don't like to speak about that," said the nurse. "That is a sore subject with us. I am a Southern woman, and while I might possibly not object to eating dinner with Booker T. Washington, I would object to nursing the black servant who dug ditches in Booker T. Washington's back yard. Most of the wards here are filled with the ordinary canal laborers, men who receive 75 cents to \$1 a day. They are largely Jamaica negroes, as black as a stove, and native Panamanians, many of whom are mulattoes. We have ten wards here, and of these only one is devoted to the American employes on the canal; the other nine are occupied by the people I have described. They are of a lower class than can be found in the charity wards of our city hospitals. Some of them have diseases which are loathsome to an extreme. The patients are almost all men, and many of them are such that a woman should not be asked to touch them."

More Money Needed for Sanitation.

I understand that more money is needed here for sanitation. The sanitary officers asked for \$2,000,000 to clean up the isthmus, but they were given only one-fourth that amount. They estimated that it would take \$75,000 to clean Panama, and about one-third that sum was allowed. The supplies needed have been promptly ordered, but the necessity of advertising for bids has caused a delay in the orders being filled, and in the meantime the

hospitals have gotten along as well as they could, patronizing to some extent the Panama drug stores at considerably higher prices than similar orders would have cost in the United States.

It seems to me that the sanitary force here is excellent. The corps of doctors embraces some of the best men of their profession, and both doctors and nurses are doing earnest and conscientious work.

As to the matter of supplies, one of the doctors recommends that a medical purveyor be put at the head of the medical supply department for Panama at New York, and that he be paid \$5000 a year. This man would be in close connection with the hospitals here, and would keep in touch with the markets at home. He would see that Panama has always a full month's hospital supplies in advance, and a large enough reserve supply to meet any emergency. Indeed, some such provision would seem to be almost a necessity in the present condition of the isthmus.

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The "Televue."

WITH IT YOU SEE PARTY TO WHOM YOU ARE TELEPHONING.

From a Special Correspondent.

PORTLAND (Or.) April 17.—The "seeing telephone" is the latest. Its inventor will have abundant opportunity this summer to demonstrate his claims as to the marvelous qualities of this device, for he has secured permission to exhibit it in practical operation at the Lewis and Clark Centennial. If the invention turns out to be what its creator claims, J. B. Fowler of Portland, until a few weeks ago a laborer in a railroad shop, will rank with Edison, Marconi, Tesla and other wizards of electrical discovery.

Mr. Fowler calls his device the "televue," and says that by its operation one can see the image of the person to whom he may be talking through a telephone. The pos-



J. B. FOWLER.

sibilities of such an invention are obvious. This invention—or discovery, as it might more properly be termed—appeals to the average imagination even more vividly than did the telegraph, or the telephone, or the phonograph, or wireless telegraphy.

The televue, which will be exhibited for the first time at the Lewis and Clark Exposition, as the telephone was at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, in 1876, is no more nearly perfected than was Bell's arrangement at that time. More than half a century has not sufficed to make the telegraph perfect, and more than a quarter of a century after its invention, the telephone is still subject to improvement. Mr. Fowler believes that the televue within a few years will show greater improvements than either of the earlier inventions.

"I don't know that I can do it," says Fowler, who is a modest little man; "I'm afraid I don't know enough about electricity to do it; but I think that within a very few years either I or somebody else will have perfected my invention until by means of it a person can watch a football game, or a prizefight, or a performance at a theater, without leaving his home."

Think of that a minute. It seems incredible; and yet the little man has made good every statement he has made so far, and people who know him and have seen his invention believe that he is not boasting vainly. Within the past two months more than a thousand people, most of them skeptical, have visited the inventor's humble home in East Portland and seen with their own eyes that the televue is no fake. Among these people have been President H. W. Goode and Director of Concessions John A. Wakefield of the Lewis and Clark Exposition and D. C. Freeman, the president's secretary.

J. B. Fowler, the inventor, is 44 years old, and a native of Ohio. His inventive genius developed at the age of 6, when he devised a scheme whereby a bent hickory stick, pulling a string wrapped around the axis of a paddle wheel, furnished power for propelling a toy boat. When 17 years old, being then employed in a glass factory, he invented a machine for engraving designs on glassware.

The youthful inventor, in his enthusiasm, told his secret to a friend, who secured a patent on the process and made \$50,000 by his treachery. Young Fowler made nothing. Since then he has made numerous inventions, one of which, a non-refillable bottle, seems destined to be commercially valuable.

Fowler declares that the inspiration which resulted in the televue came to him in a dream, in 1878. He professes to place no credence in dreams, and at the time did not regard the dream as prophetic. He says:

"I dreamed how to construct an instrument by which I could transmit any view, on the same principle, essentially, as the voice was transmitted by the telephone. I saw how it all worked, by means of electric energy and glass discs. In the morning I remembered the dream, but I had forgotten how to construct the most vital part of the instrument. It took twenty-eight years to find out again how to make that important part."

"How did it happen?"

The little man squirmed uneasily in his chair. After his experience with the friend who betrayed him, he was wary.

"Well," he said at last, almost confidentially, "one morning, when I was working in the shop, and making my brain, as I had done for months, full of a machine I got an idea. I thought it all out on the way home to lunch, and during the noon hour I gathered together what materials I had, then I bought more, and when I experimented I found that I had discovered the right principle."

Mr. Fowler has not yet covered his invention fully with patents, and is very careful that no one shall know how the televue works. For the spectator there is a great deal to be seen. On entering an ordinary telephone booth, one is confronted by a round glass disc about the size of a dessert plate, beneath which is an ordinary telephone receiver. In the upper portion of the glass disc are two small apertures. The person who is using the phone puts his face to the plate, looks through the two holes, and talks as through an ordinary telephone. The face of the person to whom he is talking, or any object held before the plate, is seen clearly, the scope of vision, however, being confined to the area of the plate.

Mr. Fowler admits that the mechanism which operates the machine is concealed behind the plate glass, and that it is so simple that anyone, on seeing it, could easily make a model as good as the original. He claims, moreover, that if the size of the plate were increased, the line of vision would be broadened, so that the image might be arranged to permit the speaker to see the head and shoulders of the person to whom he is talking, instead of merely the face, as now. A wonderful feature of the device is that the colors are brought out as clearly as in a mirror. Mr. Fowler says that when he made his first experiments he was able to distinguish colors, not outlines, and that the color feature is essential.

Now for the development of the idea. Mr. Fowler contends, reasonably enough, that if the disc were made back a few inches, the radiating lines which confine the area of vision would be spread out over a wider angle would be made and the scope of vision thereby vastly increased. When the machine is made so that this can be done, Mr. Fowler sees no reason why everything which comes within this wide angle of vision might not be seen by a person at the other end of the televue. He says that, by placing the machine in a transom in his house he has been able to see the teams and people passing in the street without leaving a rear room with doors and windows closed.

When the improvements in the televue are made, as Mr. Fowler and many others believe, the scope of its usefulness will be almost unlimited. A few of the possibilities.

A train dispatcher by means of it will be able to see all the trains on his division at one time, and the movement of every train from the time it leaves the terminal until it pulls in at another, see how long it takes to start, and tell how fast it is running, and the saving of lives in railroad wrecks will be effected.

With a complete system of televeues in every city, it will be possible for one to sit in his home and watch everything that is going on in the range of the televue—baseball and football games and other outdoor events, operas and public entertainments of all kinds. An invalid could enable an invalid to watch an opera by having the music through a perfected telephone.

A jailer can sit in his office and see what is doing all the time. No more jailbreaking. A merchant, indisposed at his home, or on a business trip, can view the interior of his store, and his clerks treat his customers, and watch the cash come up the proper amount for every sale.

A doctor, awakened during the night by a message from an anxious mother with a sick child, could look the child over by means of the televue, and prescribe the proper treatment, or even perform a minor operation.

A prisoner, held for a crime committed in a town, may be identified by the authorities without the trouble and expense of a railroad journey.

It is needless to continue this enumeration of the possibilities of the instrument are practically unlimited.

W. E. H.

IT ROUSED HIM.

An action was being tried before Lord Coleridge for the death of a sheep dog, a prize at bench shows, and counsel for the dog was endeavoring to show that the dog had "been" that damages should be nominal. Lord Coleridge, however, was sweetly slumbering, and counsel for the dog was endeavoring to rouse him, if possible. So, gradually, his voice, he asked one of the plaintiff's witnesses, it not your experience as an exhibitor that the dog has taken his place regularly on the bench for years, he gets sleepy and past his work? That followed had the desired effect.—[Washington Post.]

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W.C.T.U. OFFICERS.

Novel Easter Observances.

BEAUTIFUL SERVICE HELD BY THE MORAVIANS AT BETHLEHEM, PA.

By a Special Contributor.

IN the quaint and historic town of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, there will be held, this Easter morning, a song and religious service unlike any other celebration of the great spring festival in the country.

Way back in 1741-2 Bethlehem was settled by the Moravians, Count Zinzendorf making it his headquarters even while he gathered converts from Germantown and Philadelphia.

Many of the quaint customs established over 150 years ago by the leader of the Moravians both in this country and abroad are still adhered to by the faithful followers of the creed who have built their homes close to the fountain head of their religion.

The most interesting service of the year is the Easter celebration. To outsiders this service is quaint and in a way dramatic. It may appear that there is a certain striving after effect, but nothing is more erroneous. The Moravians are as they always were, a simple and devout people, and in their Easter celebration they merely follow long-established rules. It is Progress's march that makes them seem strange.

Moravians come to Bethlehem from all parts of the country for the Easter observance. The traditional Easter service begins in the church at daybreak, and is the same, never varying year after year. It would inspire an unbeliever, but to the Moravian it is doubly impressive because every day during Holy Week services have been held in the church preparatory to the Easter observance.

At 3 o'clock in the morning, before a sign of dawn has appeared behind the hills over beyond South Bethlehem, six or eight men gather on a corner near the church bearing trombones, and a moment later the instruments blare a joyous chorus announcing that Easter is dawning.

Their notes arouse the churchgoers in the neighborhood. The musicians go to another corner and play again, and so on through the city they mark the beginning of the day's observance.

The music of the trombones is familiar to dwellers in Bethlehem. By their notes have the deaths of Moravians been told to the city from the belfry of the church. Usually their music is that of sadness, as by one air they announce the death of an old man, by another hymn the passing of a child, or by still another that of a married woman; but on Easter Sunday their tones, for the only time in the year, are raised in gladness. As the trombones send forth their gladness strains, from every household there peals forth the Easter hymn, each member of the family taking up the strain as he or she awakens. Soon the entire town rings with music as the windows and doors are thrown open.

Shortly the people begin to appear on the streets, climbing up toward the church from the South Bethlehem side or walking down from the west. They appear early, if they are wise, for past experience shows that though the church seats 1200 and allows 1600 to be crowded within its doors, three times that number will stand outside unable to get in when the services begin at 5 o'clock. Meanwhile the trombone players have mounted to the belfry of the church, and they send forth hymn after hymn of praise for the blessing of the resurrection.

A peal of the big bell in the steeple announces that the doors are open to those who have been waiting in the dark, and the pews fill rapidly. So do the aisles and every bit of the available space. Members of the congregation even camp on the stairs leading to the pulpit and fill the pastor's room in the rear. The altar is covered with flowers, Easter lilies, palms and azaleas, and the odor of lilies hangs heavy in the big rectangular auditorium as the crowd awaits in silence the coming of the ministers.

Outside stand in an orderly mass the disappointed ones who came too late to gain admittance. At length the three young ministers, dressed entirely in black, mount the platform, the old rich organ bursts out in some classic melody. The service begins.

The minister with outstretched arms motions the congregation to its feet.

"The Lord is risen," he chants with the choir.

"The Lord is risen, indeed!" answers the congregation.

Then follows a hymn, the music of which is perhaps by Handel, perhaps by Bach. A choir and a selected chorus, trained and familiar with the intricate music, lead the singing, and many of the members of the congregation join in, and the trombones help out with their chorus.

The music is most impressive, and illustrates the inherent German love for it which is one of the characteristics of the Moravian congregation. They love the works of the old masters. None of the lighter rhythmic hymns pleases them, and the music to which they sing verses of praise is, in most cases, adapted from some classic source.

It is music which, from its complexity, would be impossible for any other congregation, but the Moravians have been brought up to it. Even the children in the Sunday-school have mastered sacred music adapted from Bach.

The ministers follow with readings from the Litany of the Moravians, which is also a creed, and parts of it are chanted by the choir. Two more hymns and the congregation leaves the church. The organ gives forth more glorious music as the ministers and musicians take the head of the procession that has formed and then start up the hill to the burying ground, where the remainder of the service is held.

The crowd which has been standing patiently outside the church, joins in the procession and moves silently in the gray light of dawn.

The Moravians believe that no man's memory should be exalted above another's by the surroundings of his grave, since all men are equal in the sight of God. So there are no high monuments in the cemetery, only plain rectangular stones laid flat on the graves, which are low and in very straight rows.

In the center of the graveyard stand the clergymen; near them are the choir and the trombone players, and in a hollow square around them stand nearly 4000 persons. There the Litany is completed, and hymns are sung again.

"And keep us in everlasting fellowship with those of our brethren and sisters who, since last Easter day, have entered into the joy of their Lord, and with the whole Church Triumphant let us rest together in Thy presence from our labors," chants the ministers.

Another hymn and the benediction, and the early-morning service is over.

When the Easter ceremonies are favored by an early spring, and the morning air is serene, the procession to the graveyard is replete with the finest emotions. It is not merely a reading of the event, to the Moravians, but an acting of it, under the inspiring influence of the open air, at break of day. The locality of the cemetery at

1 o'clock—

"The hour is one! Through darkness steals the dawn
Shines in your hearts the morning star's first ray!"

2 o'clock—

"The clock is two! Who comes to meet the day,
And to the Lord of Day his homage pay?"

3 o'clock—

"The clock is three! The three is One above,
"Let body, soul and spirit truly love."

4 o'clock—

"The clock is four! Where'er on earth are three,
The Lord has promised He the fourth will be."

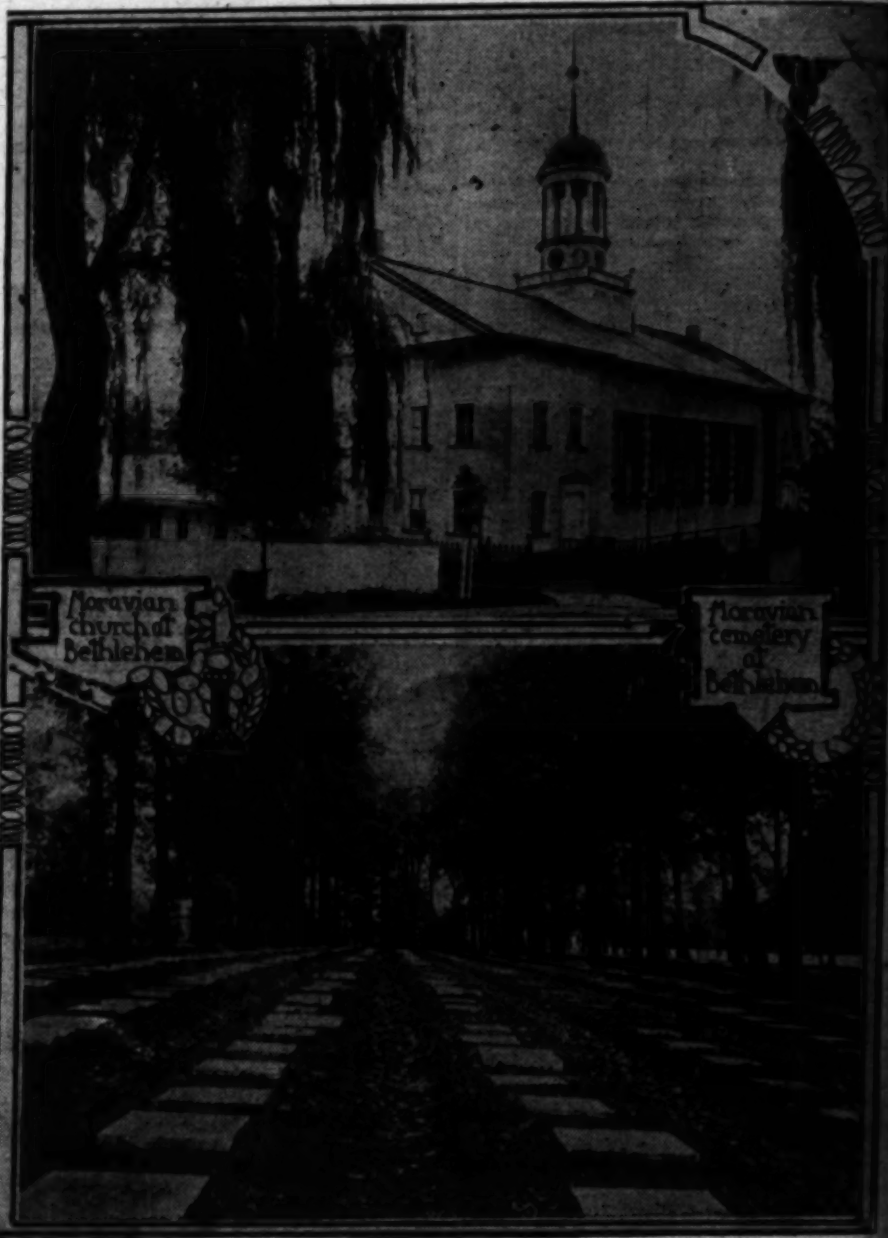
5 o'clock—

"The clock is five! While five away were sent,
Five other virgins to the marriage went."

6 o'clock—

"The clock is six! And from the watch I'm free,
And everyone may his own watchman be."

This custom was established 1740, when a small body of Moravians, seventeen in number, occupied a log house in Ephrata, near Bethlehem. This little band purchased 500 acres of land on the River Lehigh. At that time the Indian stream, known by the name of Lecha, ran past



Bethlehem is peculiarly interesting, and for the opening of Easter morning, there can be no place more worthy of selection. At this early hour the scene around breathes the deepest tranquility. Picturesque in all its parts, a perfect, and even faultless landscape sleeps before you at 6 o'clock on a clear Easter morning, with the eastern light swelling into the bright glow of sunrise. Then the impressive words of the Litany, and the outpouring of those harmonious themes to which the trombones are so well adapted, summon up thoughts that are precious and enduring for the soul.

Going back to the Saturday before Easter, a custom worthy of mention is the calling of the hours by the watchman. He starts on his rounds at 8 p.m., and, using the ancient verse originated by Count Zinzendorf, sings out:

"The clock is eight! To Bethlehem all is told
How Noah and his Seven were saved of old."

9 o'clock—

"Hear, brethren, hear! The hour of nine is come;
Keep pure each heart and chasten every home."

10 o'clock—

"Hear, brethren, hear! Now ten the hour-hand shows;
They only rest, who long for night's repose."

11 o'clock—

"The clock's eleven! and ye have heard it all
How in that hour the mighty God did call."

12 o'clock—

"It's midnight now! And at that hour ye know
With lamps to meet the bridegroom we must go."

fully through the mazes of a forest, along the ridge mountains called by the same name.

When the first ax was raised to clear the site of new colony there were on or near the river but two Indians of the whites, together with a few Indian wigwags. During a cold December evening this memorable year, a small company might have been assembled in the obscure log hut, which, still stable attached to one end of it, had been first taken up to meet the wants of the settlers. Among the assembly were Count Zinzendorf and his daughter Berta, who had just arrived in America from Herrnhut, and found their way to these wilds, and joined the happy pilgrims who had wintered at Ephrata.

The scene here presented was a Christmas eve in the woods, and on that eventful night the Moravian hymn Zinzendorf's own composition was heard to rise from the hut, uttered by the voices of that choir of Christians, their hearts filled with increased belief from the coincidence that the Christmas celebration was performed in part within a stable. The proposed site of the settlement had been Bethlehem, or house at Lecha, but as the scenes of Bethlehem, in Judea, of the night of the Savior's nativity, had just been commemorated, it was suggested it should be changed to Bethlehem.

In the following year, 1742, a large house was completed for the accommodation of the infant congregation, and new accessions coming in from Europe, the village gradually swelled in size.

The aboriginal, who was then the occupant of the

domain, soon came within the gospel introduced by the convert to Christianity, and interests of the small band of this spot. Subsequent were not in the immediate settlement, and Christian converts, either apt to be entertained from opposition to the English, proved offensive to the Moravians, and toward and against the place all the vigilance of its inhabitants from massacre the miracles of their history.

It is related of those early at one time be in the field, dians, approaching by stealth their prey; at another time charged into the thatched to set them on fire. In addition were in jeopardy from English had offered a high which rendered it hazardous people who enjoyed the prospect far into the forest, as a white or savage enemy.

The red man who was then among the Moravians, soon a mode of life he had assumed adopted in exchange for the The services for the Indians in their own language, translated, and every facility was a prehension of that divine in the first time, threw a flood of reading these passages of Moravian group engrosses the picture unique and marked peculiarity and fame we are thus carried

The period that characterized of the poetical phrases in the though the modes and associated aims were purely spiritual, and dowed with inner impulses. As back to that period, we music, of the Moravian hymns. The actors in this scene are in sed by intercourse with the w ascends on high, or the Christian heathen tones, the spectacle be of the lofty mission of

From this little band there ap power. Churches were erected being built late in the year of five flourishing churches. Of the United States, 3124 are to be There are still many in Europe, musicians, 41 non-communicants numbers given of the Moravian not include non-communicants, nor children, who number 6500, non-communicants and 1812 child

MRS. ROOSEVELT

Mrs. Roosevelt is a woman of devotionally religious habit. In Washington attendant at St. John's Episcopal has caused its share of tongue wagging, as staunchly loyal to his traditions here, attends Grace Church. In worship has troubled certain ministers actually been delivered upon it, headfastness of each to an early placing tribute to the other's genu and an evidence of a true unity of critics.

In this matter, as in all the other untroubled by outcry. If, in her haste undertake seriously to consider criticism, four hours, none too long now, was sum of her day's activities. But she times, and humor, a trinity of vices shafts of censure. She knows plenty of the clamor of those who arraigned ally because she restores to the same walls Watta's beautiful "Lav gradish din caused a former admirer the Corcoran Art Gallery. She knows with composure the objections. She knows boys, and she can speak up for that followed her runaway from her sons' bedrooms and from and oak; yet she must have been that to discover that her wise provision national furniture should be regarded of a person with no "feeling" for a to dress well, and can be assured her parsimony or extravagance, as the circulation.—[Harper's Bazar.

IN JOEY'S OPINION

A teacher in a Boston public school boys a definite idea of what a volcano drew a picture of one on the black red chalk she drew fiery flames summit of the volcano, and when the turned to the class before her and "Can any of you tell me what that is?" One boy immediately held up his hand: "Well, Joey, you may tell us." "It looks like a—uh, mamma," replied promptly.—[Life

one steals the day,
star's first ray?"
meet the day,
pay?"
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ve."
arth are thre,
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ay were sent,
e went."
e watch I'm free,
man be."
40, when a small body
occupied a log house
a little band purchased
high. At that time the
of Lecha, ran pease-



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a cold December evening
all company might have
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drof and his daughter Benig-
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of Bethlehem, in Judea, on the
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should be changed to Beth-

1742, a large house was con-
tion of the infant congrega-
ing in from Europe, the village
then the occupant of this

...soon came within the softening influence of the
...introduced by the Moravian Brethren became a
...convert to Christianity, and a friend to the cause and in-
...terests of the small band of emigrants who took posses-
...sion of this spot. Subsequently, those tribes who
...were not in the immediate vicinity of the Mora-
...vian settlement, and who were opposed to the
...Christian converts, either through the animosity so
...apt to be entertained by a separate people, or
...from opposition to the English, being under French in-
...fluence, proved offensive and dangerous to the in-
...habitants of Bethlehem, and frequent incursions were made
...toward and against the place. To ward off these dangers
...all the vigilance of its inhabitants were exercised, and
...their escape from massacre and total extinction is one of
...the miracles of their history.

It is related of those early times, that the Sisters would
at one time be in the field gathering flax, when the In-
dians, approaching by stealth, endeavored to make them
their prey; at another time, ignited wads would be dis-
charged into the thatched roofs of the houses, in order
to set them on fire. In addition to this, the Indian con-
verts were in jeopardy from the government itself, as the
English had offered a high reward for an Indian scalp,
which rendered it hazardous for any of the uncivilized
people who enjoyed the protection of Bethlehem to ven-
ture far into the forest, as their death would be the in-
alienable penalty, should they fall into the hands of a
white or savage enemy.

The red man who was thus domiciled and domesticated
among the Moravians, soon became attached to the new
mode of life he had assumed and the new religion he had
adopted in exchange for that which he had laid aside.
The services for the Indian audience were performed
in their own language, translations being provided for
them, and every facility was afforded for the proper com-
prehension of that divine instruction, which now, for
the first time, threw a flood of light upon their souls. In
reading these passages of Moravian life, where the In-
dian group engrosses the picture, we are struck with the
vivid and marked peculiarity of the people whose his-
tory and fame we are thus cursorily dwelling upon.

The period that characterized early Bethlehem was one
of the poetical phases in the history of our race, and al-
though the modes and associations of life were rude, the
soul was purely spiritual, and every individual was en-
dowed with inner impulses. As the imagination carries
us back to that period, we hear a solemn chant, the
music of the Moravian hymn, in the Mohican tongue.
The actors in this scene are in primitive costumes, mod-
ified by intercourse with the whites; and as the anthem
rings on high, or the Christian prayer is poured out, in
hushed tones, the spectacle becomes interesting, and sig-
nificant of the lofty mission of the early Moravians.

From this little band there sprung a colony of size and
power. Churches were erected in Philadelphia; the first
being built late in the year of 1742. That city now has
four flourishing churches. Of the 16,327 Moravians in
the United States, 5124 are to be found in Pennsylvania.
There are still many in Europe, and Canada has 371 com-
municants, 41 non-communicants and 316 children. The
numbers given of the Moravians in the United States do
not include non-communicants, of whom there are 1441,
or children, who number 6563. Pennsylvania has 637
non-communicants and 1612 children. B. N.

MRS. ROOSEVELT.

Mrs. Roosevelt is a woman of devout nature and conven-
tional religious habit. In Washington she is a regular
student at St. John's Episcopal Church—a fact which
has caused its share of tongue wagging. For the Presi-
dent, as staunchly loyal to his traditions as Mrs. Roosevelt
is now, attends Grace Church. This division of family
worship has troubled certain minds until sermons have
actually been delivered upon it. That the frank, open
straightness of each to an early creed its really a con-
founding tribute to the other's gentleness and generosity,
and in evidence of a true unity of feeling, escapes these
critics.

In this matter, as in all the others, Mrs. Roosevelt is
troubled by outcry. If, in her busy life, she should un-
derstand seriously to consider criticisms, then the twenty-
four hours, some too long now, would fall utterly for the
rest of her day's activities. But she has knowledge, gen-
erosity, and humor, a trinity of virtues proof against the
blows of censure. She knows pictures, and is unmoved
by the clamor of those who arraign her at the bar of
equality because she restores to its place on the White
House walls Watteau's beautiful "Love and Death," which
English din caused a former administration to banish
from the Corcoran Art Gallery. She knows society, and can
deal with composure the objections to her well-ordered
house. She knows boys, and she can smile over the patri-
otic spread that followed her removal of some old ma-
hows from her sons' bedrooms and the substitution of
oak and oak; yet she must have been a trifle amazed at
the discovery that her wise provision for the saving of
national furniture should be regarded as the vandalism
of a person with no "feeling" for antiques. She knows
how to dress well, and can be amused at the reports of
her parsimony or extravagance, as they alternately swing
in circulation.—[Harper's Bazar.

IN JOEY'S OPINION.

A teacher in a Boston public school was seeking to give
his pupils a definite idea of what a volcano was; therefore
he drew a picture of one on the blackboard. Taking
down the chalk he drew fiery flames pouring from the
summit of the volcano, and when the drawing was done
he turned to the class before her and said:

"Now say if you tell me what that looks like?"
The boy immediately held up his hand, and the teacher
said, "Joey, you may tell us."

"It looks like a—l, ma'am," replied Joey, with start-
ling promptness.—[Life

Our Canyons After Rain.

BEAUTY OF THE SOUTHLAND AT
THIS SEASON.

By a Special Contributor.

WHEN has California ever looked more beautiful
than at the present time? The frequent rains
have not only coaxed forth the wild flowers and
covered the hills with an emerald mantle, but waterways
which for the greater part of each year—yes, oftentimes
for whole years round—have been sandy wastes, are now
filled with laughing, gurgling streams.

To the visitor who sees Los Angeles for the first time
during the dry summer months, when her hills are a vel-
vety brown, with often no vestige of green, the trans-
formation seems almost miraculous. I fear me that,
when the wheel shall have turned on its axis and rolled
around to dry October, even those of us who call Los
Angeles our home will rub our eyes and wonder if, after
all, it was only a dream.

Not for years has there been so much water in the
canyons as this season. That of itself is a delight which

summer time, to come from nowhere—just starting out of
the ground in the unaccountable way California streams
have of doing, and is only a small rivulet. But after
such storms as we have had this year, it is no longer a
lazy, dilatory brook, but becomes a noisy, hurrying cur-
rent, filling the narrow cañon as it nears Rock Basin,
and leaving no room for picnic parties.

Only an easy walking distance above Rock Basin lies
Johnston's Lake, which the recent rains have also filled
and made more beautiful. This small body of water lies
at the foot of a thickly-wooded hill, and is also a favor-
ite picnic spot for old and young.

Below the Basin lies the Arroyo Seco. This year what
is usually a stony wash has become a stream so preten-
tious that it almost warrants being called a river. Those
of us who were not here that memorable year of 1898,
when this stream was large enough and strong enough
to carry away the toll bridge spanning the Arroyo Seco
from Pasadena avenue to a point not far below the ca-
trich farm, have heretofore been unable to comprehend
that there ever was water enough in that dry, sup-
er-baked gulch to do any harm. But as one stands on the
bank above this usually dry run and watches the angry,
muddy water as it rushes by, and listens to the loud roar
made by this current, one can realize that, in its hasty
downward rush, it can do much damage.

During the coming dry summer months, when the flow-
ers have wilted in the canyons and the burr clover and al-
filaria have become brown feed for the cattle on the foot-
hills, when the sun shines with a never-failing brilliancy,
and we sigh for some of the rain that we are having
now, I am sure that the memory of this rushing water
will seem good to us and the thought of it will make us
cooler.

HARRIET WILLIAMS MYERS.



will not soon be forgotten by those who visit these little
streams.

Following Avenue 96 to its northern limit, one finds
oneself on the brink of one of these little cañons. There
below runs a beautiful, clear stream, twisting back and
forth between the tall green shrubs, flowers, and weeds,
it winds its way over stones; and in one place falling sev-
eral feet, it forms a whirling pool and again rushes on to
join the larger stream in the Arroyo Seco below. On all
sides the alfalaria—the California cow's wild hay—is
growing in the greatest luxuriance, its purplish-pink
flowers and feathery leaves making it a pretty plant; the
wild peony—resembling one of grandmother's garden
back East—is growing on the hillside, sending forth its
maroon-colored blossoms so unlike the gorgeous flowers
of the cultivated plant; the burr clover, with its yellow
blossoms, is near by, the poison oak is sending forth its
handsome red leaves; the graceful wild pea, for which
Garvanza is named, is twining about, near the cool water,
while over all, making a dense shade in this little cañon,
grow tall elderberry bushes, giant oak and sycamore
trees. Usually there is no water here, and as one lis-
tens to its musical rippling and sees all the green things
about, one can easily imagine oneself in a sylvan dale of
fairland.

Farther on, over the next range of hills, is another
stream which, summer and winter, winds its way at the
foot of densely-wooded slopes, and finally, flowing between
two very high, steep hills, falls over a stony bed into a
round, hollowed stone, appropriately called "Rock
Basin." Rock Basin? What magic those words hold for
every child in its vicinity! A picnic at this picturesque
spot is considered the acme of delight by the youngsters.
Here they can gather wild flowers and many kinds of
ferns, which grow in profusion on these shady slopes; or,
best of all, wade in the stream and catch the slimy little
water dogs that live in the Basin.

The stream which feeds this rocky basin seems in the

RADIUM AND SNAKE BITES.

A recent and most curious discovery made in connec-
tion with the study of radium is its peculiar property of
destroying the poisonous effect of the venom of serpents.
This was ascertained in France by Prof. C. Phisalix. He
states that an exposure of from fifty to sixty hours to the
rays of radium is sufficient to destroy the poisonous char-
acter of the poison of the viper, and the same is true of
the poison of the cobra, which is interesting in view of
fact that the latter poison resists the action of heat
much longer. These experiments led to others, where
the radium emanation was employed instead of the direct
action of the radium rays, and a glass tube was filled
with a 1 per cent. solution of viper poison to about two-
thirds its height. The tube was then exhausted and filled
with air containing radium emanation, after which it
was allowed to remain for twenty-four hours, in the
course of which time the liquid acquired an opalescent
luster and a strange odor. When injected into a guinea
pig it had no toxic effect, and the only change noted was
a loss of weight by the animal. By diluting the poison
with distilled water and exposing as before, it was found
that the toxicity disappeared in six hours, but when gly-
cerine was used a much longer time was required. The
opalescence mentioned is caused by suspended particles,
and the conclusion reached is that the radium emanation
acts to decompose albumenoid poisons. Inasmuch as the
emanation has no effect on the poisons of the lizard or
the common toad it is believed that a new method has
been found of studying the constitution of poisons of ser-
pents, which will enable the experimenter to discrimi-
nate between them.—[Harper's Weekly.

The Other Half of the World. By G. W. Burton.

THE ENVIRONS OF PARIS.

BEAUTY LIKE THAT OF THE CAPITAL
EXTENDS TO ITS SUBURBS.

By a Special Contributor.

THE city proper is by no means all that is exceedingly interesting about Paris. The environs are scarcely less so. I was prepared to find Paris the cleanest city I had ever seen. I was not prepared to find this condition extending to all the environment of the great city.

The first noted environment of Paris is the world-renowned Bois de Boulogne. What is it like? Remember I am writing of it as it appears in the first week in November, when the autumnal decay is on everything. Its appearance is for all the world like a big patch of autumn wood in Wisconsin, Iowa or Minnesota. It has all the characteristics of the primeval woods. The growth is mostly oak, with other deciduous trees mixed between, and some of the fir species. This forest is cut and intersected by many roads and paths, smooth, hard and clean. The large sheets of water, very irregular in outline, are set in the midst of the wood, and small wooded islands rise out of these lakes. Central Park, New York? No, it is not like that. It is much larger than all the parks around New York, and is more in the primeval state. It is in a sense less artistic. It is more like the park at St. Louis before the exposition grounds were laid out. Scores of miles of beautiful roads and walks run like

and the Luxembourg are the property of the republic and open to the public at all times except Mondays, free of expense. The carving in the interior of the Luxembourg is a marvel of artistic skill.

On the northwest corner of the city is the Parc Monceau, as beautiful as the most artistic portions of the Bois. Further outside the city to the southwest, Sevres is passed, and still further on is Versailles. Sevres is, of course, a household word the world over, where tea is sipped out of the beautiful china made in its famous factories. The government owns these factories, and maintains a wonderful exhibition of falence, pottery and porcelain of all epochs and from all countries.

Versailles is known to all Americans in connection with the last sad days of the last Capet king and his proud Austrian queen. The ill-fated Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette here have left their unhappy memory inseparably connected with Versailles. He is not the only Louis thus connected. The one made infamous by his intercourse with the Pompadour and Madame du Barry, also the one whose name is linked with Madame de Maintenon, and also Madame de Recamier, have left their memories here, too. Here is the great Trianon and the Little Trianon standing as they did in those old days. Many Americans saw reproductions of the Trianon at the St. Louis Fair as the French building.

As one passes these spots, the memory of the Pompadour, disgraced one day as a shepherdess and another as a flower girl, and so on with change after change, and all to deceive the wicked old king, comes up like a vivid dream. The next moment he sees the awful gathering

are found whatever way one goes. Parisian capital has been put into the purchase of lands, where fine herds of cows are fed to supply Paris with milk. These establishments are models of cleanliness and order. The milk is delivered in Paris in sealed jars or large cans also sealed. These vessels are all stamped with the name of the farm and firm, and absolute purity is guaranteed. Large flocks of poultry are kept also and the eggs are sent to the city almost the day they are laid, and each egg is stamped to show where it came from, and is guaranteed to be of perfect freshness.

The Practical and the Sentimental.

The woods of Fontainebleau are very large and fine. The grounds are laid out with great taste and art, and are decorated with beautiful sheets of water. The palace is a magnificent specimen of architecture, and the inside finish is a thing of marvelous beauty. The memory of Henry of Navarre lingers around Fontainebleau, as all students of French history know. Passing through these places, one's mind changes from the contemplation of some very modern industrial development to those scenes of historic and artistic interest hour after hour. As one further south into Touraine and the Garden of France is reached, a truly beautiful land, but the attention is divided as the city of Poitiers is reached, and first the grand cathedral fills the mind to overflowing, then comes the vision of the great Saracen invasion of Europe which brought the Turks from the very walls of China, where Russ and Jap are struggling today. One thinks of the stantincople captured, of the hordes of Asia filled by the strong walls of Vienna, of Spain a prey to Mohammedan sway, and finally of the check given to oriental civilization as it was about to sweep Occidental civilization from the face of the earth. This took place at Poitiers when Charles Martel broke the power of the invading host and prevented western Europe from being forced to change the Hebrew scripture for the Arabian koran.

Europeans Know These Stories.

Here in France, and elsewhere in Europe the monuments of these events have kept the story alive to the public mind. As the man of Western Europe looks upon these monuments of the past he stops and turns his eyes to Manchuria and asks himself, "Is it possible that this history should repeat itself? Should Japan of her beat Russia back from the shores of the far Orient, and not the French possession in Southern China be attacked in time? Will not Germany be driven from her sphere of influence in China, and will not the English, who go back Japan, find their ally turned against them to drive them from the valley of the Yellow River? With the borders of China armed and drilled as become modern warfare, and commanded by Japanese, who have such wonderful aptitude for military affairs, what is not possible? The man who looks over the battle at Poitiers may smile as such a vision rises before his eyes, but while he smiles, if he lives here he is very anxious to send an earnest aspiration heavenward to the end that Russia may be the final victor in the fight.

Going northward and westward from Paris, Normandy, wild, picturesque and quaint, are reached stretching along the bleak shores of the North Sea, the English Channel, broken in outline, rugged, and their primitive population, little affected by modern influences, this is in many respects the most interesting part of France. Far to the south, again, the very conditions prevail where the coast of France, from Toulon, Marseilles, Menton and Nice lie by the sea, the Mediterranean stretches out before them as smooth as like a sapphire set in a ring of emeralds. The current of the Rhone rushes southward under Alpine snow with the walnut groves of Grenoble off to the sea, and further down Petrarch's Vaucluse close to old Avignon with its Roman walls still intact and the palaces of Popes exiled from Rome.

HOW TO CURE INSOMNIA.

Lying awake is often a habit. It is worth almost any effort to break up such a habit.

Insomnia is usually the result of one of three causes: poor circulation, indigestion or mental distress. The person who studies himself carefully will be able to determine the difficulty and treat himself accordingly.

For poor circulation try warm baths, warm exercises, brisk rubbing, soaking the feet and deep breathing.

For indigestion take a warm drink before going to bed when sleepless. Drink warm water, warm milk, tea or cocoa and breathe deeply.

For mental distress mere will power is the best. Carry on in the mind a housecleaning process.

Sweet sleep, and plenty of it, will go a great way toward keeping women young. When sleep departs, wrinkles come.

It is by sleep that we gain strength for another day. Sleep is to the brain and nerves what food is to the body. Here are a few simple, tried rules for driving insomnia away.

Go to bed warm. Never go to bed with cold feet. Leave the window down at the top and protect from draughts.

As soon as the body touches the bed, relax the muscles, shut the eyes and make ready to sleep. Nothing will shut away sleep more quickly than the thought that sleep is just ahead. (Philadelphia Inquirer.)



PALACE AT FONTAINEBLEAU, NOW USED AS MILITARY SCHOOL.

a spider's web through the trees from the edge of the city proper to the Seine and all along the banks of the stream by pretty villages and suburban resident sections. And all these ways are swept clean every day. For the main streets of the city and the park rotary sweepers drawn by horses are used. In Paris they have a gate attached to the water works at the corners of most of the streets. These are opened every morning and floods of water are turned down the gutters. It is every man's business then to sweep before his own house door. The narrow walks in the city and park are swept by hand. They use here and in Brussels a very primitive but very effective broom. It is made of small branches of birch with many fine twigs at the end. These are tied in a cylindrical shape at the top, and into this is inserted a long handle. The sweeper gives this a long sweep like a man would operate the oar of a boat if he stood up to do it. These brooms take the rubbish out of the way effectively. They are for all the world like witches' brooms. An American woman of my acquaintance said to me: "I would not get astride of one of those things for all the world. I know I would be tossed seventeen times as high as the moon in a jiffy."

At one end of the Bois de Boulogne is the race course of Auteuil, used for steeplechases, and a little distance off is the Longchamp course, where the Grand Prix de Paris is run. The walk between these two points and around the lake and along the Seine on a bright autumn day, when the foliage on the oaks is as red as a flame, is very impressive. If one may be indulged in a comparison, the trees in the Bois de la Gambre at Brussels are much finer. The beech and maple trees in this wood are magnificent.

A Soon to Humanity.

It inspires the mind deeply to see such magnificent stretches of primeval wood preserved at the very gates of such large cities, kept in such good order, the original characteristics so well sustained, for all the people, poor and rich, to ramble there at will and see a liberal bit of the good, green earth as God made it for man's enjoyment. At the other end of the Bois are beautiful botanical gardens, and near there a skating pond when there is ice, which I think is not very often. Near the edges of the Bois lie such pretty suburbs as Boulogne-Sur-Seine, Auteuil, and Neuilly. These are now the sites where many rich, or at least well-to-do Parisians have their homes. The grace, wealth, fashion and intelligence that once made the Faubourg St. Germain denuded are now found in great measure in these suburban districts.

The Seine enters the city from the southeast, runs almost to its center, and then with a curve, sweeps out at the southwest and makes a grand sweep off to the northwest of the city. In the city it passes the old museum of Cluny, a building of great age, said to date back to Roman times, and it looks it, past the Palace of the Luxembourg, a glorious monument of the middle ages, past the old cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris. The Cluny

of the Commune along the gates of the old palace at Versailles, camping there all night and howling to be fed. Or he follows that sad procession another day, when Louis XVI, to whose soul a chicken dinner was so important, and Marie Antoinette, whose proud soul the guillotine could not bow, the gentle little Princess Royal and the poor little Dauphin, all took up their line of march for Paris with the whole rabble surging around the royal carriage. One of them sticks a tricolored cockade on the King's hat and tosses the white Bourbon one into the road to be trodden by the feet of the crowd. That ride was really the last ride of Louis Capet and Marie Antoinette. They were brought to the Tuilleries, really a prison, and afterward to the old Temple and then to the guillotine in time. The portraits of them all are in the galleries. That is about all that is left of them. The portrait of the little Princess of Lamballe is here, too.

It might seem as if the very stones of Paris might still weep after a century has elapsed if they heard the story of the horrid fate at the guillotine of this wonderfully pretty, gentle, yet simple woman. Scarcely more than a child when she passed from all the soft luxury and super-refinement of the Bourbon court into the hands of that coarse, vulgar, heartless mob that surrounded the guillotine. Well, the Trianon buildings and the pictures in the museums are all that remain of all this. The revolution regenerated France from the terrible excesses of the Bartholomew massacre and from the licentiousness of most of the last Capets. The Reign of Terror was a terrible baptism of blood, but nothing less could expiate the sins of the court and nobility of France during the last part of the eighteenth century. Napoleon and his new code of laws followed, and France sprung regenerate to take her place among the most progressive of modern nations. It is all proper enough that the memory of the Capets should perish and that of Napoleon and Rouget de Lisle should live.

Scenes Further Afield.

One may leave Paris one morning by train, run out in two hours to Rouen, where he will see one of the finest old cathedrals in Europe. The same day he may go on to Amiens and see another quite as astonishing in its grand proportions and wonderful details of wood carving. Next morning he may go to Rheims in the center of the Champagne country and again feed his eyes on a wonderful cathedral and be back in Paris that same night. On the way from Amiens to Rheims we will pass, among other places of interest, Laon, with its old walls and gates which date back to Roman days. The country all between these towns is a veritable garden. There is not a mile of it that is not full of beauty.

Had the road been to the south an hour's time would have reached Fontainebleau with its beautiful park and fine old palace. The country around here is full of beauty. Modern France is progressive, and fine farms

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Too Much Hypnotism.

THE PLAGUE OF SVENGALIS IS ENDANGERING THE LAND.

By a Special Contributor.

LAWS regulating the practice and teaching of hypnotism are one of the gravest needs of our States and Territories, according to the leading medico-legal specialists of the country. The hypnotic craze which took its rise from "Trilby," has been steadily growing in recent years until it has now become a public danger. Svengalis are sweeping the country, subjecting victims to all sorts of cruelties to the amusement of the morbidly curious or for advertising purposes. They are leaving behind them a trail of maimed bodies and weak-minded intellects. These exhibitions are being protected by municipal license, while no end of fraudulent or otherwise baneful correspondence schools of hypnotism are flourishing under Federal copyright protection and in violation of the United States mail privileges.

In France there is a law forbidding the practice or teaching of hypnotism by any other than trained physicians, licensed by the government. Exactly that is what our medico-legal authorities are fighting for. One of the most active advocates of this reform is Dr. William Lee Howard, vice-president of the Medico-Legal Society. Since 95 per cent. of mankind can be hypnotized, according to no less an authority than the noted hypnotologist, Liebeault, of Nancy, France, the subject might be said to be vital to every fireside in the land.

Curse for Profit.

The other day, in the course of a public entertainment at Keokuk, Iowa, a traveling Svengalis sewed together with his needles and stout cords the wrists of a hypnotized subject, who emerged from the trance prematurely, tearing his flesh to a painful degree. Through the legs of another hypnotized subject long needles were thrust until the blood flowed freely. A panic ensued, women shrieked and a mob was about to tar and feather the "hypnotist" when he was rescued by the authorities and carried off to jail charged with mayhem.

Some time before this an itinerant hypnotist giving a public exhibition in Washington set a brawny man and a frail youth, both hypnotized, to wrestling. The audience gaped with delight until the helpless lad was carried off the stage with several bones broken. During a course of similar exhibitions in Cleveland, a boy was kept asleep for a week, during which he was given in food and lost nearly fifteen pounds. The father of the lad made frantic efforts to rescue him from the hypnotist, but without success, and medical students subjected the youth to all sorts of experiments during the time. In the show window of a Washington drug store the writer witnessed phases of a similar exhibition. A youth, upon a couch, was kept there in public view night and day during a prolonged trance. It was a revolting spectacle. The lad was emaciated. It was a summer, and the store window offered no ventilation, while the flies literally covered the boy. But the equipment drew trade for the druggist, who presumably employed for that purpose the coarse, dissipated-looking woman who had the victim "under control."

A hypnotized man sealed up in a stout casket and buried alive in a grave nine feet was offered as the only resistance during a hypnotic exhibition in London. A ventilating tube led up from the casket, which on the seventh day of the trance was dug up in the presence of a large crowd.

Svengalis Hypnotic Murder.

A series of hypnotic exhibitions even more revolting, and demoralizing to the worst degree, was planned for this country some months ago. In 1896 Gabrielle Bonaparte, a mere girl, put a silken cord around the neck of a lover, who sat beside her on a sofa, while a man hidden in draperies behind the sofa attached the cord to a pulley and hanged the victim. The girl's defense was that she did her share of the crime while hypnotized, but she was sentenced to a long term in prison. Having been lately released, she came to America with a young dentist, but was detained at the immigration station at Ellis Island, N. Y., on the charge that she was a convict. She confessed her identity, as well as her part in the murder, and was allowed to travel through this country with the dentist as a hypnotist. While the latter had her under hypnotic influence she and the dentist were to rehearse the murder which she was convicted. This histrionic treat for American people was suggested to her by experience performed with her by Prof. Leigols of Paris, after the murder put her under the hypnotic influence. During the trance she repeated her part in the murder. This experiment was to be repeated in court and was not admitted as evidence.

Hypnotic Schools.

The hypnotic school offers dangers far graver than those of a hypnotic exhibition, for it sows the seed from which springs up the large annual crop of itinerant Svengalis. There is no doubt that the ability to put a man "under control" is easily learned. The writer some years ago interviewed a scientific hypnotist, who showed the methods by which he put subjects in the hypnotic state. The interview was published throughout the country, and the writer was soon flooded with letters, some of them stating that great success had been obtained by following the tactics mentioned in the article. One man, writing from a western insane asylum, said: "I have one man here entirely under my control and another half way. Please send me fuller instructions at once." The writer found himself a teacher of hypnotism without ever having been a matriculate. A considerable proportion of the schools of hypnotism are conducted by that class of gentlemen known, in the parlance of the streets, as "grafters." I have the statement of a woman who took such a course and after

parting with her good money had nothing in return save a store of ludicrous anecdotes; but this, perhaps, was an amulet worth more than that for which she paid her money. Her teacher told her at length how he had treated a woman for cancer.

"I hypnotized her," said he, "and in doing so absorbed into my own system the drugs with which the doctors had been dosing her. As a result I had a large carbuncle on my face and was for a short time a very sick man. In mesmerizing for disease one takes into his system all the impurities of the sick one."

Correspondence Course the Rage.

But the correspondence course in hypnotism is now the rage. The lessons are sent out either in book form or by some of the systems of manifolded typewriting. In this way a tempting dose can be administered for a flat price, but more startling information guaranteed if more money is sent, and so on. The elementary course gives simple methods by which the home loafer, with nothing to occupy his mind, may commence experiments upon his little sister. This leads to the exhibition course, which equip him as an itinerant mesmerist, and a further course makes him a magnetic healer, while the highest of all turns him out a full-fledged clairvoyant. The library of Congress has an elaborate collection of these mail courses, for they are largely copyrighted and therefore filed there.

Tortures for Victims Freely Taught.

All sorts of tortures are prescribed as tests by which the novice may ascertain his aptness. To be sure that his subject is under control, for example, he may be jammed with a pin in the back of his hand. Being under control, he may be told that bees are stinging him and he will roll on the floor screaming from pain of the imaginary stings. It may be suggested that needles or pins stuck through his tongue, ears or cheeks—no less—will cause him no pain, and he will not flinch when they are inserted. Quite readily can the subject be made to sign promissory notes, deeds, checks, etc. After suggesting this, one of these mail courses adds that the crime thus induced "could never be proven if you commanded the subject before he did it that he would positively never have any remembrance of the act." In one course teaching hypnotic methods of disobeying the laws as to amateur practice of medicine shows how cancer may be treated by the newly-made hypnotist rubbing his fingers upon the sore, while concentrating his mind upon its cure! But the clairvoyant course is the most complicated. The subject, under control, may be made to reveal the future of his own life; the past and future of others.

The most baneful phase of this propaganda is that there is a large element of success in the teaching of mere methods of producing the hypnotic state. The writer knows of a neurologist who has patronized one of these mail courses simply to obtain new methods which he uses with beneficial result by omitting all of the dangerous advice interspersed. Many of the teachers operating the mail courses are hypnotists who can demonstrate their powers when called upon to do so. Some of the most successful of these Svengalis turn out tactics, which, while pregnant with bad grammar, are at the same time full of ingenious modus operandi.

Tools of the Trade.

The amateur Svengalis, having learned his trade, is flooded with advertisements of the latest hypnotic paraphernalia. He finds in the mail a large sheet setting forth the virtues of the "hypnotic mirror," and there are reproduced for his benefit photographs illustrating the effects of this subtle engine. Groups of subjects in various stages of slumber and catalepsy are sprawling about a table on which the mirror is whirling its light-reflecting windmill fans. Then there are "hypnotic lamps" galore—lamps which reflect light rays upon the eye in such a manner as to produce a strain and induce sleep. There are also "hypnotic balls"—nickel balls hung before the eyes by a sort of helmet. At these the subjects stare, crossing their eyes to do so. Fatigue results and this leads to sleep. Another "hypnotic ball" is filled with sand, stained an indigo blue, the ball itself being glass, and as it is revolved the sand rolls in cascade fashion, confusing the eye. Then there is also the "hypnotic ring"—a sort of tube of magnetized steel, long enough to incase the greater part of the finger. There is a gap in it, and over this fits an armature held fast by the magnet and completing the circuit about the finger. The greater part of these tools are fashioned after those used by scientific hypnotologists in the treatment of nervous diseases. Many of them are bona fide—in fact none of those mentioned have not been seen by the writer in the laboratories of conscientious men who used hypnotism for legitimate purposes.

Murder and Death Resulting.

But there are deeper dangers than the mere giving to the ignorant layman powers by which he can sew up his subjects' wrists for the benefit of the morbidly curious town hall audience or pierce his little sister's tongue with pins, or cause his neighbor to deed his house away, or rub a cancer with his fingers, and later transfer its venom to the next subject treated for warts or something else. For example, there was the Anderson-McDonald murder case in Kansas. The man who actually committed the murder was proved to be the tool of a hypnotist. The latter was hanged for the crime and the former acquitted, but sent to an asylum. Since then hypnotic influence as a defense in criminal trials has become the fad. Moreover, there are in the medico-legal records well-authenticated cases of death by hypnotic suggestion applied by unskilled laymen.

While these charlatans are day by day spreading the baneful effects of this fascinating science—alas, too fascinating!—conscientious savants are as rapidly spreading its benefits and discovering more and more of its hidden curative powers. Hypnotism is of far greater benefit to some sufferers than normal sleep. If properly administered, says Dr. Liebeault, above referred to. "For centuries," says he, "it has been ad-

mitted that there was no medicine that equaled sleep. Therefore the doctor who can place his patient at a critical time under the influence of hypnosis is really giving him an opportunity to find in that blessed oblivion the relief that can be gained in no other manner except by the use of anodynes."

How Applied for Reform.

The cure of pernicious habits, moral perversion, persistent ideas and unhappy emotions is where hypnotism is being now used with seeming great success. Your correspondent has lately discussed these phases of its application with three practicing neurologists. One of these, who studied abroad with Bernheim and Liebeault, explained the moral force of hypnotic treatment in these words, which were jotted down:

"You appreciate that if you were to go to sleep tonight and were to hear in your dreams a voice giving you some advice it would make a deep impression upon you. Now, suppose you were to dream that you heard that same voice give that same advice for thirty nights. Would you ever forget the experience? No. It would be indelibly impressed upon your mind. Hypnosis is a state analogous to a dream. Let a hypnotized person have a given thought suggested to him repeatedly, say thirty times, and he will get the same indelible impression."

This physician, with the full consent of the patient and after an explanation as to the use to which the reported account was to be made, called in a subject who was waiting in the anteroom for treatment. Having hypnotized the subject, and while keeping his thumb on the latter's forehead, the physician addressed him in a gentle, comforting voice:

"You must never forget the lesson which was taught when you were here before. Whenever tempted, you must remember the interview which we had at the beginning and the promise you made to yourself; and just as two things coupled together will always be remembered together and one will suggest the other, as 'a' will suggest 'b,' the temptation will always suggest that interview and that promise."

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.

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NOVELTIES IN TAXATION.

CURIOUS METHODS BY WHICH REVENUES HAVE BEEN RAISED IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

[Pearson's Weekly:] Though our country is content with the revenue raised from income taxes, dog and game licenses, letters patent of budding baronets, armorial bearings, man-servant and similar taxes, other countries have far more ingenious ways of raising the wind.

Take France, for instance. She succeeds in raising £28,000,000 yearly out of stamp duties. When you visit say Paris, your hotel bill comes to you with a stamp on it. Every check drawn bears an extra receipt stamp across which you must sign your name. Theater tickets must be stamped. Even posters on the boardings are stamped, the value varying with the size of the bill.

For municipal purposes its towns also adopt queer expedients. Every morsel of food, drink, and fuel must pay a tax, while Paris puts an extra tax of 10 centimes (a penny) on all spirits, besides mulcting landlords with a 2½ per cent. and tenants with a 1 per cent. tax.

Germany at one time sent out charwomen with instructions to inspect and thoroughly cleanse people's houses. It was not done so much with the idea of cleanliness as with the view to raising money. And it was successful, too, for nearly a million pounds was added to the national funds.

On another occasion only a certain kind of tooth powder was allowed to be sold in the stores—that kind made in the government factories. Rather than pay a stiff price, people preferred not to use any dentifrice at all, and so the tax failed in its purpose.

Austria is another country that has succeeded in raising the wind by enforcing cleanliness upon its people. Under a penalty of £10, Austria demands that every householder shall have his chimney swept by the government sweep at least once a month for fear of fire. She found the measure most lucrative, as she charged a tax of 1s. 10d. for every chimney cleansed.

Holland has similarly levied several queer taxes. Besides imposing a duty of twopence on every person who entered a tavern before noon, she used to levy taxes on those who visited places of entertainment, on marriages, and on many other things.

If a person were buried out of the district to which he belonged, his nearest of kin had to pay twice the amount that would have had to be paid had the burial taken place in his own district. Even boots and shoes were not exempt, regulated by the size of the article—the smaller the shoe the smaller the tax.

To be exempt from military service in Switzerland one must pay a tax of £5 a year, no matter whether one be a cripple or an invalid. And if the bill is neglected, the Swiss is prohibited from entering any beer garden or public entertainment until the full sum is paid.

Greece attempted to raise the wind by making every smoker take out a license, but as the smokers objected and made riots in the streets, she compelled her people to purchase the national emblem in the form of a small flying swallow. These she had manufactured in bronze in very large quantities, charging a few pence for them, any person not having one in his or her possession being liable to a penalty.

Not a few countries have lifted themselves out of financial difficulties by the aid of postage stamps. St. Helena nets a pretty penny by the sale of surplus stamps; so, too, do the Canary Islands.

Since 1892 the petty state of Paraguay has issued over 130 different stamps, thus raising a considerable sum, while British Honduras, Congo Free State, among many other countries, have utilized the passion of stamp collectors as a means of raising the wind.

"He put in \$10 and drew one card, draw down to 'em, and took two cards chip without lookin', and Jim raised his hand," said Patterson, slowly skinnin'. "His fingers slid down over his stack of cards," he said. Jim had about \$15 more. "You've got it or you haven't," Elsie replied. Patterson. "I'll call you," said Elsie. "What money he had, Patterson showed her." "That breaks me," said Jim. He picked up from the table when someone else came money in the bank, having a little," replied Jim. "I've got about \$20 cash a check for me." The seller came went on. Pretty soon a horse came

The Poker Player.

OLD LIM JUCKLIN TELLS A STORY
WHICH CONTAINS A MORAL.

Contributed by Opie Read.

OLD LIMUEL had occasion to remain overnight at the little hotel in the country town. After supper he observed several men moving about mysteriously. They went up the stairs. Not long afterward a young fellow came down, spoke to old Lim and took a seat beside him. It seemed that he was struggling with himself to keep quiet.

"Well, Harvey, how are you getting along?" the old man inquired, looking at him with a knowing eye.

"Oh, very well. Say, Uncle Lim, I came to town rather hurriedly today and didn't bring as much money as I needed, and if you will let me have \$10 till tomorrow, I'll be much obliged to you."

The old man looked at him. "Broke you about the first hand, didn't they?"

The young fellow strove to appear surprised. "Broke me!"

"Ah, ha. I guess you picked up somethin' you thought couldn't be beaten. Three aces do look beautiful."

"Uncle Lim, I hope you don't think—"

"Oh, no, not at all. But I was just thinkin' how putty three aces looks to the young feller that hasn't been playin' long. They are three delightful tunes made visible. Each one is sweeter than the other one; and they are puttier and puttier as the pot is raised until finally they go into a sudden decline. And when some feller shows down the power mathematics or the potent glow of colors—a straight or a flush—why, then the north wind mourns among the gravestones."

"Uncle Lim, I hope you won't say anything about it out of my way, but I was in a little game just now; and if you will let me have \$10 till tomorrow—I believe I can win it. The fellow just happened to make a flush against my three aces, and—"

"Yes, Harvey, and you just happened to have the three aces. Poker is a game of just harped. And I know exactly how you feel. Every nerve within you is tinglin' to get back into that game. And the strike of a black ace is nothin' to the thrill of fillin' a hand. When you have blage up, draw one card and catch a king, it is like the dawn of genius. It is the comin' of spring all of a sudden, and the burstin' into bloom of all nature. The candles have been lighted in the temple, and you are ready to worship, you are so grateful; but you don't think of the feller across the table. Maybe he's got three aces. You listen to their sweet tunes, and soon he is to have the mournin' of the north wind. But you want the \$10, don't you?"

"Yes, and you can count on it tomorrow."

"But why do you feel so confident that you'll win? Just because you have lost? The fact that you have lost is no proof that you'll win, my son. Bad luck is a sort of hammerer; it repeats itself. The unlucky man is nearly always the most hopeful, and he's at the disadvantage of playin' against his own temperament. If I were goin' to say that the devil had invented a phrase, I would say it's this: 'Luck is bound to change.' And it is the wise old gag of the man who said it did change—got none. But I'll let you have the \$10."

"I thank you, Uncle Lim."

"I'll let you have it, but not until I've told you somethin'. I'm not goin' to give you a lecture, you understand. I don't believe in them very much. They seem to come too late."

"But what is it you were going to tell me?"

"He moved uneasily, and twice he held out his hand for the money. The old man pretended not to notice his growing impatience. 'Yes, I'll tell you. You don't remember your father very well, do you, Harvey?'"

"No, sir, I wasn't more than 5 years old when he died."

"Just about 5, I should think. Well, your father and I used to run together a long time ago. I was with him when he married your mother. You were the youngest of six."

"Yes, sir."

"Jim was a good feller," said the old man, turning a kindly eye back upon the glowing past. "A good feller, kind and generous—and with the rest of the brave and generous he had his faults. One night Jim and a passer got together in the back room of old Hinkley's. Jim said he couldn't stay long, but would play a hand. He had three aces, and the first hand, and he took off his overcoat. It was a rainin', and now then there was a rumble of thunder. I can recollect it better than if it were last night. A raftsman named Patterson opened a pot on trays and sevens. Jim—your father—had three aces, and raised him. Everyone else dropped out. Patterson began to study. 'Have you got that sort of a hand?' he asked, and Jim just simply pointed to his money in the pot. 'Well, I don't know,' said Patterson. 'Every time I poke my nose in, somethin' raises me, and I don't believe they can have 'em all the time. Hanged if I know where they get 'em. Well, I reckon I'm beaten, but I'll stand the raise—just this once.'"

"The pot in \$10 and drew one card. Jim said that he'd draw down to 'em, and took two cards. Patterson bet a chip without lookin', and Jim raised him \$20. 'Is it that?' said Patterson, slowly skinnin' his cards. Then his fingers slid down over his stack of chips. 'I'll tap you,' said Jim. He had about \$15 more. 'Well,' he said, 'I've got it or you haven't.' 'Either one or the other,' replied Patterson. 'I'll call you,' said Jim, and he put in the money he had. Patterson showed down a seven. That breaks me,' said Jim. He was just about to get up from the table when someone remarked: 'You've got some money in the bank, haven't you?' 'Mighty well,' replied Jim. 'I've got about \$50 all told. Will you cash a check for me?' The feller cashed it and the young fellow went on. Pretty soon a horse stopped in front of

the store. Someone hollered, and Hinkley went to the door. When he came back, he said: 'Jim, here's a nigger boy come after you. He says your wife is sick.' 'It's not unexpected,' said Jim. 'Tell the boy to leave the horse and go on home through the woods, and say I'll be there right away. Mebbe I'll be there before him.' So the game went on. Every few minutes Jim would say: 'Well, I've got to quit after the next hand,' but he kept on playin'. In poker you know it's hard to get up to the next hand. You are always on the edge of the future, but the future itself doesn't come till the game breaks up, and then all is in the past. After a while Jim won a pot or two. He said that his wife was in good hands. We knew this was a fact, and we didn't urge him to go. At about 1 o'clock he was within \$4 of even. He looked at his stack, and said it was a Godsend. Gamblers talk about the infinite, you know. They are profane, weak and superstitious—and they are so lackin' in reverence as to attribute good luck to the highest of all sources. Well, after a while, when the winners were tired and ready to quit and the losers resentful, Jim opened a pot on queens and sixes. Hinkley stayed and drew three cards. Jim drew one, of course—and caught a queen. This was his chance to cash in winner. He bet \$5, and Hinkley raised him \$10. He raised Hinkley \$25, and Hinkley tapped him for all he had. Jim knew he was beaten, but after shifting about, said he had to call out of respect for his hand. He put in all the money he had, and old Hinkley spread an ace full. I recollect that night, Harvey, and Jim never forgot it. He started on home—and news met him about half way. You were alive, but your mother was dead. It was the night you were born, Harvey. Yes, but I said I would let you have \$10. Here it is."

"No, Uncle Lim," the young fellow replied, "I don't want it. I won't play again—you have saved me."

"I hope so, Harvey. And whenever you feel disposed to play, just picture that little country store and that horse a-comin' through the darkness. Don't let anything make you forget it."

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A Spring Opening.

EASTER THOUGHTS AND SOME
EASTER TRADITIONS.

By a Special Contributor.

SPRING opening everywhere! In the shop windows, an opening of delicate fabrics sprigged with flowers that might make nature envy; of airy, fairy hats, trimmed in stolen bits of rainbow; of irresistible sugar eggs, chocolate rabbits and yellow-down chickabiddies. In the fields, an opening of leaf and blossom and a meadow lark's song. In the churches, an opening of a tomb and an angel of life in place of the dead. The opening of human hearts in love toward God, man, and the little sparrow; the opening of hands outstretched to the unfortunate and the sinning. It is Easter tide.

While the resurrection from the dead is the pivotal belief upon which the whole Christian faith turns, the word Easter is of pagan origin, Easter being the Saxon name of an old Teutonic goddess who was the personification of morning and spring. Likewise, in many of our Easter observances Christianity has laid its impress upon old pagan myths and customs—the joy in the new spring life that leaped so high a flame in the bonfires upon the hillsides now steadily gleaming in altar taper, and spring flowers once gaily gathered for outdoor festival song and dance now reverently crowding the churches.

Our own earliest recollections of Easter are flashing memories of those first Easter eggs—red, yellow and glorious royal purple—that rolled out of fairyland into everyday life to mystify our wondering eyes with their strange beauty. And by a happy coincidence, the egg is the oldest of the symbols connected with Easter. In fact, if it were an aspirant for membership in some glass-case society of antique superstitions it could trace its genealogy back to ancient Persia and Egypt. The Persians, looking upon their new year—which comes on the twelfth of March—as the renewal of all things, celebrated the festival by exchanging colored eggs. The Egyptians considered an egg a sacred emblem of the renovation of mankind after the Deluge. From them, the Jews adopted it for a sign and symbol, it now becoming the triumphant type of their departure from Egypt and intimately associated with the feast of the Passover, eggs always being on the table with the paschal lamb. The Christians, loving the dear old family traditions, naturally gave the egg a place of honor in the celebration of the paschal lamb, the Easter egg being a most fit emblem of the Resurrection, "the rising up out of the grave, in the same manner as the chick, entombed, as it were, in the egg, is in due time brought to life."

The pretty custom of hunting for Easter eggs originated in Germany, where the eggs were hidden in the tall grass by mothers and pet aunties, and eagerly searched for by all the excited youngsters of the family. In the Bristol Museum, there is a German print representing three hens upholding a basket with three eggs bearing the emblems Faith, Hope and Charity, with this legend in German:

"All good things are three.
Therefore I present you three Easter eggs,
Faith and Hope, together with Charity.
Never lose from the heart
Faith to the church; Hope in God
And love Him to thy death."

In Russia, Easter eggs are exchanged even by the dear dignified grown-ups. Easter morning, a man goes to his friend's house and greets him with: "Jesus Christ is risen." The friend answers: "Yes, he is risen indeed." Then they kiss each other on both cheeks, exchange eggs, and drink brandy.

Of course, everyone knows that the Easter sun, the world over, dances in the heavens if sleepy-heads will only get up early enough to see it. In some places in Ireland, there is a great clapping of hands at midnight, Easter even, happy laughter; and the cry: "Out with Lent!" Then all is merriment for a little while, until the members of the tired household go to bed—only to rise at 4 o'clock that they may see the sun dance. In Scotland, the sun whirls like a windmill and then gives three leaps.

One of the prettiest traditions is that of the Easter hare. The hare has long been the symbol of the moon. It is a nocturnal animal, feeding at night. The female carries her young for a month, representing the lunar cycle. Then the baby hares, unlike rabbits, are born with their eyes open, and the moon is "open-eyed watcher of the night." The open-eyed hare—the lunar animal and the lunar festival, you see, for the time of Easter depends upon the moon—became associated with the opening of the new year at Easter, and hence, in the popular mind, with the paschal egg, token to signify the opening of the year.

In Germany, the Easter hare rivals St. Nicholas in popularity for every little Karl and Gretchen knows, if a child is good and obedient, a white hare will steal—down a moonbeam no doubt—into the sleeping house, on Easter even, and lay its beautifully-colored eggs in all sorts of odd places.

When the myth reached America, the hare was transformed into the better-known rabbit; the change due, perhaps, as a writer naively suggests, to the fact that confectioners are not "experts in natural history."

There are some superstitions connected with Easter that it would be wise for the reader to treasure in his mind, so important are they in their bearing upon his health and happiness.

If the wind is in the east on Easter morning, draw water and wash in it, to avoid the ill effects of an east wind throughout the year. The efficacy of the Easter water cure is so well known in Germany that the Mecklenburg maid servants spread out linen clothes in the yard, the evening before, and Easter morning wash themselves with dew, rain or snow fallen in the linen, while in Sachsenburg the peasants ride their horses into the water to ward off sickness from the poor beasts.

Our guaranteed sunshine in the latter days of April may make us indifferent to the following prophecy:

"A good deal of rain on Easter day
Gives a crop of good grass but little good hay,"

but every California rancher will be interested to know that, if he sees a lamb when first looking out of the window, Easter morning, it is a good omen, especially if its head is turned toward the house. Should the lamb be lying down or looking the other way, the omen is not so fortunate. However, it is lucky to meet a lamb at any time—buy a sheep ranch at once—because the devil can take any form but that.

MAY C. RINGWALT.

A DOG DETECTIVE.

Scip lives in Old Town when at home, is an undersized cur with bright eyes and sharp ears, and is of badly-mixed lineage. He is owned by one of the State game wardens, whose duty it is to examine certain trains coming down from the game region. Every piece of game must be checked up and suspicious packages examined.

The Maine law positively prohibits the taking out of the State of game birds in any way whatever.

As the people alight from the train, few notice a little dog dodging about among them, sniffing at this hand-bag and that bundle.

Soon his master hears a little bark. He knows what that means, and, dropping everything, finds Scip dodging and nosing about the heels of a passenger. The warden closes in on the game "pointed" by Scip, quietly invites the suspect into the baggage-room, and questions him about the game which he has concealed about his person or effects. The dog has never been known to fail in "pointing" game. He possibly may have missed some, but when when he has made up his doggy mind that there is a violation of the law, he has always been correct so far.

But inspecting the hand baggage is not all of the little detective's work by any means. After the passengers are all out he hops into the baggage and express car and applies his sharp little nose to everything in sight.

While making his usual inspection of the express car one day, he came across a barrel, to all intents and purposes, containing fish. It certainly had fish in it. Scip sniffed at it, went on, and then came back and sniffed again. Round and round the barrel he went, whining and dancing.

With a faith in the little animal born of long experience, the officer investigated the barrel, and found, in the center of a liberal lining of fresh shore cod, several dozen of plump partridges.—[Boston Record.]

THE WHY OF POVERTY.

"Why are people poor?" was the question discussed at a recent meeting of a Newark woman's club. The answers were many and wide apart. Here are a few of them, boiled down:

Drink.
Laziness.
Charge accounts.
Inability to plan far ahead.
The desire to outshine one's neighbors.
Lavish display of goods by storekeepers.
Indifference of men to the needs of home.
Woman's ignorance of domestic economy.
High food prices and buying in small quantities.
The habit of doing without necessities to squander for luxuries.

Lack of a plain business understanding between husband and wife.—[Newark News.]

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endurance and perseverance
is always in evidence. On a
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quite unworried, it bloomed
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ering fertile farms, shooting
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gs covering scores of acres.
gardens are the flower beds
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and buttercups to the great
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ple and gold, a huge window
its edges graced and softened
at this wonderful garden the
with its coming each flower
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the meadow lark, everywhere
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HELEN LUKENS JONES

DIET OF NATIONS.
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COSTLY VENTURE.
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W.C.T.U. OFFICERS.
a secretary to Mrs. J. M. S.

A Curious Municipality.

SHANGHAI, THE MODEL FOREIGN SETTLEMENT IN CHINA.

By Alleyne Ireland, F.R.G.S.

SHANGHAI is the great seaport of China; it lies near the mouth of the Yangtze, one of the most important rivers in the world; and in the matter of its government it presents to the student not only a perfectly unique form, but also a very interesting and peculiar problem.

What I am about to write relates entirely to that part of Shanghai known as the Foreign Settlements—that is, certain areas thrown open to foreign nations for purposes of trade, in which the administration is not that of China, but of the foreign settlers.

There is no complete or authentic history of the Foreign Settlements at Shanghai; but they deserve a sympathetic and accurate recorder, for the results which have been attained represent the outcome of peculiar methods devised to meet peculiar conditions.

It is impossible within the limits of a short article to trace, step by step, the gradual evolution of modern Shanghai, with its banks, warehouses, clubs, hotels, and race course, from a small and insignificant fishing village; but we may gain some idea of the place and of its government as they present themselves today to the casual visitor.

Shanghai, then, is not a state; it is not a colony; it is

sult is a condition of affairs recalling in many respects the free cities of the Hanseatic League.

Features of the Free Model Settlement.

Imagine the administrative possibilities of a city within the limits of the Chinese Emperor's sovereignty containing 500,000 Chinese inhabitants and about 8000 non-Chinese of various nationalities. The latter are exempt by treaty from every form of native jurisdiction; the former, though subjects of the Emperor and liable to Chinese law, paying no taxes to China, but contributing to the municipal government, in which they are not represented, and relying on that body for protection against every form of injustice and oppression at the hands of native officials.

There are, in fact, fourteen nationalities included in the foreign population of Shanghai, and the members of each pay taxes for the support of an elected municipal board, which directs all the affairs of the city; but though these foreigners are governed by one government, each individual is subject only to the jurisdiction of his own national government.

To complete this remarkable picture, it is necessary to note that the enormous native population, though subject to Chinese law, are under the direct supervision of a police force attached to the European municipality and supported by it, made up chiefly of Europeans and Sikhs.

A further element of complexity in the civic life of the

formed is a code known as the "Land Regulations," approved by all the treaty powers and tacitly accepted by the Chinese government.

By this code all executive authority within the limits of the settlement is vested in the municipality, and that body may be proceeded against by suit in what is known as the court of consuls, a special court of three elected annually from among the consuls.

New legislation or amendments of the existing code as well as any action taken at special meetings of the municipal electors, may be vetoed by the consular body, whose position in relation to the council is in many respects similar to that of the House of Lords to the House of Commons in England.

It is a natural result of these peculiar conditions that a certain amount of friction should be generated. The Chinese authorities constantly maintain a system of insidious encroachment, the consuls are very jealous of their dignities, the electors of their rights; and as the various interests represented in the settlement are growing in magnitude day by day, the old give-and-take methods of decision are gradually giving way to a reference of each case to one or another of the numerous courts which are so plentiful in the land.

Trend Toward the "Open Door."

The genesis of municipal government in Shanghai is briefly and aptly described in the following report of a

to the local conditions of the to its present form only at time been under revision by treaty powers.

This code, then, under municipality and town council sent to the meeting, sanctioned by the consuls under communication with His Excellency was attached, giving warrant with his authority. Therefore binding upon all foreign time reside within the municipal regulations. With such a code of a comprehensive and effect for the first time a possibility

Practically in the Hands of B

From the outset and until the settlement's administration hands of the British majority become an unwritten law that of the council shall be of British

At the last census (1900) the principal limits 2691 British residents, 525 Germans and the proportion of non British and it is by no means difficult "geographic gravitation" may be of another race. In that point is inevitable, for, in the the control of Shanghai's

As an object lesson to the Chinese administrative self-government, aptly described as "the best model of a municipality in the East." As an object lesson to Europe, the Chinese to profit by the example which cannot be ignored.

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CHURCH-GOING A

WORSHIP IN ENGLAND THA SIDE, RELIGIOUS OR

[Carroll's Journal:] It is an of business shrewdness often go together may people go to church less as a social observance or purely mor "Taking the pot hat for an airing" they put it in some circles.

There is more truth in the assertion, supposed, for it is a fact that to a worshiping is a means of livelihood would go under. All the same, sin obtain a share of the loaves and fishes.

A few professional worshippers are seen any day. They are attached to the synagogue in the West End duty consists in regularly attending the law makes them necessary. It is a service cannot be held unless a be present. A "minyan" is formed if, the age when the Jewish youth assumes all the rights and responsibilities.

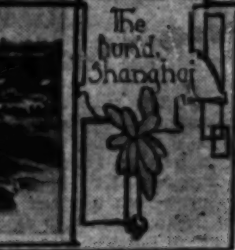
Now, this number of ordinary worshippers is maintained on regularly in fashionable men of poor men are paid a small amount in synagogue every morning. "minyan" is assured. The practice of however, is dying out, because the incalculable is making it less difficult to but, while these synagogue services among us a number of folk who dependent on their regular attendance. They go to church largely for parties connected with it, sometimes and sometimes with the conviviality of a clergyman.

When a church has a number of naturally desires to retain them and being diverted to other channels. But it is often extremely difficult, because of the directions, because of the have taken place since such

For instance, there were, some years ago, a number of charities connected with the church in the city of London—in the All these, of course, were for the of the parish, contingent on the at church. But the eligible parties and fewer, owing to the removal of reached the vanishing point. Commissioners stepped in, and applied their purposes.

To avert such a calamity, people are to attend church on the promise. In a certain village a number have for years gone to the same church with the utmost regularity Sunday, immediately after service bread to last through the week he or she shares in a distribution of and Christmas, clothing, blankets, and the little group. The clothing a fine warm cloak and so many yards every woman, and an overcoat and for a suit to every man.

Similar cases are by no means rare. to go very far to find a parish in exceedingly scarce that people have other parishes to keep alive their



not a military outpost; it is a municipality. Municipal administration has been known to present difficulties and material for bitter criticism even in countries which enjoy a fixed system of government under a recognized central authority. Shanghai, however, presents the spectacle of a cosmopolitan city, detached from any larger administrative unit, in which "home rule" and "local option" have been applied successfully by Europeans of several nationalities living together and working out their civic salvation on Chinese territory.

The problem seemed at one time well-nigh unsolvable. In the first days of storm and stress, before the ship of this little state found herself; before the charter of self-government had been given to the municipal electors by the treaty powers (Great Britain, France and the United States.) in 1854; and later, when the Taiping rebellion drove nearly 1,000,000 Chinese refugees into the settlement, there were many who despaired of the possibility of a mere municipal government steering its course through dangers and difficulties which seemed serious enough to call for the backing of some powerful nation.

In the fifty years which have elapsed since those days, the model settlement has gradually established itself on a firm basis; and the little self-governing community of merchants, working patiently by rough-and-ready methods, by makeshifts, compromises and expedients, has built up a system of administration admirably suited to the conditions by which it is surrounded.

The charter of Shanghai's municipal liberties, frequently threatened from within and without, has been not only maintained, but has been extended; and the re-

model settlement is introduced by the existence of the "French Settlement," which has a separate administration from the municipality and is under the control of the French Consul.

As a matter of fact, the existence of the French Settlement rests upon custom rather than on law, for it has no legal status under the treaties. Friction between the French Settlement and the model settlement is not unknown; and as the two are only separated by a narrow creek, and as the former is not exclusively a place of residence for French citizens, a strong feeling has developed that one of the future political problems of Shanghai will be the reconciliation of the conflicting interests of the two settlements along lines which will remove the present anomalies and inconveniences of a dual control of what is practically one city.

A glance at the Shanghai municipal report for 1903 reveals some interesting facts and figures. It shows that, with an ordinary revenue of 1,400,000 taels (say \$900,000) the municipal council maintains a small military force of 600 volunteers—horse, foot and artillery—in addition to about 1000 police—Europeans, Sikhs and Chinese.

There has been opened up an excellent system of roads, covering about ninety miles; and under the fostering care of the council there flourish jails, hospitals, public schools for Europeans and Chinese, a Pasteur institute, a nursing home, an electric light system and a public band.

The money for all this is derived from a 10 per cent. tax on house rentals, a land tax of one-half of 1 per cent. on the assessed value, and from various trade licenses; and beyond this no other taxes are levied.

The authority under which the municipal council of Shanghai is elected and under which it acts are per-

speech by Sir Rutherford Alcock, delivered in 1854, and reprint these portions of it, as showing at once the character of the problem as it appeared at the time and the early trend of British policy toward an "open door" China.

Sir Rutherford Alcock said that the want of some authority, by which all the diverse elements of this cosmopolitan settlement in the occupation of foreigners of various nations and of a native population might be welded together, and something of unity in constitution, purpose and government imparted for the common advancement was indeed too constantly impressed upon him in his consular capacity, by facts of daily occurrence, to be lost sight of or overlooked. Nor had the practical difficulties in the way been the chief cause of delay in accomplishing this object. The community having felt no given expression to the want, pledging themselves to give favorable consideration to any well-devised system, that which might otherwise have been the greatest difficulty, had no existence. So in like manner as to the principle of the measure.

The ground originally conceded to the British for occupation, and on which the present settlement north of the Yangtze was built, together with any privileges or rights of Her Majesty's government over it, were regarded by the British authorities as a means of coercion directed against other foreigners, but as a mode, and the readiest, perhaps, of solving a difficulty by anticipation, which they now had to grapple with, after ten years' experience of an ill-supplied want, namely, the means of exercising a municipal government where people of all nations, acknowledging no one sovereign, had or jurisdiction, were residing together in the same location.

With Her Majesty's government, therefore, no difficulty had to be anticipated; neither, under such circumstances could any exist with the Chinese authorities—it was simply a question of detail in the careful application of recognized principles, and for the attainment of well-defined objects. But these principles and objects, however well understood or defined, involved too many considerations of international and treaty rights to be lightly dealt with. The final result was now before them, in a carefully digested code of land and municipal regulations, adapted, as he trusted it would be found

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April, 1905.]

to the local conditions of the place. It had been reduced
to its present form only after drafts had from time to
time been under revision by the ministers of the three
trust powers.

This code, then, under which he hoped to see a
municipality and town council arise, he had now to pre-
sent to the meeting, sanctioned by the three ministers,
signed by the consuls under their instructions, and in
communication with His Excellency the viceroy, whose
and was attached, giving warrant to its promulgation in-
voked with his authority. The present code was there-
fore binding upon all foreigners alike who might at any
time reside within the municipal limits defined in the
regulations. With such a code, municipal government
of a comprehensive and effective character had become
for the first time a possibility in Shanghai.

Practically in the Hands of British.

From the outset and until the present day the model
settlement's administration has been practically in the
hands of the British majority of the electors—and it has
become an unwritten law that a considerable majority
of the council shall be of British nationality.

At the last census (1900) there were within the mu-
nicipal limits 2691 British residents, 736 Japanese, 562
Americans, 525 Germans and 176 French. Since then
the proportion of non British has considerably increased,
and it is by no means difficult to imagine that hereafter
"geographic gravitation" may bring about the preponder-
ance of another race. In that case, a crisis at the turn-
ing point is inevitable, for in the election of the council
be the control of Shanghai's administration.

As an object lesson to the Chinese, the economic and
administrative self-government of Shanghai has been
justly described as "the best missionary in the East."
As an object lesson to Europe, the complete failure of
the Chinese to profit by the example thus set is one
which cannot be ignored.

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pany.]

CHURCH-GOING A PROFESSION.

SHIP IN ENGLAND THAT HAS A BUSINESS
SIDE, RELIGIOUS OR FINANCIAL.

[Herald's Journal:] It is an old taunt that piety and
shrewdness often go together. Scoffers say that
any people go to church less as a religious duty than as
a social observance or purely money-making expedient.
"Hanging the pot hat for an airing" is the irreverent way
they put it in some circles.

There is more truth in the assertion than is commonly
supposed, for it is a fact that to a small number of folk
churchgoing is a means of livelihood. Without it, they
could go under. All the same, sincerity and a desire to
obtain a share of the loaves and fishes are not incompati-
ble.

A few professional worshipers actually exist, and can
earn any day. They are attached to some of the fash-
ionable synagogues in the West End of London, and their
services are regularly attending such edifices. Jew-
ish makes them necessary. It directs that a com-
munity service cannot be held unless a "minyan" (quorum)
is present. A "minyan" is formed of ten males over
thirty years of age when the Jewish youth is confirmed and as-
sumes all the rights and responsibilities of his faith.

Now, this number of ordinary worshipers cannot be
maintained regularly in fashionable neighborhoods. So a
lot of poor men are paid a small salary weekly to be
present in synagogue every morning, and in this way a
"minyan" is assured. The practice of hiring worshipers,
however, is dying out, because the increase in the Jewish
population is making it less difficult to obtain volunteers.
But, while these synagogue servants are unique, we
among us a number of folk whose livelihood is no
dependent on their regular attendance at public wor-
ship. They go to church largely for the sake of the
criticism connected with it, sometimes of their own ac-
cord, and sometimes with the connivance of church war-
riors or of a clergyman.

When a church has a number of old benefactions it
usually desires to retain them and to prevent them
being diverted to other channels by the Charity
Commissioners. But it is often extremely difficult, and
sometimes absolutely impossible, to carry out the pious
intentions, because of the enormous changes
which have taken place since such benevolent people

lived, there were, some years back, a very large
number of charities connected with one of the ancient
churches in the city of London—in all about fifty or
sixty. All these, of course, were for the benefit of the
poor of the parish, contingent on their regular atten-
dance at church. But the eligible parishioners became
fewer and fewer, owing to the removal of population, and
the church reached the vanishing point. So the Charity
Commissioners stepped in, and applied the benefactions
to other purposes.

Under such a calamity, people are not infrequently
induced to attend church on the promise of substantial
benefits. In a certain village a number of ancient doles,
which for years gone to the same people, who at-
tended the church with the utmost regularity to that end,
were abolished immediately after service, each gets
a bread to last through the week; three times a
year the shares in a distribution of money; and at
Christmas, clothing, blankets, meat, coal, etc.,
are distributed to the little group. The clothing is exceedingly
warm and so many yards of cloth fall
to every woman, and an overcoat and sufficient mate-
rial to suit to every man.

Such cases are by no means rare. Nor would one
go very far to find a parish in which the poor
are exceedingly scarce that people have to be imported
from other parishes to keep alive their charities.

Her Easter.

THE EASTER SERMON PREACHED BY
THE OUT-OF-DOORS.

By a Special Contributor.

EASTER in the foothill country, among the low-lying
valleys, with the white-capped, blue vastness of the
mountains in the background, and all the endless
variety of sunshine and shadow! Divine, indeed, with
the divinity of spring. The rains had been bountiful,
and the smell of them was yet in the air, as was the
touch of their magic upon the face of the brown hills,
where the green was beginning to push through. The
long-dried foothill growth was reviving, too, and the
faint odor of the sage brush, borne from the distance on
the light east wind, filled the nostrils.

The very smallest and sweetest of the early wild flow-
ers bloomed in the sheltered places, and the quail nest-
ing on the hillside, called melodiously across the valleys.
Meadow larks rippled their melody of tune under foot,
and the long absent lizards sunned themselves luxuri-
ously on the rocks. Long lines of pelicans turned majes-
tically on graceful wings above the hills, the whiteness
of their wings now catching the sun and now the shadow,
dipping, rising, wheeling, maneuvering as some majestic
soldiers of the air, the sweep of their great wings fall-
ing rhythmically.

It was as though, after the mighty throes of travail,
Mother Nature hushed upon her breast, with the brood-
ing of tender motherhood, the blessed Child, as yet too
young for its full uncovering.

A day of peace and quiet joy, of promise—of mystery.
There was indeed a resurrection of all things from the
dead, a reviving of beauty in all nature; a reviving of all
good in the human family—soon to die away, it may be—
but still sustained for ever so short a space in every hu-
man breast.

It was a day to revive old loves and longings, and to
arouse the fires of old passions—to let slip from you dis-
content and all uncharitableness. And over all the quiet
of the morning the bells pealed their "Christ is risen,"
and the tremor of their echoes thrilled you to your finger
tips.

Mrs. Chester dressed herself slowly and with much de-
liberation, that Easter morning. The gauzy spring gown
lay, in all its dainty fluffiness of laces and ruffles and
tucks, upon her bed. Beside it lay the dainty hat and
gloves, and the creamy parasol which was to cast just the
right tinge of white over the piquant face of the pretty
little woman who was to carry it. A tiny, tiny lace
handkerchief lay over a bit of a purse, wherein was the
gleam of gold; and a great bunch of mammoth violets
filled the room with their fragrance.

She was as a bride who arrayed herself for the coming
of her bridegroom—and of this she thought, but a quick
frown gathered on her brow, a worried little frown which
lingered until the final settling of the dainty hat upon the
fluffy dark hair finally drove it away.

The bells again rang out their "Christ is risen" as she
stepped from her door. She paused a moment, then,
turning, walked rapidly around the house, beyond the
pepper trees, across the rose garden to where, in a stately
row, the great white Easter lilies lifted their heads to
drink in the beauty of the morning. A little terrace led
up to them, and upon this she stepped daintily, one hand
grasping the little neckties of her toilet—the white gloves,
the bit of lace, the pocket-book wherein were the pieces
of gold to be dropped, with a musical jingle, from tiny
fingers into the contribution basket; the dainty skirts
and the furled parasol. With the other hand she broke
off the long-stemmed lilies, raised them caressingly to
her cheek, whiffed their fragrance, and stepped back.
Her foot slipped and turned on the forgotten terrace,
there was a little cry, as she fell, with all the snowiness
of her garments about her, and the violets and the Easter
lilies upon her breast.

She lay quietly a moment, dazed and sickened by the
suddenness and pain of the fall. She tried to move, but
warning pains shot up in the foot doubled under her.
Then she called and waited, and called again; but no-
body answered. She had been alone in the house, and
the low terrace was far removed from the street. Again
she waited, then she became drowsy and a faintness stole
upon her. The bells rang out "I am the resurrection and
the life" over and over again. Then all was still. Faint
sounds began to force themselves upon her dull ears—the
drip, drip, drip, of a hydrant into a stone basin, the rip-
pling note or two of a meadow lark, who drank daintily
of the water, the chirrup of the linnet that darted in and
out of the shaded grounds, the fainter song of a mocker,
as he gave the gossip of the bird world from the topmost
tip of a eucalyptus tree; and always the hum of the bees,
so persistent that drowsiness came with it. A small
patch of the blue sky, the crest of snow-capped moun-
tains, gleamed above the garden, and between the rows of
roses there was a glimpse of brown hill, just touched
with green. All of these things the woman saw, as one
dreaming sees. Also she saw the low, spreading house,
with its pillared verandas, rose-embowered, a beautiful
home, hers and—his. His. Her slow mind stopped
again. Hers and his for all time—"till death do us part"
—"for better, for worse"—"in sickness or health . . .
to love . . . and honor . . . and cherish." Yes,
to cherish. So they had promised—they two, standing
alone together, in all the solemnity of the marriage rites.
But somehow the sweetness had gone out of it all; the
love; or was it the comradeship? The long evenings to-
gether over a book or music, and who to blame? Not he.
No, not he. Herself? She shook her head uncertainly.
Mostly it was "duties," she said. Oh, yes, all of one's
duties to society—church duties; club duties; social du-
ties; and she shivered. Here they all were, in pointed
caps, with little silver spurs on their feet, with which,
when she lagged, they prodded her, with these and

pointed tongues of uncharitableness. Behind Social
Duty seemed to stand an army of market men and maids
and cooks, gods of the kitchen and dining-rooms, and
Social Duty urged her to go and go, and do and do.
Church Duty pleaded for work among the poor, and pa-
raded the sick, the hungry and the starving before her
aching eyes; pleaded for flowers and work and money,
moving her to tears with its eloquence. Club Duty held
up, with luring hands, books and laces and linens, study
and play, each calling menacingly for her nights and
days. So they all called her, till she stopped her ears
with her fingers. Presently behind them all she saw the
figure of her husband, his eyes upon her lovingly; but
ever and again they turned sorrowfully upon the group
about her, and as often as he would approach her, she
was pushed back; he could not reach her for the barrier
of Duties which stood between them.

The woman wept, she tried to brush them all aside, for
to her terror her husband seemed to recede and recede,
and she was unable to reach him. Oh, if she might only
call him to take the guise of The Great Duty and swallow
up all these lesser ones that goaded her; but her voice
died in her throat. In an agony of remorse and grief she
stretched out her arms. Then from among the Easter
lilies came a fairy shape—a tiny child. A moment it
rested on her breast, then it advanced, and as it ad-
vanced, the Shapes drew away, grew fainter, and were
gone; and the tiny thing, leading the man by one brown
finger, brought him to her. Was it only Cupid, the little
god of love, or was it the spirit of the little child which
some day might come to dwell with them? The woman
held out her arms and clasped them both and held them
to her.

When Mrs. Chester roused herself from her swoon, or
dream, or whatever it was which held her bound, it was
to find her heart throbbing with a new hope and joy and
longing; and she wondered whether or not she had
dreamed, or had been the privileged listener to an Easter
sermon preached out of doors by Nature, Nature who was
now in her most blessed mood.

Through the open windows of her home came a low
cheery whistle. She pressed the Easter lilies to her lips
in a passion of joy. In some way she felt that she owed
them something—a deliverance from something. And
also in some way the soiled gown mocked her, the gleam
of gold in the netted purse reproached her, while the
pain which she suffered seemed but a part of her due;
and in the depths of her religious soul she cried: "This
is the resurrection and the life," even as the bells had
said it—while her face was baptized with tears.

It was so that her husband found her, on that most
blessed Easter Day, when the sun stood high over the
valleys, and spring brooded over the foothill country.

EDNA HEALD M'COY.

ABOU WASN'T WORRIED.

The Great Ice Age came sweeping over the prehistoric
world, wafting its icy warning from the line of glaciers
that were crunching their way over the paleozoic rocks
and driving herds of hairy mammoths, glyptodonts and
other affrighted creatures before them.

Just then the prehistoric Paul Revere came bounding
along, mounted on the back of his faithful dinosaur and
shouting guttural warnings to the Cave men.

"Fly!" he cried. "The glaciers are coming! Run for
your lives or you will surely perish!"

"Tut, tut!" said Abou, the Cave man emerging from
his cavern and calmly munching the thigh bone of a
megalodon.

"Man, are you mad?" cried the hero rather nettled.
"Don't you know that now approaches the Age of Ice?"

"Well, so long as it's not the Age of Plumbing, the Age
of Coal, or the Age of Graft, I care not!"

Whereat the prehistoric philosopher retired calmly to
his cave and dressed himself in his glad raiment, so that
his fossil remains would make a good appearance upon
their debut in an American museum a million years later,
—[New York Sun.]

MENU IN ENGLISH.

Mr. Quidaby, with newly-acquired wealth, found that
the chef always sent up the menu written in his own
language, French, to which the master of the household
was a stranger.

"I should like to know what I am eating, for once,
Monsieur Alfonse," said Mr. Quidaby to his chef on one
occasion. "Let me have the menu in English today."

"Oui, Monsieur," was the reply, "it is ver' difficile, but
I veel do it so, if you veel gif me ze dictionnaire."

A small, but select party came to dinner that evening,
and were met with the following bill of fare:

Soupe at the tail of the calf
Salmon in curl papers
Chest of mutton to the little peas
Potatoes jumped
Duck savage at sharp sauce
Charlotte at the apples
Turkey at the devil
Fruits verigated

Quidaby and Mrs. Quidaby agreed afterward that they
had never presided over a more hilarious dinner party.—
[Answers.]

BRIDGE RUINED BY BIRDS.

Because woodpeckers and yellowhammers honey-
combed many of the timbers in the county bridge across
Eagle Creek, four miles southwest of Hartford, the
County Commissioners today condemned the bridge as
unsafe for heavy travel.

The bridge is one of the largest bridges in the county
and is the oldest. It was built twenty-nine years ago,
almost altogether of wooden timbers, and is one of only
three wooden bridges now in use in the county. The
bridge threatened to go out last summer in the high
water, but was chained to the trees.—[Topeka Capitol.]

Some Leading Cartoons of the Day.



CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER



TOSSED AGAIN.

TACOMA LEDGER



PITTSBURGH DISPATCH



PITTSBURGH DISPATCH



BETWEEN BASES IN THE FAR EAST.



The Story: "As Late the West like the White House—For a Little While."

WASHINGTON STAR

[April, 1905.]

"THE
A STORY OF
AND
By a S

THE smoking car
tain morning in
attendant of the
man slightly past the
was the unmistakable
before he stepped on
reached for his bag,
chloroform, addressed
clung to him though
He was a quiet, read-
ing much and caring
others. The Pullman
ter annoyed him; he
car and the soothing
The quiet was of bur-
denly opened and the
met the day before. T
Philadelphia merchant
had forgotten, was a
turning from his annu-
drawing their chairs
versation followed, but
withdrew slightly to
paper.

They were two days
morning seemed endless
had set back their watch
time to live over. Find-
up and down the car; the
magazines, then dropped
gazed out. The scenery
adobe huts and the
stretches of dreary grass
of the blank monotony
but suddenly passed in
running his finger over
selected one and returned
"It is strange," he said
this book attracts me; if
dozen times, and it into
time."

"Oh," said the drummer
The Climax, by Whit-
"Somehow," continued
in the book that you can
and strength of Tolstoi
pathos in it and humor.
It's not surprising that it
day."

"It hangs on well, too.
It is almost as popular to-
and that must be nearly
fortune it was that he dis-
second book. They say
great."

The merchant opened the
tapestry—a portrait of the
poet, a dreamer, with a high
and deep set eyes; the mouth
thin, finely-chiseled lips—on
had found expression in po-
"It is very like him," he
"Did you know him?" as
doctor glanced up for a
again on his paper.

"I know him well," Mr.
him as a brother. I suppo-
peals to me so. We were
when our school days were
lost sight of him for years.
He was simply a railroad
hundred dollars a month,
suburb a few miles out of the
—it sort of helped them out
—was glad to have someone

"I never thought much of
those irritable, discontented
lot of trouble out of nothing
she hadn't as much as some
quiet, humdrum life, going on
in now and then, but that was
my best was to get hold of a
I never saw a man read as he
in the morning, completely
if you spoke to him. He at
one hand, and he'd mark par-
and after he was all through
it carefully and copy all the
used to wonder why he did
waste of time; so one night
alone, his wife had gone out
was very quiet and restful.

"I'm going to write a book
though he had said he was going
"I stared at him in astonish-
that the policeman on the be-
Browning, I couldn't have been
he could make out good rail-
couldn't have held the position
faintest idea that he could write
my surprise in my face, but he
went on in his quiet way.

"I've always wanted to write
since I was a boy, and I always
I should. I've carried the main
head for years, but I realize the
yet—and that's why I'm study-
ter the technique of writing, so
go along and if I come to a

"The Climax."

A STORY OF A WRITER'S SUCCESS
AND HIS FAILURE.

By a Special Contributor.

THE smoking car of the "Western Flyer," on a certain morning in May contained, besides the colored attendant of the buffet, but a single occupant—a man slightly past the turning point of life. About him was the unmistakable air of a professional man. Even before he stepped on board the train the porter, as he reached for his bags, detecting the faint subtle odor of chloroform, addressed him as "Doctor" and the name clung to him throughout the journey.

He was a quiet, reserved man, speaking seldom, reading much and caring little for the companionship of others. The Pullman, filled with the hum of endless chatter annoyed him; he preferred the quiet of the smoking car and the soothing influence of his pipe.

The quiet was of but short duration, for the door suddenly opened and there entered two men who he had met the day before. The elder, a William Duval, was a Philadelphia merchant, and the other, whose name he had forgotten, was a drummer for a western house returning from his annual eastern trip. The two men drawing their chairs near him, a feeble attempt at conversation followed, but at last, tiring of it, the doctor withdrew slightly to one side and began reading his paper.

They were two days out from New Orleans and the morning seemed endless to all three, for at El Paso they had set back their watches two hours and they had that time to live over. Finally, Mr. Duval rose and walked up and down the car; he toyed for a moment with the magazines, then dropped in a seat beside the window and gazed out. The scenery was uninteresting—a cluster of adobe huts now and then, a few Mexicans, and vast stretches of dreary grazing land, that was all. Tiring of the blank monotony of it, he began again his walk but suddenly paused in front of a small bookcase. After running his finger over the backs of a score of books, he selected one and returned to his seat near his friend.

"It is strange," he said as he opened himself, "how this book attracts me; if I've read it once, I've read it a dozen times, and it interests me just as much every time."

"Oh," said the drummer glancing at the title, "it's 'The Climax,' by Whitney; I don't wonder."

"Somehow," continued Mr. Duval, "there is a power in the book that you can't help feeling; it has the force and strength of Tolstoi without his brutality; there's pathos in it and humor. By Jove! it's a wonderful book. It's not surprising that it made the author famous in a day."

"It hangs on well, too," said his companion. "Why, it is almost as popular today as when it first came out, and that must be nearly ten years now. What a misfortune it was that he died before he had finished his second book. They say that would have been simply great."

The merchant opened the book and gazed at the frontispiece—a portrait of the author. It was the face of a poet, a dreamer, with a high, wide, intellectual forehead and deep set eyes; the mouth was a sensitive one with thin, finely-chiseled lips—one wondered that his thoughts had found expression in prose rather than in verse.

"It is very like him," he said gently.

"Did you know him?" asked the other quickly. The doctor glanced up for a moment, then his eyes fell again on his paper.

"I know him well," Mr. Duval answered, "and loved him as a brother. I suppose that is why his book appeals to me so. We were boys together, and chums, but when our school days were over our ways parted and I lost sight of him for years, until I came to Philadelphia. He was simply a railroad clerk then, making about a hundred dollars a month, and living in a little new suburb a few miles out of the city. I boarded with them—a sort of helped them out, and then I think Whitney was glad to have someone to talk to."

"I never thought much of his wife; she was one of those irritable, discontented women, always making a lot of trouble out of nothing, and complaining because she hadn't as much as some other women. They led a quiet, humdrum life, going out a little, having a friend in now and then, but that was all. What suited Whitney best was to get hold of a book, and then he let alone. I never saw a man read as he did—until 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning, completely absorbed; never even knew it if you spoke to him. He always read with a pencil in one hand, and he'd mark paragraphs as he went along and after he was all through with the book he'd go over it carefully and copy all the things he had marked. I used to wonder why he did this, for it seemed such a waste of time; so one night I asked him. We were alone, his wife had gone out somewhere, and the house was very quiet and restful.

"I'm going to write a book," he replied as quietly as though he had said he was going upstairs.

"I stared at him in astonishment; if he had told me that the policeman on the beat had taken to reading Browning, I couldn't have been more surprised. I knew he could make out good railroad reports or else he couldn't have held the position he did, but I hadn't the faintest idea that he could write. I must have shown my surprise in my face, but he took no notice, simply went on in his quiet way.

"I've always wanted to write a book," he said, "ever since I was a boy, and I always felt sure that some day I should. I've carried the main plot of it around in my head for years, but I realize that I'm not ready to do it yet—and that's why I'm studying. I am trying to master the technique of writing, so I study my books as I go along and if I come to a part that is particularly

fine I mark it. Sometimes it's a bit of description, a landscape, a face, the intricate workings of a human mind; often it's only a neatly-turned phrase—but I study them all. If I had," he added, "what other writers possess, a good education and the advantages of travel, I should not need to do this. It's all a part of my training, however, and I must persevere until I can write as fluently and easily as they."

"He fixed up a little cubby-hole of a room at the top of the house, and there I helped him arrange his books; his wife didn't like it very much because it left several wide gaps where the bookcases had been, and there wasn't any too much furniture as it was in the sitting-room, but he seemed happier off alone. He used to sit up there and study and write long after the house was quiet and everyone gone to bed."

"He didn't begin on his book at first; instead, he tried writing short stories. He worked very hard over them, but somehow he couldn't make them go; he used to read them to me and even as much as I liked him, there was mighty little in them I could find to praise. He never encroached on the material he had collected for his book; all the plots to his stories, when he had any, were entirely different from the main idea he had been thinking of so long. He knew I wasn't much set up with them, for I never lied to him about them, and he did not want me to. They were all pretty well written so far as I could see, but so flat and unlikable and nearly as dry as office reports. But he had faith in them and he sent them off to the magazines and weekly papers. He used to buy a copy of nearly every magazine published that printed short stories, one at a time, and he would study it to find out the 'requirements' of that particular magazine; but it didn't do any good—they came back just the same."

"I really dreaded to see the postman coming, but he didn't seem to mind it half as much as I did; he took it all as a matter of course. He seemed to mind his wife worse than anything else and, egad, she was enough to make a man go mad."

"She hadn't any sympathy with his writing; in the first place she thought it a waste of money—his stamp bills were considerable—and then he bought a second-hand typewriter and used to type his own manuscripts because he said it was cheaper than having it done outside; then she didn't like it because it took him away from her. Altogether she made life about as uncomfortable for him as she could; but after he had made his hit she took all the credit to herself and told how she had seen it in him all the time, and so had encouraged him, and a lot of stuff like that."

Mr. Duval paused for a moment and looked out the window; there was nothing to see except the sand and sky and an occasional clump of sage brush. The train scurried along the rails with a steady thump-thump and the gray smoke from the huge oil-fed engine floated higher and higher, a thin ribbon of silver in the dry, clear atmosphere.

Presently, he continued: "I know he must have felt it the way those stories kept coming back, each with its square of paper telling you the same polite yarn about its not exactly suiting the requirements of the magazine, but if he did he never showed it; he was always the same hopeful, quiet, patient man, doing his work thoroughly and well during the day, and living in his dreams at night; for that's all I thought it amounted to."

"One day some fellow sent him a circular; he posed as a great critic and claimed that he had placed thousands of manuscripts for unknown writers, with first-class houses, and he wanted you to send him a manuscript along with a couple of dollars and when he'd sold the story he'd send you back what he received from the magazine less a commission of 10 per cent. for his trouble. It was a nice sounding circular and the fellow gave a lot of bang-up names as reference. Whitney was delighted; he hunted out what he considered the best of his stories and sent it with a \$2 bill for company."

"He said he couldn't expect to hear from it for six months, that is, if the fellow had to submit it to several magazines, because it always takes so long to read them. Editors are very busy people; you can't go to them and say, 'Look here, here's a story; its price is one hundred and fifty; I'll give you until tomorrow to look it over.' No, you've got to submit it, and then wait and wait, unless you're a writer that's pretty well known, and then after a long time you hear from them; ten chances to one, they turn you down, and if they don't you're blamed glad to take whatever they offer you."

"Well, a week afterward he got a letter from this critic. Whitney's fingers actually trembled as he opened it; it was square and little and I know he thought it contained a check; but it was only a neat little card acknowledging the receipt of the manuscript and the money and promising to give the matter his prompt attention."

"A few days later, I know it wasn't more than a week, back came the story with a note, saying, that while the story was smoothly written, it wouldn't have the shadow of a chance with any good magazine—therefore he returned it, as he found it unsalable. Egad, he hadn't even tried to sell it. Whitney handed it to me when he had finished reading it, and that was the first time he showed his disappointment. I tried then and there, to get him to give up writing and turn to kitchen gardening or chickens, but I might as well have talked to the wall. All he said was no, he had made up his mind to give up short stories and begin on his book. I saw it wouldn't do any good to go on talking, so I stopped."

"I went West on a long trip shortly afterward and it was nearly a year before I got back to Philadelphia; I went right to his house and I was shocked when I saw him. He was thin and his face had a tense, drawn look; somehow he seemed to me to look as the earth does at night when the moon is bright; it's the same earth as when the sun shines, but yet it's different, it's purer, more refined, more ethereal. Well, that's just the way Whitney looked; he was the same and yet not the same; one could see that he had been living in the clouds."

"He told me that the book was finished and that after supper he would read it to me; I didn't like the prospect very much, but I laid in several good cigars and was prepared to offer myself on the altar of friendship. He hadn't read a chapter when I pricked up my ears; it was different from anything he had written before, and, egad, after the second I never thought of my cigar nor the time, either. He read until 4 o'clock in the morning. His voice grew so husky he could hardly finish, but when he did, I just got up and hugged him; you might have thought I was a frog-eating Frenchy—it was fine, it was stupendous, I couldn't find words to express myself. He had written it with his own life blood, he had woven into it all the joys and sorrows and disappointments of his own life; all his aspirations, his dreams, his thoughts, all his lofty strivings. The book fairly teemed with life, you could almost feel the pulsations; it was alive in every sense of the word, and that is why today it is almost as much in demand as when it was first published."

"As you know, it took like wild fire; the publishers couldn't keep up with the demand. It ran, I don't know how many thousands in three months. He was courted and sought after; interviews, some of them real, some sham, were printed; the magazines begged him for short stories—offered to pay him any price for them; but he refused them all; he said he wanted rest for awhile and, egad, he needed it."

"He bought a snug little house in a better locality and gave up his office work, and his wife put on style. She lorded it over all of her neighbors and cut those she used to talk to over the back fence; but it never hurt him any, all the fuss they made over him, he was simply thankful. Then his publishers offered him a large amount of money for a second book to be finished in six months. It seemed an immense sum to him, he couldn't resist it, and the next he knew he was hard at work on that."

"I didn't see him for two months after that; he was in fine shape when I left; he'd had a pretty good mental rest getting his house in shape and then the way his book had been received was as balm to his soul. I had seen from the papers, though, that lately he was far from well—they said he was working too hard on his new book; but I wasn't prepared for the change I found in him, he looked awful. 'Good God!' I cried, 'what's the matter, man?' He drew me into his study and closed the door; he had a fine one now, full of books and busts and etchings—and he pointed to his desk."

"Will," he said huskily, "I can't do it; it's driving me mad, mad, I tell you. I can't think, I can't sleep nights for it—every day I sit down at my desk and try to write, but the thoughts will not come. I'm contracted to deliver it to the publishers in six months and two months of the time has gone and I haven't even started it. I've tried to think that the thoughts would come after awhile; but it's no use fooling myself any longer—I can't do it."

"Pshaw," I said, "you're forcing yourself too hard, take your time and the thoughts will come; they came for your other book and they will come for this."

"He shook his head sadly. 'No, Will,' he said, 'I'm drained dry.'

"Nonsense," I replied, "it's only a case of overwrought nerves; you worked too hard on the other book and you haven't rested enough. The mental strain was too great, and this, combined with the infernal hot weather we've been having lately, is enough to knock you out; I don't wonder you can't write. Go off alone up into the Adirondacks, shoot and fish for awhile, don't even think of your work, and then when your nerves are straightened out write your book up there."

"He followed my advice and removed a few of his belongings to a little shack up in the mountains near Plattsburg. It was a beautiful place, one couldn't help being inspired by the grandeur of it all. Two weeks before the contracted time was up, he was out shooting, when some way or other he accidentally shot himself; he was found by some people and they carried him back to his shack. He had a good doctor, in fact, two of them, one a surgeon from Plattsburg, but he died the next day; when he found that he couldn't live he asked the doctor to get his manuscript and burn it. It was not quite finished, but nearly so, and I've heard that if far surpassed his first—but he didn't want any other hand to complete it, he preferred resting his laurels on 'The Climax.'"

"Only think," said the drummer as the other finished, "of what the accidental discharge of a gun deprived the world—"

"It was not accidental."

Both men started, it was the doctor who had spoken. "Not accidental, they gasped simultaneously."

"No," he answered, "I was the Plattsburg surgeon, and I was with him when he died."

"And did you burn the manuscript?" Mr. Duval questioned eagerly.

"The manuscript," replied the doctor slowly, "was only blank paper."

A silence fell upon all three; the doctor reached for the book and gazed at the portrait long and steadily, then he closed it softly. "Poor Whitney!" he said gently. Just then the door at the rear end of the car opened and a woolly head was thrust in.

"Fust call foh dinnah, gentlemen, fust call foh dinnah!"

FLORENCE W. SAUNDERS.

THE GREATEST SMOKERS.

For some reason—or none—most people have hitherto looked upon the Germans as the most inveterate smokers in the world, although few will be surprised to learn that the Dutch are a little ahead of them as consumers of tobacco, since pictorially a Dutchman is always associated with a pipe. But none will be prepared to hear that the Swiss smoke 59 per cent. more than either, still less that the Belgian burns more than double as much as the Dutchman.—[Answers.]



Twice has Riverside given me the surprise of my-
well, yes, my life floricultural, in producing an unusual
rose. The first time was two years ago when I found a
climbing Cecile Bruner at the residence of James Parke
of Arlington that had clambered to the second-story win-
dows and was as vigorous and full of bloom as if an or-
dinary Lamarque instead of being a properly-behaved
tiny dwarf shrub with a disposition to be shy, as I had
always been led to believe a Cecile Bruner should be.
I have found since, in my travels, a half-dozen climbing
Cecile Bruner roses, and I have no doubt they can be
found in several nurseries after this year, but Riverside
still takes the lead for having the biggest and thriftiest.
Recently Mr. Howard of the Chase Nursery Company or
Riverside has shown me on the property belonging to the
senior member of the firm, a climbing Papa Gontier, and
tells me that in a few more months they will have a stock
of them to supply the wholesale market. I have photo-
graphed the parent plant which adorns a tiny cottage
home, and later may show it to the readers of the House
Beautiful department. The new rose has all the charac-
teristic points of the Papa Gontier and is a strong

unds.

omer. It will be indeed
climbing roses.

you can be sure of keep-
lines preferably should be
or about, forming the
have recently described
th simple furnishings, but
lineries where they are in
less of good taste or
stater than in almost any
decoration. For instance,
idea by giving an example
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of fifteen or twenty hand-
a used in a long balcony,
alm in a birch-bark case
ferm fronds were droop-
tly-colored bit of oriental
e. Epiphyllum variety was
while brilliant-hued Grant
forced to always wear the

ie noted the "variety show"
nder, for had not this fine
exterior appearance by the
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carded, however, but by a
ment artistic results could

and florists who have re-
to my suggestions made to
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invitations to visit their gar-
four hours in each day, and
part of the waking hours to
Beautiful and its Flower
give immediate acceptance or
ome.

to wish to rid themselves of
fest his garden. The season
the vast snail army and the
ily busy heading them off. I
my really practical suggestion
etick and a "still hunt" will
led exterminators in the mar-
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ous or not, it is practical:
out cabbage or lettuce leaves,
vegetation, and at night when
places to feed, examine by
pick them off. Also place out
ich they will hide and can be
ad proceed as above. Use salt,
round valuable plants they are
following this latter instruction
died. The salt is perhaps the
of these may do the plant more
Probably the wood ashes are
ent.]

People.
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and those which do not have
sal seed, but which produce little
ace of seed, which are called
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ants and are reproduced in the

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of the inflorescence of the flower.
ge means the arrangement of the
There are solitary flowers, and
s, and I shall not attempt to go
many kinds of flower clusters, for
e you, but when we come to study
we will name them at the time
in kind of a flower cluster, and
es.
one which has all the four parts—
and pistil. A perfect flower is
amens and pistil, but may lack
complete flower is always a per-
ers are perfect and not complete.
one which lacks at least one of

DN'T LOOK IT.
noted British astronomer, went to
nd to lecture on his favorite topic.
e. He looked for the expected con-
e. After all the other passengers
n stepped up and said: "Maybe
r." After receiving an affirmative
apologized, saying: "Sure, Your
e you waiting, but I was told to
d gentleman."—[New York Trib-

es of China is a great woman. She
Chinese lawyers should be ac-
is understood that these gentle-
artily against an unreasonable re-
the imperial order puts China be-
er countries a knowledge of law is
judges.—[London Telegraph.

Artemus Ward.

HIS STORY OF THE TRICK OF TWO
THIRSTY MINERS.

Contributed by Howard Paul.

SOME years ago when I visited Virginia City (Ne-
vada) it was a savage sort of place inhabited by
miners, Chinese, Indians, fortune hunters, adven-
turers, gamblers and "roughs" of many nationalities.
The long unbroken avenues of gambling saloons and
liquor shops were simply appalling. Playing cards
flattered up and down the narrow streets when these
precious saloons were swept out in the morning and
the doors of the "groggeries" were on active swing from
early morning until long past midnight. Here the big-
headed, heavy-bearded sombrero-hatted miners made
their appointments and every transaction seemed to be
settled over glasses and a bottle. It was in this same
Virginia City that the late John W. Mackay prospected
so successfully in years gone by and achieved the great
fortune he spent so open-handedly and worthily.

When I went to Virginia City I had a letter of intro-
duction of Mr. Mackay and with his habitual
hospitality he invited me to dinner. Artemus Ward
was just then announced to lecture in the town and it
was arranged that the genial "showman" should be of
the dinner party. The restaurant at which we dined was
ambitiously called the "Maison Dorée" and the extem-
pore banquet was a brilliant success. A special car
arrived from San Francisco daily laden with delicacies
of the season.

After dinner we lit our cigars and story telling set in
as usual, as it usually does in most parts of the world.
There is no better raconteur than the festive American
when tuned up with a few glasses of G. H. Mumm's
Extra Dry and genial surroundings. Artemus had just
come from a mining district not far from Salt Lake
City and he told a story he had heard there. It con-
cerned two Irish miners who were holding a wake
over a companion and, in accordance with Milesian tra-
dition, the survivors had laid in a jug of whiskey and
a supply of candles, and the body was laid out and the
bed covered with a blanket in the cabin they inhabited.

The three Irishmen had been on a drinking bout and
one of them had met with an accident which resulted
in his death. His two companions determined to do
him honor and spent all their ready money in candles
and whiskey, trusting to luck to get the victim decently
buried. They sat beside the corpse, discussing his
virtues, his noble fondness for a spree, and they pro-
mised that no finer judge of "tooth wash" (liquor) was
to be found in the West. Suddenly the men discovered
that their whiskey had given out, and they had not a
cent in their pockets. Their credit, too, was in bad
odds. Every bartender within a mile of their shanty
had a score marked up against them.

The story as related by Ward is as follows:

"The dad, Pat!" said Dennis, tipping up the jug,
"there's not a drop left! Do ye think we could man-
age the full of it over at Muldoon's?"
"Pat's shake of the head implied a doubt.
"I'll toss ye whether you go over an ax him or
whether it's meself shall do it. If we tell him poor
Jerry's gone maybe he'll thrust us for a pint."
"I'll rise his blood to know the poor boy's gone.
He owed him twenty dollars. It'll never do to tell
he's gone. Muldoon's a pig, as you have good reason
to know."

"What's to be done, then?"

"I've a better idea. Let's dhress Jerry up in his
skin suit, put his slouched hat on him, lead him over
to Muldoon's and stand him up for the drinks. It'll be
game on the old reptile."

His companion agreed, and to array the 'dear de-
parted' in the street garb was the work of a few mo-
ments. Then they put on their own hats and overcoats,
and, with their arms around Jerry's waist, they crossed
the street.

"They peeped cautiously through the swing door,
the window, and, for a wonder, the room was
empty, not a single loafer (who is rarely absent from a
western barroom,) was to be seen. Muldoon—a coarse,
booming Irishman, with a bull neck, his nose sprawled
across his face, and suggesting the idea that it had
been no unimportant part in many a tough brawl,
a pair of huge ears that stood out from his skull
handles on a vase—was lounging behind the bar,
a dense cloud of smoke from a cigar as long and
thick as a poker."

"Pat, we're in luck, there's not one of the boys about
the room is almost dark. We'll go in as bowld as
we can, and pretend that Jerry's too tipsy to speak."

"They gathered the corpse tightly in a firm grip, drew
the big slouch hat well down to his nose, and approached
the bar. Muldoon did not receive them with animation,
and there was a nasty glitter in his eye."

"How are yez, Muldoon? Three rye whiskies—
right!"

"Finding that the 'boss of the ginmill' (as the land-
lords are sometimes termed out West,) did not respond
to their salacity, Pat repeated the order, adding, 'Luk sharp,
we'll have 'em!' and then thrust his hand into his pocket as if
to produce the coin. This little movement of by-play
Muldoon off his guard, and he produced a bottle.
He half filled his tumbler, passed the bottle to his
companion, who, having helped himself, supplied the
glass in front of Jerry."

"The two men swallowed their portions without mov-
ing a muscle. Their throats must have been ironclad,
for western whiskey has a habit of scarifying the mem-
ory of amateur drinkers. As soon as the whiskey
went down they leaned the corpse up against the bar
and made a bolt for the street."

"Hey! hi, there! You chaps haven't paid for that
whisky!" shouted Muldoon.

"Jerry'll make it all right wid you!" screamed Pat,
as he disappeared through the door.
Once outside, the two men peeped through the win-
dow to note the proceedings.

"Muldoon, inferring from Jerry's limp and leaning
attitude that he was helplessly drunk, addressed him
in a tone of ferocity."

"Will you pay for them drinks, you drunken idjut?
Floppin' yourself over the bar and swillin' at my ex-
pense. Now, pay for them two drinks, or there'll be a
funeral in your family."

"No response."

"Muldoon grew crimson with indignation. His debtor
would not even vouchsafe a reply, and the landlord was
just sufficiently primed himself with drink to prefer a
brisk palaver to insulting silence."

"Now, I give you fair warnin', if you don't pay for
them drinks I'll—"

"A 'dead' silence."

"I give you two minutes to shell out!" roared Mul-
doon. If you don't put up in two minutes, I'll make you
think a cyclone struck you."

"Still silence—deep, profound. This was too much for
Muldoon. He 'hailed off' and planted a fearful blow
between the eyes, as nearly as he could guess the spot
through the slouched hat, and knocked Jerry into the
middle of the barroom."

"There he lay on his back, while his two companions
watched through the window. Entirely satisfied with
this achievement, Muldoon lit a fresh cigar, and waited
for his victim to rise. Five minutes elapsed, and he
went round and had a look at him. At that moment
Pat and Dennis appeared on the scene and stood over
the body."

"What's this you've been up to Muldoon?" demanded
Dennis, propping Jerry's head on his knee.

"Begorra, you've knocked the breath out of his
body!"

"Muldoon looked scared."

"Perhaps he's fainted," he suggested. 'I'll just wash
his temples with a drop of whisky.'

"Too late!" cried Pat. 'Divil a ha'porth of pulse has
he, and his heart has clane stopped.' Then, turning to
Muldoon, he demanded: 'Why did you strike him like
that?'

"Why did I strike him, is it?"

"That's what I said."

"Muldoon hesitated, and prepared to show fight."

"You'll swing for this, my Buckaroo."

"Muldoon grew as pale as it was possible for a brawny,
ruddy countenance like his to assume. He had wit-
nessed many rowdy scenes in his barroom, but had never
knowingly killed a man."

"Ah, pahaw! let's take a drink and say nothin' about
it. I'll put up the shutters, and we'll make a night of
it."

"Dennis and Pat exchanged glances."

"Will you wipe off our scores," suggested the latter,
'and stand us a gallon if we hold our tongues?'

"I'll do it," instantly replied the landlord.

"Dennis affected not to be so easily appeased, and
thundered, 'Why did yez strike him with a death blow,
I'm askin' yez?'

"Well, I'll tell you," responded the landlord, 'I asked
him twice over for the money for the drinks and when I
threatened him the thafe drew a knife on me!'

"The affair was settled in the end, and Muldoon, if
still in the land of the living, will go down to his grave
in the belief that he knocked the breath out of poor
dead Jerry."

THE LILIES.

I knelt to the hedge of lilies,
They were sacred things to me,
And I gazed at the blooms
With their waxen look
And their wells of purity.

But I could not pluck the lilies,
For I thought them meant to die
In the spot where they grew
Midst the soft green sod
And the shadows of the sky.

And deep in the heart of each lily,
Nor hidden away from the sight,
Wrapped round by the leaves
Was a wand of gold
Pointing upward toward the light.

God will take care of the lilies;
The lilies are not for me;
God will guard and forever protect them,
The lilies of purity.

ANITA EMILIE CURRIE.

CONCERNING POLISHED FLOORS.

Hardwood floors of either pine, maple, birch, or oak
should never be varnished. Therein lies the pitfall
which the landlord, seeking for cheap and speedy results,
prepares for our feet, since the black corners and white
spots are sure to come in time even with the best of care.
Waxing is the only proper method if we may start afresh,
and with new floors the process is comparatively simple.
We are advised by the best authorities to provide against
future grease spots by applying first two coats of a mix-
ture containing equal parts of linseed oil and turpentine,
combined with a Japan drier. The drier must not be
omitted or the oil will combine with the wax, and the re-
sults will be anything but satisfactory. After allowing
this mixture to dry overnight all the pores of the wood
may be filled with one of the prepared fillers. The polish
is more even if this is done, but to avoid making the
floors excessively slippery it is sometimes omitted. Some
woods do not need it. When the floor is thoroughly dry
it is ready for the paste of wax and turpentine, which
may be applied with a cloth in an even coat, not too
thick, and allowed to dry overnight. Another coat is put

on the next morning and allowed in its turn to dry, when
the whole is thoroughly polished with a weighted brush
and woolen cloth, rubbing always with the grain. If
this is thoroughly done it will not be necessary to
repeat the process for a year, and then only partially if
the floors have not been roughly treated.—[Harper's Ba-
zar.

T. BILLINGTON CO.

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derly-reared, highly-educated young

W.C.T.U. OFFICERS.

"Great hat!"

California's Easter.

STORY OF THE RESURRECTION OF
THE WESTERN WORLD.

By a Special Contributor.

A DARK-BROWNED hill marred with caves, two set like the sightless eyes of a skull, gazing forever out over a barren world. Three cruel crosses up-raised against a murky sky, the clang of brazen armor ringing across the sullen shouts of a multitude that sought the blood of One. Then the roll of awful thunder and the heavens rent wide apart by the lightning's forked tongue—a world quivering in anguish for her King.

And then the grave, with the women gathered round; the women, to whom in tones of hope the angel spake, to whom was given first to know that He they loved had conquered Death. Back rolled was the stone from off His sepulcher, and there, behold, by the light of myriad angel wings, there was no death, only the empty ceremonies, cast aside by Him whose life had been renewed.

Thus was the first Easter a season of things fulfilled, a time of the ripening of promises, the real beginning of a new world and a new life.

And the idea around which that story is woven, time-worn tradition though it be, is just the same today

But it is not always among the most gaudy, the most complicated, the most sought-after flowers that one may take the keenest pleasure when spring hovers where we tread.

"Methinks I love all common things,
The common air, the common flower,
The dear, kind common thought that springs
From hearts that have no other dower
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love; and will not that repay
For all else fortune tears away?"

"What good are fancies rare that rack
With painful thought the poet's brain?
Alas! they cannot bear us back
Unto happy years again!
But the white rose without stain
Bringeth times and thoughts of flowers,
When youth was bounteous as the hours."

Easter is the season of common things, the time when the most precious of all earth's wild treasures are thrown in graceful abandon over the All-mother's garden. If the weeds of April, which we pass by so unnoticed today, could be grown on the same hillsides for us in August and September, they would become most beautiful blossoms. Yet you who are strangers to the Gardens of the Sunset must not imagine that we are flowerless in August and September; no, nor in November and December, or any other two months of the twelve which go to make up the tale of the days out here. Unto every month there is given bloom and leaf in



as it ever has been. Easter is the one day of rejuvenation for the whole earth. To its golden sunrise the hills and the valleys turn smiling slopes of emerald, and with its coming in the young life of the world of the wild lifts up its voice from well-lined den and cosy nest. On high in the wind-shaken sycamore the great red hawk rubs her eggs with loving beak, and with her tiny body the humming bird caps securely the round cup of her nest hid in the oak tree's leafy tangle. Two months ago the world was bare and brown and dead—though never bound knee deep with snow and ice—to-day it is the personification of life. From ten thousand acres of branching orchards the breath of new-blown blossoms goes up, sweet incense to the God of the Seed Time and the Harvest, and no less sweet to him who, fanned by the gold of April roses, looks from out his doorway across the acres he calls his own. Ah, and beyond those acres there are more fields, green with the leaf of tree or the laden waves of barley and of wheat—all spelling out that magic word of beauty and plenty and health and happiness that is the open sesame to those of us who have been so fortunate as to come thus far, and, thank God, no farther.

Out there in the West, more than anywhere else in the wide world, each dawn marks a new epoch in the life of the outdoors. No two days, creeping in above the Sierras, are ever exactly the same, and every time you look at the rosy gold of eventide tingling all the west your eyes see new beauties undreamed of before. This is the rainbow's end; here, if anywhere, the pot of gold lies buried, its color reflected in the blossoms that carpet the hillsides—for nine-tenths of the flowers of Southern California are yellow, how could they help but be in a land so near the sun? In autumn it is the gold of sunflowers along the dustiest roadside, and, just a week ago tomorrow, I gathered ten kinds of yellow blossoms on a stretch of the Eagle Rock hills. The most beautiful of all the early bloomers of this end of the State is the brown and gold variety of the Mariposa tulip—ordinary a purple flower with white edgings and a rich chocolate center. They are not at all common, these yellow strangers, and I have usually found them at some distance from the beds of the more plentiful kind, and all so far noted grew on decomposed granite soil, though whether this circumstance has anything to do with the coloration of the corolla I could not say. The same phenomenon may be observed with the well-known California poppy; blossoms produced by plants growing in certain soil will be so deep a gold in their coloring as to seem like drops of blood scattered among the lacy leaves, while a few feet away only the palest yellow will tint the blooms of seemingly as healthy plants. That there is an explanation for this, as there is an explanation for all things, I have no doubt, yet I am not student enough to present it, nor, indeed, to fully understand it myself.

abundance, but it would be against every law of the natural world to endow the brown hills of autumn with the vernal freshness of March and April, nor would their blossoms correlate themselves to the different situations a bit more suitably. March, out on this threshold of the Orient, is farther advanced than May, back where I have dim recollections of once having been compelled to stay, and I do not suppose that the season has lost any of its rigor since those days. And then, too, you must consider the pleasure with which Easter opens up this new world to you. Do you remember how, when you were boys and girls, you waded knee deep through slush and mud to find the first anemone, the earliest "windflower" that bloomed out on the rock pasture lot. Then when the white creamcups came—we used to call them "seek-no-further"—how we searched for them in all the little sheltered places, fearing lest the cold fingers of the frost had reached them first. How we who were children hailed with delight the first sprouting of the bulbs and plant roots mother had tried to keep through the "cold spell," and how even the fresh green nubs which grew from the cabbage in their "dug-out" were received with joy as the real announcement that spring was at hand. How we mashed our noses against the window pane, striving to see the ground hog father told us would surely make his appearance on the bluff across the valley, and whose shadow we thought might be visible even from our limited viewpoint. We never saw the ground hog, but we always had to wait a day or two longer than we had expected or mother had promised us as the result of a "late spring." By the way, did you ever live through a spring that was not "early" or "late"? Did anyone who has ever lived "down East"

see an exactly normal beginning of the year? I never did—nor yet have I ever known an "oldest inhabitant" who had. This year we had a very rainy and "early" spring, so the flowers are more than usually beautiful at Easter. Even the oaks are already in bloom, and everywhere in the hills their soft pollen is sifting down on the stroller beneath. And the only way to get through the hills on such a day as this is by a series of delays, rather going backward than forward—for a man never really knows anything of the outdoors unless he studies closely not alone the things that interest him superficially, but every little wild thing with which he comes in contact. I know there are those advanced intellectual students who can take a walk through the trees of Central Park and name more birds with the field glasses in an afternoon than I could in the whole hills in a week; and there are others who, from the

California
Presider

Roses
that
bloom at
Easter

"bird observatories," can, by their magic voices, summon breakfasts they spread for their "brothers of the air," lure to close confidences the migrant of all the wandering hordes. But you really want to know anything about a bird or an animal, you do not consult such people as these; you want the man who has studied his shotgun and scalpel and botany can, all the while the books of men who knew—not men who guess—been companions.

And be assured, though at first you may be disappointed at the great number who have passed this way who are prone anon to remind you of their knowledge, that if you wait and work you may accomplish all things. Some time when you feel a bit of your luck read that most beautiful thing old roughs of Shabides ever wrote, beginning:

"Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me."

"I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face."

Would that I had the space to quote all of the good medicine for the soul and the brain. All the happiness in the world will come to you if you hurry after them, come fourfold if you wait about everything you do. Time is the stuff of life. Oh, then, let us use it carefully and wisely.

best enjoyment in the world would use his wealth or a to the end that we improve interest to those who are. However, I am drifting whence I made my start. ceptionally beautiful Sun beautiful than any Easter this makes my fifteenth world of the outdoors will the heaven of the indoors pressing grip it has on the think.

COBB'S NAR

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN
JUNKET FROM
By a Special

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The excursion was a success Howell Cobb was proud of his steamer (for those days) had and happy party all the way back; and the refreshments greatly to the enjoyment of the guests.

After the conclusion of the following week, President Cobb, and said: "Mr. Secre me, at the next Cabinet meeting expenses of the Harriet Lane including the wages of her office consumed, the wine and other want a complete bill of all expen

The Secretary of the Treasury the members of the Cabinet w departments. The Secretary over with the Attorney-General Cabinet who had not participated after much persuasion elicited fr that the President intended to own pocket. Howell Cobb thank tion, and went to his desk in the dered a complete bill of expenses

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"You are perfectly right, Mr. S rectly right," replied President Bu Howell Cobb afterward told his not been forebanded and paid the been dismissed from the Cabinet "Buck" was firmness and justice in of punctiliousness.

THE OLDEST LAW

The oldest lawsuit in North C finally settled. It is that of the E kee Indians against W. H. Thomas a great many thousand acres of land ests. Thomas was for some years the chief of the Eastern band, an troops from among his Cherokees, w federal service, being one of the ments. The case began in 1867, in the Western North Carolina Dis tate more than ninety attorneys b every lawyer who was first employ New York Tribune.

best enjoyment in the world about us as a rich man would use his wealth or a very wise man his wisdom, all to the end that we improve ourselves and become of more interest to those who are so kind as to be our friends.

However, I am drifting a long way from the Easter whence I made my start. This seems to me to be an exceptionally beautiful Sunday in April, perhaps more beautiful than any Easter I have seen in the State—and this makes my fifteenth—so much so that I hope the world of the outdoors will get its share of worshippers and the heaven of the indoors lose, for a day at least, the depressing grip it has on those of us who are too busy to think.

HARRY H. DUNN.

COBB'S NARROW ESCAPE.

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN'S INTEREST IN THE FIRST JUNKET FROM WASHINGTON.

By a Special Contributor.

James Buchanan was President, when the revenue cutter Harriet Lane was completed under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury. She was brought to Washington and the first junket of our country's history was then planned, and carried out. Howell Cobb of Georgia was Secretary of the Treasury, and he issued invitations to the diplomatic representatives of all countries to an excursion down the Potomac River on a certain date. He also invited members of the Cabinet and their friends, and all invitations were accepted.

President Buchanan did not like the idea at all, but said nothing until he had given the matter considerable thought, and then he sent for his Attorney-General and asked him if he intended going on the excursion. The Attorney-General replied that he was not going, and that he considered it unlawful; but that he did not want to criticize another cabinet minister. The President then said: "I shall call the Secretary of the Treasury and order him to withdraw all of those invitations."

"I should not do that if I were you," replied the Attorney-General, "because these foreign ministers might consider themselves insulted, and complications might result. Wars have been begun over just such trifles."

"Then I will pay for the excursion out of my own pocket," declared Mr. Buchanan. "But say nothing about it to anyone."

The excursion was a success. Everybody was happy. Howell Cobb was proud of his day's work. The splendid steamer (for those days) had carried the distinguished and happy party all the way down to Aquia Creek and back; and the refreshments of all kinds had added greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion by all of the guests.

After the conclusion of the Cabinet meeting, early in the following week, President Buchanan turned to Howell Cobb, and said: "Mr. Secretary, I want you to bring me, at the next Cabinet meeting, a complete bill of the expenses of the Harriet Lane on the recent excursion, including the wages of her officers and seamen, the coal consumed, the wine and other incidental expenses. I want a complete bill of all expenses, great and small."

The Secretary of the Treasury promised to do so, and the members of the Cabinet went back to their several departments. The Secretary of the Treasury walked over with the Attorney-General, the only member of the Cabinet who had not participated in the junket; and, after much persuasion elicited from him the information that the President intended to pay that bill out of his own pocket. Howell Cobb thanked him for the information, and went to his desk in the Treasury, where he ordered a complete bill of expenses made out.

At the conclusion of the next Cabinet meeting President Buchanan asked for that bill of expenses, and was surprised when the Secretary of the Treasury replied:

"I hunted for it for some time, before I found it, and I have brought it to show you, Mr. President; but for the life of me I don't see what business it is of yours."

"To make it my business," replied the President, very hotly, "that he was a man who seldom lost his temper."

Secretary Cobb fished around in all of his pockets, and finally handed the President a crumpled-up paper, which he said was the complete bill of expenses of the excursion. President Buchanan read it over, making some under-the-breath comments on the items. At the bottom of the first page, he stopped and said: "That is a very big bill, Mr. Secretary, a very big bill; and then, turning over and glancing at the second page, he read at the bottom: 'Paid in full, by Howell Cobb.'"

Turning to the Secretary of the Treasury the President said: "This is a very large bill for you to have paid out of your own pocket, Mr. Secretary."

"Well, Mr. President, out of whose pocket should it have been paid, but from mine? Surely, it could not be paid for out of the Treasury."

"You are perfectly right, Mr. Secretary; you are perfectly right," replied President Buchanan.

Howell Cobb afterward told his friends that if he had not been forewarned and paid that bill, he would have been dismissed from the Cabinet in disgrace, for "Old Buck" was firmness and justice incarnate in all matters of punctiliousness.

S. D. F.

THE OLDEST LAWSUIT.

The oldest lawsuit in North Carolina is now being finally settled. It is that of the Eastern band of Cherokee Indians against W. H. Thomas and others, involving great many thousand acres of land and also other interests. Thomas was for some years before the Civil War the chief of the Eastern band, and raised a legion of troops from among his Cherokees, which was in the Confederate service, being one of the North Carolina regiments. The case began in 1867, in the Federal Court for the Western North Carolina District, and since that time more than ninety attorneys have been employed. Every lawyer who was first employed has died.—[New York Tribune.]

The Ball Family.

EARLIEST MENTION OF THE NAME IN DOMESDAY BOOK OF EXON.

By a Special Contributor.

THE patronymic is strong, simple, Saxon—bal, bald, bold, also quick, swift. Bald in German translated literally means soon. The first upon whom the name was bestowed was doubtless swift, or bold to do and dare. Bale and Baile are variations of the name, also Balliol and Baldwin. The first mention of the name occurs in the Domesday book of Exon, where a certain Vice-Comes Bal is named as a landed proprietor. In the "Worthies of Droon," there is an account of Sir Peter Ball, who was skilled in the science of antiquities, and wrote several volumes on the subject, but unfortunately they added nothing to the knowledge of the nations, being written in so ill a hand that they are not legible.

The "brotherhood of man" was first preached by John Ball, Puritan divine, who was born in England in the fourteenth century. He is mentioned by Froude, who says that he was the moving spirit in the insurrection of 1381. It was another John Ball, preacher, who once took for his text the classic (?) lines:

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then your gentleman?"

One of the heroes of the family was Maj. Ball, who alone and unarmed, taking his life in his hand, went into the forest of Ladyswood, to parley with Highland deserters, inducing them to return to their allegiance. Sir Alexander Ball, Admiral of the Blue, distinguished



Ball

himself at the siege of Malta, and was made Governor of the island. Half a century before, Thomas Ball defended the castle of Salonica a year against the Turks, and of him, Mahomed, second Emperor of the Turks, said that in the great country of the Peloponnesus he had found many heroes, but never a man but him.

One of the early settlers in this country was Francis Ball, who came over in 1640, and helped to found Springfield, Mass. He was a son of William Ball of Wiltshire, and one of six brothers, all of whom came to seek their fortunes in the western world. All the Massachusetts branch of Balls are descendants of Francis and his wife, Abigail Burt, who was one of a family of a round dozen and a half plus one—nineteen brothers and sisters.

It was one of this family—Martha-Ball Stebbins—who named her four daughters, Martha, Mary, Mercy and Miriam. Apparently she liked any name provided it began with "M." In another Ball family were the sons and daughters equally distributed—seven each.

Alling or Allen Ball was a New Haven settler. It was his granddaughter who married Nathaniel Wadsworth, a near relative of the Wadsworth whose deed of daring in connection with the Connecticut charter, in 1687, has often been told, for did he not put out the lights and hide the charter in the oak tree? There be some, however, who belide us, who take away this pretty tale, calling it a myth. Santa Claus and William Tell and other classic gentlemen are laid low, and now the story of Charter Oak is to go!

Edward Ball of Branford, Ct., joined the party of New Englanders who moved to New Jersey and helped to build up Newark.

The Balls flourished in Virginia soil, and were there as early as 1624, or before. Washington's ancestor, Col. William Ball arrived in the Old Dominion about 1650. His son, Col. Joseph Ball, was married twice; to a Miss Rogers, and then to the Widow Johnson, an English lady, who was probably a descendant of the ancient and honorable house of Montague, which was founded by Drogo de Montacuto, in the eleventh century.

It was her daughter, Mary Ball, who married Augustine Washington. Mary Ball was a blue-eyed maiden, the "Rose of Epping Forest," she was called, and the reigning belle of the Northern Neck. It has been said that if Washington was great, Mary Ball was greater, for she taught him how to use his natural, divinely implanted gifts to best advantage. At the Yorktown ball, given after Cornwallis's surrender, the titled foreigners observed her with amazement. "Is that the

mother of the great chieftain whose fame fills two hemispheres?" they asked. She wore no diamonds, no lace, no feathers, no velvet, no brocade, only an unadorned robe of home-made material; spotless, but severely plain, simple in garb, but majestic, serene.

The exclamations of wonder at the simplicity of her appearance were exchanged for the tribute: "If such be the matrons of America, no wonder she has illustrious sons!"

It has been said that notwithstanding Mary Washington's placid expression she had a high temper, although under wonderful control. Apropos to this temper, which her son inherited, Lee, when dining at Mount Vernon, said to Mrs. Martha Washington: "Gilbert Stuart says, madame, that Gen. Washington has a prodigious temper." To this she replied: "Mr. Stuart takes great liberties with Gen. Washington's character."

"Ah! madame, but Mr. Stuart says he has it under wonderful control."

The Balls were connected with many other well-known Virginia families. In 1680 Elizabeth Ball married Michael Musgrave, "gent." Their daughter, Elizabeth, married Ogle Riggs of Holliat House, Sussex, England. From their eleven children have sprung many families—the Goodmans of Philadelphia, British Columbia and Canada; the Rigges of Massachusetts and the Egertons of New York. There is romance enough in the family histories to furnish a three-volume novel—several of them, in fact. The artist, Thomas Goodman, set the pace of eloping with Martha, daughter of Henry Riggs. By marriage with the Hallways the Goodmans annexed a long pedigree.

In revolutionary rolls are found the names of 143 Balls; among them are seventeen named John. Twenty-one from New Jersey were enrolled as privates and nine as officers. These were all recognized by Washington as relatives. Several were at Valley Forge. The sword and spontoon of Jonathan Ball are still in existence. Of another Jonathan, who was a major in the Revolution, it is put down that he made a fine appearance on horseback.

Some one of the family has said of the Balls: "They are fond of land and learning, positive in their convictions, bold in utterance, independent in action, intelligent, patriotic and often intensely religious." Frances Ball, daughter of a wealthy Dublin merchant, established no less than thirty-seven convents. Hannah Ball was one of Wesley's most devoted followers. By his advice she broke off a marriage engagement with one who was an ungodly man—from the standpoint of the church. This Wesley termed an uncommon instance of resolution.

A call was sent out recently to Balls, North, East, West, South, to meet and "recount sober, honest doings of our ancestors, their piety and loyalty, their services to church and state. Perhaps the Chinese overdo reverence for ancestors, but Americans are surely at fault for indifference to past and to parentage. Let our forefathers be neither unhonored nor unsung."

While descent is good, says one, and we should pay reverence to our worthy sires, ascent is better.

"Not all the blood of all the Howards

Can e'er ennoble knaves or fools or cowards."

In pedigree there are two methods, that which works downward from the medieval namesake to the nineteenth-century gentleman in search of a father, and that which works upward from son to father to grandfather. The latter method is more productive of historical facts; the former of more romantic results.

The Ball coat-of-arms represented is that of the Virginia family, and was brought over by the first of the name in this country. It is argent, a lion passant, sable, on a chief of the sword, three mullets of the first. Crest, out of the clouds proper, a demi-lion rampant sable, powdered with estates argent, holding a globe or motto—Coelum Tueri—Look upward.

The arms of the New England Balls is the same, but the crest and motto differ. The crest is a stag trippant; motto—Semper Caveto—Always be cautious. As if reference to the name, the arms has much that is bold about it—the lion, rampant, and the helmet, shield and visor is betoken strength and courage.

Considering the connection of the Ball and Washington families, it is further curious to note that Wase, from which Washington is derived, is an old Norse word—the original spelling was wase—and it means keen, bold.

ELEANOR LEXINGTON.

DOG WITH A GLASS EYE.

Policemen are looking for a big white bulldog with a glass eye. The animal is the property of Policemen McDonald and Andy Miller, and he has a "sure enough" glass eye. He lost his right optic in a ring fight in New Orleans, twelve years ago, and his owner had an artificial one inserted that lacks no detail of correct imitation even to the savage rim of red around the outside.

The dog has been missing four days, and his owners think he has been stolen. He answers to the name of Don Caesar, but judging from his bloody record in the prize ring, the manner in which he answers to his name when called by a stranger leaves a doubt in the minds of some that any ordinary thief would have the temerity to steal him.

Don's former master was a real sport. He is said to have paid a fabulous price for him, and to have won still more wonderful sums backing his ability to fight. The oculist who inserted the glass eye received something like \$150 for the job.

Don was presented to McDonald and Miller eight years ago in New Orleans. Since then his bellicose qualities have found no higher employment than that of guarding his masters' property. Watch dogs are supposed to sleep with one eye open; but Don, who has grown worldly wise in his old age, is accused of adopting the clever scheme of sleeping with his glass eye open. This habit may have given the thief an opportunity to slip on him unaware and make him prisoner.—[Louisville Herald.]

Good Short Stories.

BRIEF ANECDOTES GATHERED FROM
VARIOUS SOURCES.

Compiled for The Times.

The Ignorant Landsman.

CAPT. KAEMPF of the Deutschland was entertaining a little group of passengers with sea stories. "Why is it," said Capt. Kaempf, "that landsmen are so ignorant of the sea? Seamen are not ignorant of the land. It is only, in fact, through knowing the land well enough to avoid it, that seamen keep their ships afloat."

"But landsmen's ignorance of the sea—it is deplorable."

"In Bremen, one day, I saw a farmer looking at the shipping in the harbor. A longshoreman was explaining the shipping to him. Finally I heard the longshoreman say:

"It is low water, now, sir."

"The farmer took his pipe out of his mouth, and pointed it solemnly toward a heavily-laden tramp steamer that was passing."

"It's a good thing for that vessel going past that it is low water," he said. 'The water's near over the edge of her now.'"

A Good Clerk.

WILLIAM A. PINKERTON, the head of the noted detective agency, was talking in Chicago about amateur thieves.

"There are," said Mr. Pinkerton, "more amateur thieves than you would believe—men of good standing, even churchmen, who suddenly, yielding to an overpowering temptation, steal a pen from a stationer, a tooth brush from a druggist, a book from the house of a friend. "Often the stationer, the druggist and the friend overlook these thefts. Why, for the sake of a few cents, disgrace a man for life? Sometimes, though, they are able to retrieve their loss with interest, yet without tainting the amateur thief's good name. I'll tell you of a case in point."

Mr. Pinkerton smiled.

"One of Chicago's greatest millionaires," he said, "began life as a clerk in a general store in the country. He was a good clerk. He had his employer's interests as well as his own at heart."

"On a certain morning there entered the store a rich farmer. The farmer bought ten pounds of wool at 50 cents a pound, and then, when the clerk's back was turned, grabbed up a five-pound chunk of cheese and dropped it in his bag on top of the wool."

"This honest farmer, you see, had been unable to resist a sudden great temptation. He was scared now at the thought of what he had done. He trembled; he looked at the clerk anxiously; so strange, indeed, was his demeanor that the clerk became suspicious. He looked about the shop, missed the cheese, and at once knew what had happened."

"The farmer was a good customer and a good citizen. It would be unwise to ruin his reputation. The clerk, as he made out the bill for the wool, asked himself how, without exposing the thief, he might get back the cheese's value."

"Suddenly a thought struck him."

"By crinola!" he said, "I can't remember how many pounds of wool that was."

"Ten pounds," said the farmer promptly.

"It seems like more to me," said the clerk. "Are you sure it wasn't more?"

"Ten pounds, I'm positive, was all," the farmer said.

"The clerk took the bag from the man's hands."

"Just to make sure," he said, "we'll weigh her again."

"And the bag, put on the scales a second time, registered, of course, an additional five pounds, the weight of the stolen cheese, for which the farmer now paid at 50 cents, the rate per pound for wool, instead of at 12 cents, the rightful rate for cheese. Then this amateur thief slung his bag over his shoulder and departed with a gloomy, sour look."

A Mother's Love.

SENATOR DEPEW, at a dinner in Washington, complained the exceeding love and devotion that mothers lavish on their children.

"This maternal love," he said, "is perhaps the most beautiful and the most heartrending thing in human nature. Its beauty and its pathos have been revealed to us by Mr. J. M. Barrie as by no other writing man."

Senator Depew paused. Then he resumed:

"Permit me to show you another side of maternal love, a side that Mr. Barrie has not touched on."

"In one of the Grand Central stations a mother sat with her little boy."

"An official passed through, an official in a blue uniform, a harassed look on his face."

"The woman called this official to her."

"What time," she said, "does the next train leave for Camden?"

"The official frowned savagely as he answered:

"T-t-ten th-thirty, m-m-ma'am. I've told you that s-six times in the last h-half hour."

"Yes, so you have," the woman answered smiling; "but my little boy likes to hear you stutter. Will you say it again, please?"

The Attendant's Joke.

AN American, recently returned from Europe, described a dinner party at San Remo where William Dean Howells had been the guest of honor.

"Mr. Howells talked well," he said. "He gave us, during one course, many instances of feats of memory—remarkable feats of memory. He asked us, too, if we had

never wondered at the memory of those attendants, in the cloakrooms of fashionable restaurants, who, without the use of checks or numbers, keep and restore to us infallibly our hats and wraps."

"Mr. Howells, with a smile, went on to say that, after dining one evening at a restaurant in New York, he was much impressed with the assurance with which the cloakroom man picked out his hat from a hundred others that resembled it."

"How did you know that was my hat?" Mr. Howells asked.

"I didn't know, sir," the man answered.

"Then," said Mr. Howells, "why did you give it to me?"

"Because, sir, you gave it to me," said the cloakroom man."

She Was Not Beautiful.

"AT the Whistler exhibition in London," said a tourist, "I had a chat with Joseph Pennell, the well-known artist. Pennell had spent his boyhood in Germantown with me, and so we talked of our old Germantown friends. We talked of a boy who had become an artist and married a rich woman."

"Pennell said this chap was not altogether happy. He said he would tell me a story about him that would reveal subtly, in a Henry James manner, the cause of his unhappiness."

"A stranger visited the man's studio one day, and paused, full of wonder, before a life-size, full-length picture of a woman in a white Greek dress."

"Is this," said the stranger, in a tone of amazement, "your ideal?"

"No," the artist answered; "it's my wife."

Medical Ignorance.

THE late Jay Cooke was talking one day in his Ogontz residence about Gen. Grant.

"Gen. Grant," he said, smiling, "once described to me an illiterate surgeon in the employ of a certain Northern regiment."

"A promising young officer had been wounded, and this surgeon had dressed his wounds. Gen. Grant sent for the surgeon, later, to ascertain the young officer's chances."

"He is wounded," said the surgeon to the commander-in-chief, "in three places."

"Are these wounds fatal?" Gen. Grant asked.

"The surgeon nodded a grave assent."

"Two of the wounds is fatal," he said. "The third is not. If we can leave him to rest quiet for a while, I think he will pull through."

Causes.

PROF. SIMON NEWCOMB, the astronomer, said, at a dinner in Washington:

"The simplest causes sometimes produce the most puzzling effects."

"Some years ago I spent the month of August at a friend's villa at Long Branch."

"My host, with six or seven of us, was walking through the garden one day after luncheon, when we came to a great glass globe, set half in the shade and half in the sun."

"Here's a strange thing," someone said. "The half of the globe that is in the shade is warmer than the half that is in the sun."

"Impossible!" we chorused.

"But we touched the globe, and found that the glass actually was warmer in the shade than in the sun."

"Then everybody tried to explain this phenomenon, and the most remarkable theories for it were advanced."

"One said it was an effect of reflection, another that it was an effect of refraction, another that the exhalatory law—and so forth and so on."

"But I had spied the gardener cutting roses, and I called him over to us."

"Perhaps you," I said, "can tell us why the half of this glass bowl that is in the sun is cooler than the half that is in the shade?"

"Why, yes, sir," said the gardener; "I think I can. You see, just before you came out, I turned the bowl around for fear of its cracking in the great heat."

The Mean Godfather.

CONGRESSMAN MORRELL of Philadelphia, in a discussion of the Delaware River appropriations, mentioned a mean man.

"There are many mean men," he said, "but this man, surely, was the meanest of them all. Besides being mean, he was also rich."

"To a poor young couple living near him a son was born, and they decided to name their son after the mean man, and to ask him to stand as its godfather."

"He consented. He was flattered."

"Thereupon the joy of this poor young couple was great. They wondered what gift the rich godfather would give to his little godson. Perhaps a house and lot? Perhaps a half-dozen government bonds? Perhaps a herd of cattle?"

Senator Morrell paused and smiled.

"What do you suppose," he said, "the mean man sent the youngster. He sent it, sir, a cup that one of his Cochon China hens had won at a poultry show."

Impudence.

REAR-ADMIRAL WILDE, at a banquet given in his honor in Boston, desired to illustrate in some way a certain sort of humorous and harmless impudence that is found at its best in America.

"There was a young man," said Admiral Wilde, "and he desired to pay his addresses to a certain young lady. So, in a frank and honorable way, he called on the young lady's father, described his circumstances and prospects, and asked if he might be regarded as a suitor."

"Well," the father said, "I have no objection to you. You seem to be an honest, industrious, healthy enough young fellow. I guess you can begin to pay your ad-

dresses if you want to. Understand, though, that I put out the lights at 10 o'clock."

"All right, sir," said the young man. "I'll be careful not to come around before that time."

When the Financier Scored.

THE late Baron de Hirsch, the Jewish financier, was dining at a German nobleman's house in company with a certain Prince, who made no secret of his venomous antipathy to the Jews. Courtesy proved no barrier to the outflow of his spleen.

Remarking upon a tour he had made in Turkey, he said he had been favorably impressed with two of its customs:

"All Jews and dogs that are caught are immediately killed."

The Baron, with smiling sang-froid, immediately relieved the scandalized consternation of the other guests with a bland rejoinder:

"How fortunate you and I don't live there!"—[M.A.P.]

Not an Adonis.

MISS MAUDE ADAMS was asked recently to assist in arranging for an evening of amateur theatricals which some ladies of a home missionary society were planning to give. A very pretty little girl who lived in the neighborhood was described to Miss Adams as peculiarly fitted for a certain tableau. Miss Adams called upon the mother of the child, and in explaining her mission, said:

"I hope you can let your daughter take part. Everybody says she is a remarkably pretty child."

"Oh, yes," replied the woman, much pleased, but evidently feeling that a display of modesty was in order; "yes, I must say myself that Emily is rather good looking, but, Miss Adams, after all, she is not an Adonis."

—[Harper's Weekly.]

Subtraction.

A TEACHER in a western public school was giving her class the first lesson in subtraction. "Now, in order to subtract," she explained, "things have to always be of the same denomination. For instance, we couldn't take three apples from four pears nor six horses from nine dogs."

A hand went up in the back part of the room.

"Teacher," shouted a small boy, "can't you take four quarts of milk from three cows?"—[Harper's Weekly.]

A Gentle Spirit.

THE late Frank Croker," said a New York man, "had a quiet and kindly manner. He was modest and diffident, and averse to giving pain."

"Croker once had the misfortune to employ for a little while a dishonest valet. He overlooked the man's first two or three thefts, thinking that perhaps there might be some error. Soon, though, he was obliged to speak about his cigarettes, for he smoked a very expensive brand that he imported from Cairo, and a half-dozen times running he caught the valet with one of these cigarettes in his mouth."

"When he did speak, his reprimand was gentle; it illustrated well his gentle and kind nature."

"He opened, in the valet's presence, a box originally of 100 cigarettes, and pointed to the hole that had been made by the theft of half of them. Then, with an embarrassed smile, he said:

"This is going too far, Hodge. We smoke, I fear, a great deal too much."

Mable as a Judge of Babies.

HAMILTON W. MABLE, essayist and journalist, himself admits he is not a judge of babies. When he is suddenly confronted by a fond mother and finds the usual praise of her infant prodigy unavoidable, he falls back upon the Phillips Brooks phrase of "This is a baby!" as at once polite and not too committal. Once, in a southern city, Mr. Mable was pressed into service as judge at a baby show. He made excuses in vain, and on the fateful afternoon there was the editor of The Outlook apparently prepared to decide the relative and rival claims of all small comers.

As baby after baby was presented for his inspection he found himself floundering deeper and deeper in his perplexities. White babies would have worried him, but these were the hopefuls of colored parents, and he couldn't so much as tell one from the other. What he was going to do when it came time to announce his decision, he couldn't see, but mere chance saved him when it was already fifty-nine minutes past the eleventh hour.

The last proud mother to come forward carried twin in her arms, and said aho: "Deys names is Peter and Re-Peter." Mr. Mable smiled and made a remark, he scarcely knew what, when this same lady laid her babe on a bench, picked up a pair of girls and said: "Ad dese is named Kate and Dupli-Kate."

The solution of his problem began to dawn in upon the judge, but the mother of four clutched the matter by appearing before him a third time—and now as the mother of six! "Dese is boys agin," she remarked proudly, smiling down at the tiny black dots reposed against her broad bosom: "Deys names is Max of Cii-Max."

"The prize belongs right here," declared Mr. Mable.

In a Drug Store.

THE following dialogue was overheard in a drug store:

Druggist (to little girl customer): Did you say pills miss?

Little Girl: Yes, sir, please.

Druggist: Antibilious?

Little Girl: No, sir, but uncle is.—[Harper's Weekly.]

April, 1903.]

Customs of

SUPERSTITIONS IN
FROM PAGAN

By a Special

FROM the earliest times of the Sunday before Easter has been observed as one of the most important of the year. An old writer says that on Palm Sunday by the Christians a brief brightness only to that from its death the glorious fullness of its glory.

The Christian church, in its Sunday with a certain joyousness that Jesus entered into Jerusalem shouting and cheering populace and strewing them beneath his feet in the east and south of Europe. In the east and south of Europe, on Palm Sunday, in Italy it is the custom to carry a branch of the olive tree into the house. The practice of carrying palm branches is almost universal, though where palms cannot be obtained they are substituted with golden catkins, olive branches, etc. As Goethe says: "Elsewhere their palms are olive branches." "Mid olive branches, The holly bough supplies Among the avian race. More northern climes With the sad willow."

The substitution of the willow for the palm is perfectly orthodox. Lev. xxiii: 40. "In the seventh month, on the first day, shall the children of Israel bring before the Lord a bundle of boughs of olive, of palm, of willow, and of myrtle, and shall rejoice before the Lord seven days."

As late as 1828 it was the belief of the priests, it is said, that the holly bough would be a protection from evil.

In Wiltshire, England, the people of Silbury Hill climb to the top of the hill and eat eggs, drinking beer both before and after partaking of the eggs.

A curious custom was observed in the parish church, a man entered the church, known as a "mad whip." Among the congregation. During the service he walked up to the altar, which had bound fast round him, and attached to it thirty pieces of whip three times over the head and then devoutly knelt until the which time he withdrew from the church. The man of Broughton held by this tenure until the year 1828, when he was substituted.

The weather-wise say that the weather will be fine on Palm Sunday will be most frequently come until Easter Sunday.

Thursday in Easter week is known as "Good Friday," and on that day a curious ceremony is performed at Westminster Abbey every year, for the aged men, corresponding in number to the monarch, and as many old women as the Maundy gifts. The occasion is a very solemn and ceremonial.

For a century or more the royal house has been the custom of the Maundy gifts, one of red containing gold, and allowance in place of other, the white, containing in many, threepenny and fourpenny pieces, the number of the monarch's years, and is especially and are eagerly awaited.

The origin of the custom was the custom of the poor by the monarch, as emblematic of the poverty of the Apostles by which that, in her 39th year, Queen Elizabeth I. had thirty-nine women, but she had the "yeomen of the guard" first with perfumed water, and Friday is called by some nations "Good Friday." Denmark calls it "Good Friday." This fact is the origin of eating "cross buns." In the year 1788, an enactment was passed by the British Parliament, forbidding the printing of the sign of the cross, or the name of God, upon any bun or loaf, or bread, baked on Good Friday, or sweet all the year. In the eastern part of the world, it is said that a loaf baked on that day, the sign of the cross will be an emblem of life.

North Lincolnshire the breakfast of the day is called "marble day," and the custom is to select a good road leading to a church, and to throw a stone at the service, but continuing the service the benediction is pronounced.

In the year 1833, it was the custom in Lincolnshire to select seven old maid to be the "seven old maids" for washing, on Good Friday, and to place a tombstone in the churchyard for each of them.

In some places the people used to wear white in other districts the women wear over their faces whenever they are in their house.

Customs of Holy Week.

SUPERSTITIONS HANDED DOWN
FROM PAGAN FAITHS.

By a Special Contributor.

FROM the earliest times the period commencing on the Sunday before Easter and extending for ten days has been observed as one typical of the opening of spring. An old writer says that on the Sunday known as Palm Sunday by the Christian church, winter flickered a brief brightness only to die within a few days, so that from its death the glorious spring might rise into the fullness of its glory.

The Christian church, in its early days, invested Palm Sunday with a certain joyousness because it was on that day that Jesus entered into Jerusalem surrounded by a shouting and cheering populace bearing palms of victory and waving them beneath his feet.

In the east and south of Europe this day is called Holy Sunday; in Italy it is known as Olive Sunday, while the Welsh have designated it as Flower Day. St. Jerome gave it the name of Indulgence Sunday.

The practice of carrying palms on the Sunday before Easter is almost universal, though in those countries where palms cannot be obtained, willow branches covered with golden catkins, olive and even holly boughs are substituted. As Goethe says:

Elsewhere their Palms are sung,
Mid olive branches,
The holly bough supplies their place
Among the avalanches,
More northern climes must be content
With the sad willow.

The substitution of the willow for the palm is said to be perfectly orthodox, Lev. xxiii: 40, being quoted as the authority.

As late as 1528 it was the belief in Spain that palms, when fastened to the balconies of houses, would be a protection from the effects of lightning.

In Wiltshire, England, the people living in the vicinity of Wilbury Hill climb to the top of the sugar-loaf-shaped hill and eat figs, drinking copiously of sweetened wine both before and after partaking of the fruit.

A curious custom was observed for very many years in Lincolnshire, which partook somewhat of the religious. During the reading of the first lesson in the parish church, a man entered and cracked a long whip, known as a "gad whip." He then took his place among the congregation. During the reading of the second lesson he walked up to the clergyman, carrying his whip which had bound fast round it four strips of wych-herb, and attached to it thirty pieces of silver. He waved the whip three times over the head of the clergyman, and then devoutly knelt until the end of the lesson, at which time he withdrew from the church. The man represented the man of Broughton, an estate which was sold by this tenure until the year 1846, when other services were substituted.

The weather-wise say that the quarter from which the first blow on Palm Sunday will be the point from which the most frequent rain will come until the following Palm Sunday.

Monday in Easter week is known as "Maundy Thursday" and on that day a curious ceremony has taken place at Westminster Abbey every year, for centuries. A number of aged men, corresponding in number to the age of the monarch, and as many old women, assemble there to receive the Maundy gifts. The occasion is one of great interest.

A century or more the royal bounty has been placed on purses, one of red containing, in gold, part of the Maundy gifts and allowance in place of provisions; and another, the white, containing, in silver, penny, two-penny, three-penny and four-penny pieces, as many pence as the number of the monarch's years. These coins are distributed especially and are eagerly sought after by collectors.

The origin of the custom was the washing of the feet by the monarch, as emblematic of a similar service rendered to the Apostles by our Savior. It is related that, in her 29th year, Queen Elizabeth washed the feet of thirty-nine women, but she took the precaution of having the "yeomen of the laundry" perform the service first with perfumed water.

Friday is called by some nations Black Friday, and in Denmark calls it Long Friday, in allusion to the long fast. This fast was undoubtedly a survival of eating "crown buns." In the 36th year of Henry VIII, an enactment was passed prohibiting any fasting, the sign of the cross, the Agnus Dei, or any other God, upon any bun or loaf of bread.

The still exists in the minds of many the belief that a loaf baked on Good Friday, will keep fresh throughout the year. In the eastern counties of England it is said that a loaf baked on that day and marked with the sign of the cross will be an effective remedy for scurvy.

North Lincolnshire the breakfast on Good Friday is a special treat, the calf being killed on Maundy Thursday, and on Easter Sunday.

In some counties, notably Essex, where the custom still exists, the day is called "marble day." The men of the county select a good road leading to a church and play a game of marbles right up to the church gates, stopping only for service, but continuing the game immediately after the benediction is pronounced.

In the year 1833, it was the custom in Glenthams (Lincolnshire) to select seven old maids and give to each a shilling for washing, on Good Friday morning, a flagstone in the churchyard known as "Molly's tombstone."

In some places the people used to walk barefoot to church, while in other districts the women wore heavy shoes over their faces whenever they appeared outside their houses.

Many of the observances of Easter are clearly of pagan origin. The goddess Ostara, or Eostre, seems to have been the personification of the morning or east, and also of the opening of the spring.

The belief was prevalent for centuries that the sun, on rising on Easter Day, danced in the sky. Sir John Suckling (1630) refers to this in his verses "On a Wedding:"

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;
But, oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter Day
Is half so fine a sight.

Easter Sunday was very soon looked upon as a day of joy. Popular sports were held and farcical exhibitions given, while the clergy recited from the pulpit stories and legends, with a view to stir the hearers to laughter. Refreshments were often served in the churches; and in the English State Paper Office there is a petition addressed to Archbishop Laud saying that it was an ancient custom for the clergy to provide a supper of bread and cheese and beer for the old people after evening service, and asking that the custom be continued.

The giving of eggs at Easter is derived from the old nature worship, and is not confined to the Christian nations. The Parsees of Persia and India distribute eggs at the opening of spring, and in many other nations the giving of eggs at the commencement of spring is as common as New Year's gifts with us. In Hungary the boys sprinkle the girls with rose water and receive eggs in return.

"And kindly countrywomen yet,
Their pasch eggs ready make,
Of divers colors beautiful,
To give for Jesus' sake."

In France it was the custom to eat Pasch eggs before any other food.

The connection of the rabbit, or hare, with Easter is not so clear, though in all countries the possession of a rabbit on that day is considered fortunate. In an old state paper, dated 1620, one Thomas Fulnety "solicits permission of Lord Zouch, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, to kill a hare on Good Friday, as huntsmen say that those who have not a hare against Easter must eat a red herring." Shakespeare evidently refers to the hunting of the Easter hare when he makes Benedict say: "Cupid is a good hare finder" ("Much Ado About Nothing," Act I, Scene 1.)

Easter Day was always a day of feasting. In the sixteenth century "flaws" (a kind of cheesecake or custard) were eaten at breakfast. An old rhyme says:

"Fill the oven with flaws, Jenny,
Pause not for sleep,
For tomorrow thy father
His wake day will keep."

The last mince pie of the season were eaten, not one being left over. Sweet cakes were sold in the churches, and the good people did not think it wrong to munch cake all through the service. In Shropshire the usual Easter dinner consisted of a leg of mutton stuffed with ground ivy, and a piece of boiled pork or bacon, the latter being eaten to prove that the partaker was not a Jew. In other parts of England veal was the favorite dish, but bacon must always be a part of one meal.

"When Easter comes who knows not than
That veal and bacon is the man."

—[Tusser.]

The ladies still believe that it is essential to wear some new garment on Easter Day, though they may not accept the old idea that, unless they do so, the crows will spoil all their new clothes through the year.

"Lifting" was one of the curious old customs which survived for centuries, and is still practised in some parts. On Easter Monday two men would cross hands, and a third place a young woman on the seat thus prepared. They then lifted her three times from the ground to the greatest height they could reach, and demanded a kiss or sixpence. On Easter Tuesday the women might return the compliment. Many men objected to this compliment, and would keep out of the way. In an old record preserved in the British Museum there is this entry: "1548-9 This yere and on the Tuesday after Ester hollydays if yonge men of Salop whose names were Edmonde Reynolds and Robert Clarke were smothered while hiding themselves from mayds, the hill fallinge on part of the roof upon them."

In Derbyshire the pretty custom of "flowering the wells" is still observed. The wells are carefully decorated with wreaths and garlands of flowers. The villagers, in their best attire, repair to the parish church, where a short service is held. Afterward the clergyman and people go in procession to each well. A Psalm and a few verses of Scripture are read, and a hymn sung. The day is kept as a holiday. The ceremony is supposed to insure a bountiful supply of water for the ensuing year.

The illuminating of the churches on Easter Eve is doubtless a relic of the old festival of Beltain, when fires were built in honor of the god Bel, or Baal. Often the Easter candles lighted on Easter Eve have been marvels of the candle-maker's skill, some weighing as much as 300 pounds. In the records of some churches of ancient date there is ample proof that bonfires as well as candles were lighted. In the parish records of St. Mary-at-Hill, in London, there is this entry: "For a quartern of Coles for ye halloed Fire on Easter Even, 6d."

Many have been puzzled to know how to tell on what day of the month Easter will fall. The rule was laid down at a Council held in the year 714 that Easter Day should be always the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon or next after the 21st of March. If the full moon happen on a Sunday, Easter Day is the Sunday after.

In the old Sarum Missal there is this quaint rule to find Easter Day:

"In March, after ye first (new moon)
Ye next Prime telle to mee,
Ye thirde Sonndale, ful i wis
Paske Dale, sikis hit, i wis"

The giving of presents at Easter is an old custom, and though not observed as extensively as on Christmas or New Year Days, still holds its own, the gifts generally being in the form of Easter eggs, some of which have been known to be worth hundreds of dollars and worthy of being preserved as works of art.

JOHN DE MORGAN.

THE DATE OF EASTER.

RELIGIOUS PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE WE CELEBRATE
ON THE WRONG DATE.

By a Special Contributor.

Is Christendom celebrating the death and resurrection of Christ with chronological correctness? We have always believed so, but there are some who deny it emphatically. According to their belief, Monday, April 17, will correspond to the day on which Christ was crucified, and Wednesday, April 19, will be Easter. Strange belief! And, yet, a biblical foundation is offered for it, which is quite interesting to note.

When interviewed, one of their leaders said: "We are regarded as peculiar for celebrating the Passover on a different day from that adhered to by the churches, but in our practice we simply follow the instructions of the Apostles and of the early church fathers. The Jewish Passover took place on the 14th of Nisan. This was according to divine instructions given in Exodus xii: 3-14. Nisan is the first month of the Jewish year, and the 14th day of that month corresponds, this year, to April 17. As a Jewish day is reckoned from sunset to sunset, the 14th of Nisan will begin on Sunday, April 16, and last until Monday, the 17th. On the evening of the 16th, the paschal lamb was killed and eaten, and after this celebration, the Lord instituted the memorial supper of bread and wine, representative of the body and blood of the antitypical lamb. Christ, then, was crucified at 9 o'clock on the morning of April 17, and died at 3 p.m. of that same day.

"How do we account for such a radical difference in dates? That point is easily settled. The question takes us back to the beginning of the Christian era. Early in the church a dispute arose between Christians of Jewish and Gentile descent, over a uniform celebration of Easter. The Jewish Christians, who considered Christ the true paschal lamb, celebrated the memorial on the 14th of Nisan, and the Easter festival immediately followed, entirely irrespective of the day of the week. Among the Gentile Christians, the first day of the week was identified with the resurrection festival, and the preceding Friday was kept as the commemoration of the crucifixion, irrespective of the day of the month. With the one, therefore, the observance of the day of the month, with the other, the observance of the day of the week, was the ruling principle. Because of this difference, the two factions often celebrated the Passover a month apart. This led to a long-continued controversy, which was only partly settled at the Council of Nice, A.D. 325. About A.D. 361, the popular faction of the church decreed that Easter should be observed on a Sunday, and that the passion should be commemorated on Friday, at the same time proclaiming civil pain and penalties upon all heretics. From this, then, it is evident that Easter, chronologically, does not always fall on a Sunday, as so many imagine."

"But if the church decided upon a change of date, why don't you adhere to it?"

"For various reasons. What would you think of a man who celebrated the 4th of July on the 16th of August? You might admire him for his patriotic intentions, but you would certainly consider him in error. And although a thousand men celebrated on a wrong day, you would nevertheless celebrate on the correct one and regard the others as in error. In the same light do we look upon Christendom, celebrating the anniversary of Christ's death on a day when that most tragic of events did not take place."

"Do you celebrate your Easter in any particular manner?"

"No. Easter, with us, is as any other day, but we always endeavor to spend the time in solemn adoration and worship."

"Do you oppose the popular Easter festival?"

"No, we are not religious cranks, although we regard it as pagan in origin. Any reliable encyclopedia will inform you that the word Easter, like the names of the days of the week, is a survival from the old Teutonic mythology. It is derived from Ostera, the Anglo-Saxon goddess of spring, to whom the fourth month, answering to our April, was dedicated. The adoption of this pagan festival we consider one of the many methods used by an ambitious clergy for gaining numbers and influence."

Whether chronologically correct or incorrect, Christian or pagan in origin, we all enter into the spirit of our popular Easter festival. With many of us, after all, it is not so much the purpose of the day, as the pleasure we derive from its observance that we regard as of the highest value.

J. A. KIEFERLE.

NOT A CHRISTIAN.

"During the taking of a religious census of the District of Columbia the past winter," relates a Representative from Tennessee, "a couple of young ladies who were engaged in the work stopped at my home on Capitol Hill, and when the bell rang it was answered by the negro boy I brought from Tennessee with me. The ladies asked him:

"Will you please tell me who lives here?"
"Yessum; Mistah Johnsing," was the answer.
"Is he a Christian?"
"No, ma'am. He's er Congressman from Tennessee."

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

NO less an authority than the American Indians have accounts of the system. On the other hand, the myths of America are detailed and circumstantial world and of all the things therein. Bancroft, would certainly come from the Popol Vuh or a complete and dignified anywhere existing from his condensed translation. "The heaven was formed in their angle and all the four winds whom all move and has projected the excel the lakes, or in the sea." "Behold the first was as yet no man, nor a crawfish, nor any tree; nothing was the earth had not yet and all the space of joined together, nothing nothing that balanced ling, that made a nothing that stood up, and alone in its bound but immobility and silence." "Alone the Creator, the Serpent, those that give like a growing light. Earth, they said, and on a cloud or fog was its rose over the waters like mountains and the plain the pine appeared. ing thus appeared, it was of animal life."

We should like to give experiments of these dolomite clay, but he had no cohesion not move his head, so the second, out of pith, a man but were manlike, so the thick resin—but space for successful even beyond the made out of white and yellow and far-seeing, that their first, parents of woody a frequent occurrence in the

The aborigines of San Juan, had a genuine creation the existence of the earth in powerful being called Nocu things that grow and move, and held it in his hands, y dual at first, so much so that rock into it to steady it.

But it was the fish themselves encompasses the earth. Nocu stream running around it, were so crowded that they could some of them proposed to land, but others said that en as they had no feet with which hold of the black rock, broke a bladder filled with little which they liked, they poured all might partake. Wherever swelled up, overflowing their near by, making the ocean wide. According to the Blackfoot or Old Man, created the earth the mountains; then he made on them. After that he went making things as he went; putting making falls in some of them ground at various places; and so it today.

He, too, had to experiment when he first created the "man" to live, but afterward, he made on the mountains, but he made himself against the rocks transfer it to the plains. The Papagoes, east of the Gila Mountains, said that the Great Spirit made the earth during the sun nearer to the earth of Arizona say that the earth Prophet. The natives of that god Quacac came down out into a world resting on the shoulders of Southern California who made the earth, filled it and made the animals of land and water went up to heaven, leaving earth, and he became so lonely that he called for company. In Northern said that a certain Big Man of black, with no plant or animal on it except one lone one, was the Nahuatlans say that the first moon. Then came the Coyote who exists, including man sitting on his sacred stool, even

Travels in South Africa.

AGLORIOUS COUNTRY THAT IS FULL OF SURPRISES.

Col. F. O. Follic in London Post.

CERTAINLY Africa always has its surprises, and when I wrote describing the beautiful green which the growing grass had caused the country to assume I did not think that in three days' time the outlook could have been so completely changed by the advent of the humble but exceedingly obtrusive caterpillar. They arrived in their millions and billions, apparently from nowhere, overspread the whole country, and left not a blade of grass in the district between Donia Sabuk and Nairobi, in addition to which they distinguished themselves by several times delaying the train by making the rails so greasy that the wheels would not bite. I suppose that the consolation I personally was expected to extract from their arrival was that had my zebras not been stampeded from some unknown reason there would have been nothing to feed them on, but in any case they have all disappeared with the exception of a half a dozen, and so—tired for the time of the Athi Plains and their misadventures. I will endeavor to describe the country northwest of Nairobi. From Nairobi one commences almost at once to ascend the Kikuyu Escarpment; in the eight or nine months which have elapsed since my last trip up the line homesteads are markedly on the increase, and cultivation everywhere seems more abundant and, as far as one can tell from the train, successful. Judging from the larger groups of settlers and the appearance of more life and bustle at every station the country must be going ahead all along the line in the same degree as is so remarkably noticeable in Nairobi.

The character of the country entirely changes after the long climb up the escarpment through bits of cultivation dotted through the shrub and forest, while on the descent, the far side, one gets the splendid view of the Kedong Valley, and from here on to the Lake Victoria Nyanza elephants roam, at stated seasons, in large and well-known herds.

Passing Lake Naivasha as the darkness falls the train arrives at Nakuru in time for dinner, and leaving in the middle of the night arrives at its destination, Njoro, at 3 o'clock in the morning. Finishing my rest in the dak bungalow I got up in the early morning and was met by a mule wagon which drove me to Equator Lodge, Lord Delamere's residence. This was the first time I had seen this part of the world, and though entirely different from the Athi Plains it is also indeed a beautiful country. Equator Lodge, to which there is a good road from the station, is situated on the edge of a forest country and on the old traction-engine road which pulled up all the stores for the Uganda Railway. To the northwest stretch the successive ranges of well-forested mountains toward Londiani, where the Nandi just then were on the war path. Away to the north lies the Eldama Ravine, to the southeast stretch rolling downs of splendid grass in the direction of Nakuru, while in the same direction in the remotest distance lie the Aberdare Range and the new Masai reserve.

It is indeed hard to describe this glorious country adequately. From the edge of the forest stretches a thinner fringe of bush, or, to be more accurate, a thinner forest, and beyond roll the vast open plains to the far mountains where the forest begins again; the course of the various streams through the plain being marked by belts of trees and the whole on the vastest scale imaginable. Tens of thousands of zebras and comparatively few hartebeest frequent these plains, the exact converse of those round Nairobi.

Lord Delamere is at present housed in grass huts roofed with tin, pending construction of his permanent residence. His farmyard is in close proximity to the house, and the contrast between the grass huts with their turf floors and the furniture from Maple's and fittings from Liberty's present the two extremes of Tottenham Court Road and the interior of Africa, combined in a manner which is singularly refreshing. Having arrived on Christmas Day, we proceeded somewhat unnecessarily to seek for a Thomson gazelle to eke out our Christmas dinner, and I must detail our menu: Soup, Thomson gazelle cutlets, roast beef, most excellent bread, turkey from our host's farmyard, bang up to the best English form, the first-class plum pudding (specially imported from England,) with snap-dragon to follow, and champagne in abundance, made one feel that Christmas on the equator was just as good as Christmas anywhere else. The yule log was supplied by the camp fire in the compound, round which we sat in the company of the black farm hands and herds.

Lord Delamere may be regarded as the pioneer of ranching in this country, so I quote him extensively—no other man has made anything like the same progress in attempting to develop the country or has sunk so much capital and put so much stock on the land. He and Lady Delamere have now been two years residing in the country, and an account of his undertakings will give the best idea of the maximum so far attempted or achieved out here. He has about 300 milch cows and about 1300 other head of stock, about 7000 native sheep, and has imported, in conjunction with his two brothers-in-law, who are settled near Aberdare Range, about 700 merino sheep from New Zealand, also a shorthorn bull from home, which, however, unfortunately died, about six weeks after we arrived. The native cattle have a hump, and are in every particular similar to Indian cattle; in the first cross with the shorthorn the hump entirely disappears, and the first cross favor their shorthorn sire about the forehead and middle piece, while the flanks so far unfortunately resemble more their native dam; still the result is eminently satisfactory, and though the number is as yet comparatively small, I saw some remarkably nice heifers.

The sheep of the country are Scriptural to a degree, and one can thoroughly appreciate the difficulty of sepa-

rating the sheep from the goats; their wool is at present hair, and though the first crosses I saw showed a distinct tendency to a "wool of sorts" I should say that the improvement of the sheep will be a much longer matter than the establishment of a good local breed of cattle. I must not, however, forget the Ankole cattle which are the most magnificent animals imaginable; their horns far exceed in spread and size those of the biggest South African trek oxen, and in build and size they rival the biggest shorthorns. Lord Delamere is also starting a dairy farm up here, and will supply milk and butter throughout this protectorate. The great thing against cattle throughout this portion of the country would appear to be the tick fever.

And now with regard to horses. The country is so far ill-provided with horses. A large quantity of Somali and South African ponies and Indian country-breds, with a few Arabs, have found their way here, all hardy types, but apparently an indifferent stock to breed from in a new country, their only merit beyond their toughness being their comparative cheapness, for all horses are dear out here. There are two government stallions in the country, one Arab, one thoroughbred, and Lord Hindlip and Lord Delamere are importing another. In addition to these Lord Delamere has a trotting stallion and Col. Harrison a good Arab. The remainder of the good horses in the country could be counted on the fingers. It seems a pity that a good start could not be managed on better stock, but the money question is against it, and it costs £50 to import a horse from England. Horse sickness appears now and again at Nairobi, but up north the horses have so far done well, and with luck it should be a horse-breeding country.

Lord Delamere's brothers-in-law have imported four useful Waters, and some of the debris from the Somaliland expedition have found their way down.

He has commenced laying out his ranch in large paddocks a mile square, as they do in Australia, but at present, until the game learn to know and avoid the fences, they are continually destroyed, as a rush of game, to say nothing of the lordly elephants, which have a well-defined track near the house, make nothing of breaking through a fence. Planting to any great extent has not been commenced up here, but the soil seems singularly fertile, and in the acre or so he has broken up and is experimenting on in a small way fruit, vegetables, grass, etc., seem to grow well. Where the ground is thoroughly broken up the native clover springs up at once, and would appear to be excellent feeding. The turf in all the Naivasha and Nakuru districts when well broken in by stock is as good pasture as any in the world, but until this has taken place is somewhat rank. This is at the root of the vexed Masai question, to which I will allude later.

HOLY WEEK IN MEXICO.

SENSATIONAL CUSTOMS THAT MARK THE DAYS IN THE NEIGHBOR REPUBLIC.

By a Special Contributor.

The most startling sights are presented to the tourist in Mexico, during Holy Week. Upon my arrival at the capital, I was told by the landlord that the festivities would reach their climax on Friday and Saturday. Friday evening, I visited the grand cathedral, where the scenes were most harrowing. In the center of the aisle was a coffin, in which lay the waxen figure of Christ. With a feeling of awe I stepped up to it, and shivered as I beheld the empty eye sockets and the nail holes gaping in the bleeding hands. On the face was an expression of exquisite suffering. The impression made upon my mind was a lasting one.

Beside the bier stood the waxen figure of the Virgin Mary, clothed in black. Without any difficulty one could see the tears on the anguished face. All over the church the people knelt and wept. Many gnashed their teeth and wrung their hands until I shuddered involuntarily and walked away.

The external appearance of the cathedral was a vision of glory. Doubtless large sums of money and a great deal of time were spent in the preparation of the gorgeous array. Burning candles, three inches apart, dotted the edges of the roof. They also covered the entire surface of the belfry, until it looked as if decked with myriads of sparkling diamonds.

But the most popular festival of the Holy Week is on Saturday, which is devoted to the death of Judas. On this day, the effigies of the Master's betrayer are burned throughout the entire capital. They are of all dimensions, but usually of life-size, and are seen on houses, fences, trees, posts, and in front of locomotives; in fact, wherever they can be made to hang. The figures are full of fireworks, so that they explode when a match is touched to them. If any of them fail to the ground without exploding, they are torn to pieces by the crowds, who thus indicate their detestation of the betrayer of the Lord. One figure had thirty silver dollars pasted upon it, as a reminder of the thirty pieces of silver which were the traitor's price. When it fell to the ground, there was a lively scramble for the coins. One fellow was fortunate in getting four coins, but was unfortunate in being bruised by an explosive. All day the reports from the fireworks were deafening.

At our hotel the excitement was not so great, but there was an expression of supreme pleasure at the sight of Mrs. Judas. She looked so pretty and innocent in her fluffy attire, that I hoped she did not participate in the conspiracy. In due time, however, she, too, was consigned to the flames. The contortions of the figure were horrible, but the peons shouted for joy until the noise became deafening.

To add to the uproar, the Matraca was started. This is a big wooden machine in the tower of the cathedral, with a wheel inside which grinds against the walls. That the grating and whirling of the machine produced an unearthly sound, is needless to state. The hundreds of bells that made the air musical during the week were silent on that day.

Easter Sunday presented an entire change in the pro-

gramma. Early in the morning I was awakened by the ringing of cathedral bells, which are as numerous "on the sands on the seashore." After breakfast, I went to the cathedral, where the risen Savior looked lovingly down on His benighted followers. The choir boys sang joyously as they scattered sweet incense, the Virgin Mary wore robes of mazarine blue, and the priests were gorgeously arrayed in purple velvet robes.

Superstition reigns supreme among the Mexicans. They never build a fire without making the sign of the cross in front of the oven. A child slow to talk is fed on boiled swallows, and colored glass beads, ground fine, are given for paralysis. The entire religion of the Mexican is full of suffering.

J. A. K.

ENGLAND'S WHITE CATTLE.

DISASTER TO THE HOUSE OF FERRERS HERALDED BY BIRTH OF BLACK CALF.

From a Staff Correspondent.

LONDON, April 5.—Until they were offered for sale a while ago, few persons were aware that there still existed in England a herd of wild white cattle which are pure-blooded descendants of the aboriginal bulls and cows that were kept by the ancient Britons. For centuries this herd has been one of the most cherished possessions of the family of Earl Ferrers at their famous Charley estate, in Staffordshire. It was first established there in the reign of Henry III.

All that remains of the once mighty herd that used to roam through the forests and over the moors surrounding Charley—less than a dozen shaggy beasts—has just been bought by the Duke of Bedford. Their disposal in this fashion puts the finishing touches to the disaster verification of an ancient legend that the birth of black calves in the herd portended death or dire disaster to the family or its possessions. The legend began to be respected in 1322, after the battle of Burton Bridge between Edward II and his revolted barons, with a Ferrers among them. A black calf being born that year at Charley, and the second downfall of the house ensuing—the first had been preceded by a similar occurrence—this was attributed to the black quadruped rather than to the impious patriotism of the Earl, and it was ruthlessly slaughtered. By marriage, Charley passed to the Shirleys, who were oppressed by Cromwell as Royalists and later rescued by Charles II with the revival of the Ferrers name. The Earl Ferrers of Queen Anne's time had fifteen sons and twelve daughters which greatly impoverished the patrimony. His grandson, the notorious Lawrence, Earl Ferrers, was executed at Tyburn in 1760 for the murder of his steward. According to superstitious chroniclers, every vicissitude in the affairs of the family has been heralded by the birth of a black calf.

The present Earl Ferrers showed his contempt for the legend by introducing a black bull into the herd. His object was to combat the decadence resulting from continuous inbreeding by introducing a new strain. In several black calves were born in the herd. This sensational sully of the whiteness of the breed was followed by what folk who take pride in noble heritages regard as the crowning disaster in the annals of the family—the sale of the entire estate; feudal fortress, historic associations, park, broad acres and all the rest—at auction. And thus was lost to the family a property which they had many times changed hands through death, marriage, or at the sword's point, had never been subjected to the ignominious fate of being bartered for a rent coin. Now that the herd itself has been sold, one of the Earl's former tenants believe that his descendants will ever regain possession of the estate.

However, the herd has fallen into good hands. The Duke and Duchess of Bedford are devoted to the animals of all sorts, and have the largest private collection in the country. They can be trusted to apply restorative remedies necessary to perpetuate the interesting relics—the introduction of fresh blood and rearing of new-born calves by foster mothers.

Prof. Robert Wallace suggests that the old calves of these white cattle, instead of being slaughtered as has heretofore been the custom, should be collected one park and allowed to breed indiscriminately. "The possibilities are great," he says, "of obtaining curious and interesting scientific as well as useful practical results from efforts made in that direction. Had a similar scientific interest arisen in America, the question would do doubt have been bought by the department of Animal Industry, or such an institution as the State Agricultural College at Ames, Iowa, where cattle of many different breeds are available for experimental and teaching work. Results of profound scientific interest to the whole bucolic world could have failed to develop from the action."

From a man of Prof. Wallace's attainments this is a recent testimony to the way some things are done better in America.

THE ENLIGHTENED FARMER.

Pleasant Porter, Governor of the Creek nation, pointed one day to a brave in paint and eagle feathers. "He doesn't look enlightened, does he?" said Gov. Porter. "Yet he can read Virgil and Horace in the Greek, and Homer and Theocritus in the Greek, and wrote a sonnet that a leading New York newspaper printed and paid \$4 for."

"Enlightenment," said Gov. Porter, smiling, "is where. One day I visited an apple farm. The farmer and his sons were filling barrels with apples. The big apples in the bottom of the barrels and the small ones on top. I thought that this was a place of enlightenment had not struck, and I said:

"My good old friend, don't you know it is unusual to put the big apples in the bottom and the small ones on top?"

"Yes," said the farmer, "but these city chaps are so sharp nowadays that they open all the apples from the bottom, so as to see whether us farmers tryin' to cheat 'em or not."—[Kansas City Journal]

[April, 1905.]

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Mythology of the Pacific.

INDIAN LEGENDS OF THE CREATION OF THE WORLD.

By a Special Contributor.

N O less an authority than Brinton says that the American Indians have no real creation myths, no accounts of the beginnings of earth and the solar system. On the other hand, Jeremiah Curtin states that the myths of America form a complete system, giving a detailed and circumstantial account of the origin of this world and of all the things and creatures contained therein. Bancroft, though not arguing this question, would certainly coincide with Curtin; for in his citation from the Popol Vuh of the Quichés of Guatemala, he gives a complete and dignified account of creation as per- haps anywhere exists. The following are brief extracts from his condensed translation:

"The heaven was formed, and all the signs thereof set in their angle and alignment, and its boundaries fixed to- ward the four winds by the Creator and Former, He by whom all move and breathe. . . . He whose wisdom has projected the excellence of all that is on earth, or in the lakes, or in the sea.

"Behold the first word and the first discourse. There was as yet no man, nor any animal, nor bird, nor fish, nor cowfish, nor any pit, nor ravine, nor green herb, nor any tree; nothing was but the firmament. The face of the earth had not yet appeared—only the peaceful sea and all the space of heaven. There was nothing yet joined together, nothing that clung to anything else; nothing that balanced itself, that made the least rust- ling, that made a sound in the heaven. There was nothing that stood up. . . . nothing but the sea, calm and alone in its boundaries; nothing existed; nothing but immobility and silence, in the darkness, in the night.

"Alone the Creator, the Former. . . . the Feathered Spirit, those that give being, they are upon the water, like a growing light. . . . And they spoke. . . . Then, they said, and on the instant it was formed; like a cloud or fog was its beginning. Then the mountains rose over the waters like great lobsters; in an instant the mountains and the plains were visible, the cypress and the pine appeared. . . . Earth and its vegetation hav- ing thus appeared, it was peopled with the various forms of animal life."

"We should like to give the quaint description of the ex- periments of these deities in making man—first, out of clay, but he had no cohesion or consistence, and could not move his head, so they let him dissolve in the water; second, out of pith, a man and a woman who could bend, but were manikins, so they were destroyed by a rain of fire rain—but space forbids. Their third essay was successful even beyond their wishes, for the four men made out of white and yellow corn were so intelligent and far-seeing, that their powers had to be curtailed. First, parents of woody substances and of corn are of frequent occurrence in the myths of the western coast.

"The aborigines of San Juan Capistrano Valley, Califor- nia, had a genuine creation legend, which accounted for the existence of the earth in this wise: An invisible, all- powerful being called Nocuma made the world and all things that grow and move. He made it round like a ball and held it in his hands, where it rolled about a good deal at first, so much so that he had to put a heavy black ink into it to steady it.

"But it was the fish themselves that made the sea which compasses the earth. Nocuma had made only a little stream running around it, and in this stream the fish were so crowded that they could not work their fins, and one of them proposed to try forming a colony upon land, but others said that enterprise would not succeed, so they had no feet with which to go about; so they got out of the black rock, broke it in two, and finding in a bladder filled with bitter, salty water, the taste of which they liked, they poured it into the stream, so that all might partake. Whereupon the waters immediately swelled up, overflowing their banks and much of the land near by, making the ocean with its present bounds.

"According to the Blackfoot Indians of Montana, Napi, or Old Man, created the earth. He made the prairies and the mountains; then he made timber and brush to grow on them. After that he went along, traveling northward, making things as he went; putting rivers here and there; making falls in some of them; placing red paint in the mud at various places; and fixing up the world as we see it today.

"He, too, had to experiment with the creatures he made; when he first created the "big-horn," he put it on the plains to live, but afterward, seeing that it was better suited to the mountains, he sent it there. The antelope he made on the mountains, but it ran so swiftly that it eluded itself against the rocks, and he was obliged to transfer it to the plains. The first buffaloes ate and trampled men; and this likewise, he had to reverse.

"The Papagoes, east of the Gulf of California, say that the Great Spirit made the earth and all living things, placing the sun nearer to the earth than it now is. The Pima of Arizona say that the world was made by the Earth Prophet. The natives of Los Angeles county said that god Quasor came down out of heaven, and turned the world into a world resting on the back of seven giants.

"The Southern California say that there were two who made the earth, filled it with trees and grasses, and made the animals of land and sea. Then the elder brother went up to heaven, leaving his brother alone on earth, and he became so lonely that he made himself men for company. In Northern California the Mat- lones said that a certain Big Man made the earth, bare and bleak, with no plant or animal thereon, nothing liv- ing except one lonesome, very hungry Indian.

"The Nishinams say that the first thing in existence was a man. Then came the Coyote, and these two made the world that exists, including man. Kareya, the Karok, sitting on his sacred stool, created the world, a great

many hundred snows ago, making, first, the fishes in the big waters, the animals on the green land, and last of all, mankind. The animals were all equal in power, when they came from the making, but he made bows of different lengths, and, calling the creatures before him, gave to each a bow whose length determined the strength and cunning of its owner.

"The Dieguenos of San Diego county assert that Tu- chal-pai made the world and the sky, the former being a woman and the latter a man. "The world at first was nothing but a lake covered with tules; and the sky came close down to earth. Tu-chai-pai and his younger brother, Yo-ko-mat-is, sat together, stooping far over, bowed down under the weight of the sky. Presently Tu- chal-pai said: "We-hicht, we-hicht, we-hicht!" three times; and taking tobacco in his hands he rubbed it fine, blew upon it three times, and every time he blew, the sky rose higher. "He told his brother to do the same, and the heavens went up for him, also. Then they did it both together: "We-hicht, we-hicht, we-hicht!" rubbing to- bacco and blowing upon it, and the sky went up into a concave arch as it is today."

"Tu-chai-pai then made a long line on the earth, and a cross line, thus marking off the four quarters of the earth and the points of the compass.

"Now I am going to make hills and valleys and little hollows of water," he said.

"Why are you making all these things?" asked the brother.

"After a while, when men come and are walking back and forth in the world, they will need to drink water, or they will die," he said. He had already made the ocean; but he made these little waters for the people who were yet to be created. By and by he made the forests, so that they might have wood to keep them warm.

"But the people had been created and had stumbled about in the darkness for some time before there was any light. Then he made the sun; after he had done so, he said to his little brother: "You may make the moon, as I have made the sun"—which is a good reason why its light is feebleer.

"It is true, however, that many mythologies assume the existence of an earth, which is sometimes a barren desert, and in other cases is pictured as a chaotic wilderness occupied by frogs, wild beasts, giants, and cannibals. In either case, "Transformers" come to slay the monsters, create birds, beasts, and fishes that are fit for man's food, dry up the swamps, create rivers and lakes, and in various ways prepare the earth for the habitation of man.

"Two of the most elaborate of these last-mentioned world theories are those of the Zuni of New Mexico and of the Navajoes of Arizona, both of which describe this as the last and highest of a series of worlds. The Zuni series has four, three of which are underground, the in- habitants climbing up on the alternate leaves of a corn stalk, as on a ladder, from the lower and darker into the larger and higher worlds; becoming more human as they ascended, but retaining their webbed feet and hands and their tails until they had been in the present world for some time.

"In the lower of the five Navajo worlds, the only light was a faint color which came in the sky by day. The in- habitants were twelve kinds of winged insects, as beetles, dragon flies, etc., although they talked and dwelt together like people, who flew up through a "sky hole" into the next world. This second world was a barren plain, desti- tute even of sagebrush, encircled by high mountains, whose farther slopes fell downward into fathomless depths of nothingness; it was inhabited only by Swallow People, with their lumpy mud houses. After a brief so- journ, all these people again were driven onward, and flew up, soaring and circling under the solid dome of the sky until Niltel, the Wind, peered at them from the sky hole in the south, and called them up into the third world, inhabited only by Grasshopper People. When they were again driven onward, the red face of the Red Wind appeared at the western sky hole, calling them to fly westward and come up into the fourth world.

"And here the work of real creation began; for here, one morning, there came the sound of a great voice call- ing from the distance, and presently appeared the four gods of the four points of the compass, White Body of the east, Blue Body of the south, Yellow Body of the west, and Black Body of the north, who communicated to the people, as delicately as possible, that they did not like their animal forms and odors, and were about to make people of more godlike parts.

"The gods placed a sacred buckskin on the ground, laid upon it a white and a yellow ear of corn, put eagle's feath- ers under the ears, placed another sacred buckskin over this, and commanded the White Wind to blow from the east and the Yellow Wind from the west, while the Mi- rage People marched around the skins. When the tips of the eagle's plumes were seen to quiver, they raised the upper skin—the corn had disappeared, and in its stead lay First Man and First Woman, progenitors of human kind.

"After a time, some of their number returning of an er- rand to the lower world, one of them stole the two chil- dren of Ticholtmodi, the water god of the lowest world, and carried them off under his long robe. The angry water god sent a flood and the waters were like to drown the people, till they took refuge in a huge reed, which grew rapidly and carried them to the sky of the fourth world. But here, finding no hole, they were obliged to dig their way through to this, the fifth and last world.

"This was a shallow lake, hemmed in by lofty moun- tains, and the people found no place on which to stand until Blue Body threw four stones toward the four points of the compass, thus making four holes through which the waters drained off, leaving them an island on which to live. Here the work of creation was continued, First Man, First Woman, Blue Body, and Black Body making the seven sacred mountains of the present Navajo land out of earth brought from the seven mountains of the world below. San Mateo in the south they fastened down with a stone knife, thrusting it through from top to bot- tom. San Francisco in the west they pinned with a sun- beam; San Juan in the north with a rainbow.

They still had only the colors of the sky to light this world; so First Man and First Woman made a round, flat object out of clear stone, for a sun, bordering it with tur- quises, rays of red rain, lightning, and snakes. The moon they made from "star rock," bordering it with white shells, and putting sheet lightning on its face.

But they did not know what to do with the sun, nor where to make it rise. The Wind of the East begged that it be brought to his land; so they dragged it off to the edge of the world, where he dwelt, and gave it to an old man to carry through the heavens, and he trudges across the sky with it yet.

CLARA KERN BAYLESS

LA CANYADA.

Have you been to the vale,
Sweeping up from Glendale,
When the wind blew a gale,
In fair La Canyada?

Have you wandered at will
When the night wind was still
And your heart was athrill,
In the vale, La Canyada?

Have you sat half-asleep
Where the shadows were deep
As the summer nights sweep
O'er dark La Canyada?

Oh! the fairest that grows
Is the soft-tinted rose,
When the summer wind blows
In bright La Canyada.

There the flowers never die,
There the mountains are high
And their peaks touch the sky,
Around La Canyada.

There the piteous wail
Of the unmated quail
Strikes the heart like a flail
In fair La Canyada.

There the mocking bird trills
All the music that thrills
The glad heart in the hills
'Round dear La Canyada.

And the turtle doves greet
Their fair mates when they meet
With their coolings so sweet,
In fair La Canyada.

And the lights of Mount Lowe
In the summer nights glow
Where the forest flowers grow
By fair La Canyada.

There the splendor enthalls
And the light grandly falls
On the Gould castle walls,
By fair La Canyada.

Oh, the mist-shrouded hills,
And the grandeur that fill
Every heart till it thrills,
In fair La Canyada.

Not a sad bell may toll,
Not a shadow may roll
O'er the undisturbed soul,
In calm La Canyada.

There no tear dims the eye
And no heart heaves a sigh
Where the summer birds fly,
In fair La Canyada.

And no mortal may weep
Where the silent years sleep,
As the centuries sweep
O'er fair La Canyada.

There the soul is at rest,
And the spirit is blest
In the vale we love best,
In dear La Canyada.

And the day and night seem
To glide by like a dream
Where the moon's softest beam
Falls on La Canyada.

There is naught that will cloy,
There's no trace of alloy,
In that valley of joy,
In the sweet La Canyada.

'Tis an unhappy day
When the sad heart must say,
As it wanders away,
"Fare thee well! La Canyada."

R. A. S. WADE

CREMATIONS IN GERMANY.

Statistics for the German empire show a further in- crease in the number of cremations, there having been cremated 1381 bodies in 1904 against 1074 bodies in 1903, an increase of 28 per cent., and double the number cre- mated in 1901. The Gotha crematory had 391 inciner- ations; Hamburg, 281; Jena, 189; Mainz, 158; Heidelberg, 155; Offenbach, 123; Mannheim, 74; Eisenach, 56, and Karlsruhe 46. Of the bodies cremated 908 were males and 473 females; 1050 were of the Evangelical, 142 of the Catholic, and 168 of Jewish faith; 44 were Freethinkers and 37 were of undetermined religious views.—[Pitts- burgh Dispatch.

Farming in California—The Land and Its Products.

CONDUCTED BY J. W. JEFFREY, AGRICULTURAL EDITOR.

FIELD NOTES.

Pure-food Laws.

LOCALLY two or three of our dealers have been fined for selling adulterated or diluted vinegar, in every case the sellers paying the penalty without contest. If this policy of vigilance is carried out persistently it should be of some advantage to the producers of fruit by-products, who have heretofore found it impossible to compete with the stuff put upon the market under false labels. The policy will be of greater favor to the consumer who would rather pay his water bills to the city than to the vinegar-dealing grocerymen.

Amended Horticultural Law.

A letter recently received from W. A. Johnstone of San Dimas, the writer states that the amendments to the county horticultural law go into effect on the 20th day of May, the Governor having signed the bill on the 20th day of March. This act empowers the County Horticultural Commissioners of the State to destroy the Russian thistle at the counties' expense, making it a charge against the land upon which the weeds are found. The amendment also enlarges the scope of the law in relation to the treatment of infected plants, placing plant diseases in the same category as insect pests. Under the old law, the District Attorney in Los Angeles county had advised that authority was not given for holding up shipments of plants infected with blight or other bacterial diseases.

Sonora Dry Pasturage.

ANEPHEW of one of the most widely-known Spanish-Americans of Los Angeles writes me from Sonora describing the agricultural conditions of that portion of Mexico. He says no one can realize the backwardness of farm development there without a personal visit. The valley where he is located he calls the "Arana Valley of Mexico," but the great body of the land is dry, and they are trying to utilize the cacti for substitute cattle feed during the dry portions of the year. "Uncle Jim" Wilson's experiments with thornless cactus and with singeing for thorny varieties have been heard of in Mexico, and I am requested to forward those publications for use in Sonora.

Improved Cereal Conditions.

WITHIN the last week the outlook for grain and hay has improved in a marked degree. Fields yellowed over and stunted a short time ago are now heading out and promising. In some cases the poor appearance of the grain was caused by insect ravages. Mr. S. A. Pease of San Bernardino county writing that he had found an aphid attacking the barley and wheat in his section. In a local field it is reported that the aphid began upon the mustard growing among the grain, leaving this plant for the cereals—as the mustard foliage hardened and became immune. With the better prospects comes the assurance of a good output of hay and grain, for the area planted was very extensive.

Bacteria for Hot Houses.

C. V. G. writes that he wishes to introduce the nitrogen bacteria into his hot-house work, and asks if the bacteria can be made to form nodules upon plants already growing. The soil of our propagating houses is usually so well supplied with nitrogen that but little improvement could be expected from the use of the bacteria. But few legumes are grown under glass, and the material sent out by the Department of Agriculture is for legumes only, so I do not think that the treatment bacterial would be of any benefit to the hot-house soils. The best way to inoculate leguminous plants already growing is to moisten the soil with the liquid cultures procured from the combination sent in the packages. Let me remind Mr. G. and all others who do not know it, that the nitrogen bacteria can be used only on clovers, beans, peas, vetches and other legumes. Also that the Department of Agriculture supplies for the season were promised two months ago.

Did Not Know the Bug.

ONE of the strangest and most aggravating cases of misadvice I have ever known has resulted in the infection of the palms and houseplant of a citizen of Los Angeles. A man who has charge of one of the show places of the city told the innocent citizen that a small, white bug on some plants near by was a deadly enemy of the black scale. It had, in fact, wiped this scale off the map of the premises of the show place, and would do likewise with the same scale that was pestering the citizen. The victim of this advice gathered a number of the "white bugs" and distributed them over his plants. It now develops that the so-called scale exterminators were mealy bugs, insects that have been in full fellowship with the black scale here ever since the Mexican occupation. Swearing is never justified in law, morals or religion, but there are outbreaks that might be condoned by even a man's good angel where provocation is extreme.

Bumper Wheat Crop.

GRAIN growers of the Coast will be interested in the present condition of the wheat crop of Kansas. For some unknown reason this State continues to roll up immense crops of corn and wheat annually without a failure, where a few years ago drought caused the abandonment of farming activities throughout dozens of Western Kansas counties. A scientist of great renown is trying

to prove that the sun is losing its heating powers, the last two or three seasons showing several degrees less heat than the average for years, throughout the sections taken into calculation. If this is true, it may account for the great immunity from drought that has been experienced since 1900. Forty-three counties of Kansas now report wheat as averaging perfect conditions; twenty-three of these embracing an aggregate area of 2,000,000 acres sown to wheat. The whole State with an area of 5,712,000 acres of winter wheat shows an average condition of 95.4 per cent.—a state indicating an immense yield for 1905.

Two Premiums Unclaimed.

MORE than a year ago it was reported on good authority that the Walnut Growers' Association had offered a prize of \$10,000 for an effective remedy for the walnut blight. I have not heard of anyone's making a serious call for this bonus. Again, the American Grape Acid Association offered \$25,000 for an effective method of extracting tartaric acid from grapes. This offer has likewise remained unclaimed, though several claims have been rejected by the committee in charge. These matters are of great interest to the farmers, and the fact that money cannot buy achievement in these lines should also influence the farmers who criticize the failures of the experts who are studying many of the mystifying diseases that afflict the growth of fruits. Again, our scientific investigators may be able to diagnose walnut and pear blight, the California vine disease, etc., and yet never find a remedy. It has been so with consumption. Yet our investigators may find a remedy for each of these plant maladies.

Change in Game Ordinance.

PETITIONS are circulating for the shortening of the open season in which doves, deer and quail may be lawfully taken. Glenford heads the list, so far as heard from, with a petition bearing 103 names, only three individuals having refused to sign the document. The Supervisors will be asked to pass an ordinance making it unlawful to kill mourning doves before October 1st, and to make the open season as short as possible thereafter. The petitioners also ask that the season for deer hunting be limited to the first fifteen days of October, the State law closing the season on the 15th of that month. The quail season now extends from October 15 to February 15. If the Supervisors grant the prayer of the petitioners the time for quail shooting will be diminished by six weeks, the time running from November 1 to January 15. Those favoring this new ordinance expect the usual opposition from the hunters, but make much of the fact that the petition bears the name of the gentleman who led the opposition to the restrictions attempted one year ago.

New Mexican Apples.

SEVENTY THOUSAND apple grafts set in nursery form is the record of Lake Arthur, New Mexico, this spring, all designed for local settlers. The people of this portion of the territory must have faith in the apple. There are no doubt many untended sections of the Southwest where this fruit will succeed well, one of which is being exploited by Los Angeles parties on the desert side of the San Bernardino Mountains. In the lower altitudes the apple is being planted more largely than usual this year, Compton increasing its area by nearly 100 acres. On the Cudahy ranch, near the city, a very large orchard is coming into bearing and the Antelope Valley people are receiving a large number of apple trees for planting this spring. If the codling moth can be controlled by parasites or by artificial means where this insect has become destructive, apple growing will become an industry of increased importance in Southern California.

Grafted Walnuts.

AN Orange-county grower has just finished planting sixty acres of grafted walnut trees, a large undertaking considering the expense and difficulty of propagating the walnut from grafts. The planter is evidently up with the times in this method of securing a profitable walnut grove. Mr. F. E. Proud, the owner of this new plantation, says the grafted trees will produce nuts in a much shorter time than seedlings, citing that he had picked several nuts from trees one year old last season. There the nuts referred to by Mr. Proud were no doubt the result of the matured wood of the scions. After the effect is some doubt as to grafts bearing earlier than seedlings, of this wood is gone, the trees may not produce other nuts till they have reached the usual age, say three or four years in the orchard. Further information upon this matter would be valuable, yet there are so many points in favor of planting grafted walnut trees that early bearing is not of the greatest importance.

Citrus League.

RESOLVED, that it is the sense of this convention of citrus-fruit growers that a citrus league should be at once formed with affiliating branches in each considerable citrus fruit growing center for the purpose of systematically cooperating with our University investigations of citrus problems, supplement their work by such organized investigations as laymen may efficiently carry on, discuss timely subjects pertaining to the industry and be prepared to act unitedly and intelligently on projects and questions arising which may materially effect the prosperity of the industry.

This resolution is the handiwork of Dr. J. H. Reed, and

was passed unanimously at a late meeting of the Farmers' Institute held at Riverside. Dr. Reed is an indefatigable worker for the interests of the citrus fruit industry, and did more than all others to induce the Department of Agriculture to send one of its big men here to study the ills besetting our citrus fruits. Just when the form and scope of the proposed league may be under the intelligent workmanship of such men as the author of the above resolution, I do not know. But they will be broad and up-to-date and should have the support of all growers who realize the nature of the investigations that should be made.

Deteriorating Oranges.

DR. J. H. REED of Riverside, in a widely printed article, says: "We must squarely face the fact that the average quality of our fruit is deteriorating, and speedily and vigorously set about finding the causes and correcting them. The immense loss from this source, as attested by the vast quantities that go to the dump pile, and the larger amounts that should go there instead of to the markets to depress values of better quality, is quite too little considered. Formerly, even low grades returned profit. That time has passed, and practical scientific heed must be given to raising the general standard of the quality of our product."

This declaration is strictly in accord with the position held by the editor of the Agricultural Department of the Times for several years, and is endorsed by a large majority of the growers. The only disagreement upon the matter seems to be as to the relative importance of orchard fruit compared with the importance of careful handling. Nothing touching the prosperity of the State transcends the need of thoroughly thoroughness in the facts as to whether anything is of permanent value to the citrus fruit industry that does not go back to discover the causes of short-lived fruit. There may be interference of opinion as to the best means of discovering the truth, but that the necessity of progress in this direction is paramount to the need of more care in transportation is becoming more patent every year. Progress may be made through purely scientific investigation, but I feel more clearly every season that the subject must be clarified through the efforts of someone who is able to digest the experiences already gained, with scientific attainments sufficient to see through the mysterious experiences should reveal and with the power to set forth conclusions that may be understood. The quality cannot be successfully handled without a combination of the scientific and the practical.

Viticultural Club.

THE California Viticultural Club is not an organization of wine men, or of wine-grape growers, but tends to devote its energies to the betterment of growing. This organization has obtained the approval of Prof. Biondetti to increase the efficiency of the Agricultural Department of the University at Berkeley, and proposes in addition to cooperate with that department furnish its members with information of all kinds affecting the vineyard's interest. At a late meeting of the following resolution was passed:

"Resolved, that the California Viticultural Club organize throughout the State by appointing representatives each county to solicit members, with annual membership dues of 5 cents per acre. All dues to be received by the treasurer, and membership cards issued on the acreage and amount paid. The funds thus raised to be used for the protection of the vineyard industry and the betterment of conditions throughout the State according to the wish of the members expressed to the president and board of directors."

Rain-making Cranks.

THE San Francisco Chronicle is unusually severe on Mr. Hatfield, and an unnamed contemporary who has swallowed the alleged rainmaker's theories. The Chronicle refers to our local man as a rain-making crank stationed in the southern part of the State, who seems to have impressed a veridical and capturable contemporary with his preposterous and substantial claims that he has been the active agent in the production of this winter's generous rainfall through the State, through injecting into the upper atmosphere certain potent moisture-creating chemicals, the use of whose marvelous power he is the sole possessor. The wizard of the twentieth century is certainly well wadded with more conceit and faith in his powers than the stout but wise priest who declined a handsome reward as an effective prayer for rain in one of the southern states during an unusually dry winter, on the ground that it was useless to pray for it during a season of drought. That dominie had, at least, some respect for the laws of nature and a correct understanding of the limitations of human control over the elements in the section of the world. But the southern rain-maker is claiming a reward of \$1000, which someone with a little intelligence is said to have offered for the production of an eighteen-inch rainfall in Los Angeles. A skeptical world awaits the proof of the righteousness of his claim. As a matter of fact, the extraordinary fall of this season has not been exclusively peculiar to California. The whole Pacific Coast and the States of Arizona and New Mexico have been visited this winter with unusual rainstorms.

Fighting Moth.

TWO years ago California suggested to the authorities of Massachusetts the advisability of securing a parasite of the Gypsy moth. Last

April, 1905.]

the Legislature appropriated for the natural enemy of the usual red-tape proceedings the time to attack this pest. Meantime the moths are mulieral of the New England State, pays the boys so much brought in, estimating the erpillars. Other towns in the efforts to stay the invasion year ago. Boston is proceeding the Board of Health on the sickness, the authorities comp to kill all the moths upon the of action is now recommended in the path of the invasion.

I am asked if there is not getting into California. There should avoid getting plants with the moth. It is generally act enemy has secured a hold a whole decade, but we have and the danger is still great. all others in the thoroughness of antine laws, yet no system can vigilance and cooperation upon purchase stock for their homes. The outlook for 1905 is very Massachusetts, Rhode Island and in fact that the Department of special investigation of the national aid will no doubt be in favor.

THE DAIRY

Get Acquainted With Your Cows.

WHAT is the advice of "Wallace" his readers who take milk to "Farmer" explains what it means acquainted with your cows. Let one that is as true as the in there are thousands upon thousands know less about their cows in the farm. They never know give, nor how much butter or cheese in the herd are paying for. They act as if they were afraid of colic or some other dread disease right down to a system that would with their cows. It is just this daily way of looking at the business makes them the men they are, and of the cow they keep. "Like owner of it all is, they think it is ch able to do business that way."

To Avoid Mottled Butter.

FRANK CHEVRIE, a butter-maker, tells of a simple process of butter from being mottled. He says:

"In cold weather, after I churn milk, I take the temperature of the butter with water of about the same temperature from experience that if the temperature, and I then turned the upon it, it would at once harden the under the stream of water. If it was salted, these grains being would not take the salt; on being through the soft butter and, as after being salted and worked, would be well distributed, and being working into the whole mass the mottled known as mottled."

"To avoid this, I always scatter temperature over the butter, instead of salt."

Slits in Milk.

"I used to be an old idea that 4 or 5 per cent. of the milk out of which cheese was made was better now. Before the war, the analysis of milk on every farm, a check showing 4 or 5 per cent. fat, which he was working were about 3 per cent. of fat. Therefore, he eased his cows off part of the fat to make into butter an honest penny and reducing the milk to about the supposed normal make was a skim cheese, for the production to the butter fat being about 10 per cent. The general run of milk in the making. Here and there a cow, but the number of such cows is increasing any cheese factory running. T with the poor milk and the general above 3 per cent. So no man of cheese milk.—[Orchard and Farm]

Culture in Japan.

REPORT prepared by the American at Yokohama gives some particulars in Japan. He states that only 1.7 per cent. of the total area of the island of Formosa, are in culture. The agricultural families are two acres each; 30 per cent. two and three-quarter acres, and the small holders have grain on their arable land. As to how fami on such minute farms, it is p

[April, 1905.]

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the Legislature appropriated \$2500 to be used in searching
for the natural enemy of this moth, but owing to the
red-tape proceedings this sum will not be available
in time to attack this season's crop of caterpillars.
Sometime the moths are multiplying enormously in sev-
eral of the New-England States. Exeter, New Hamp-
shire, pays the boys so much per thousand for all nests
brought in, estimating the spring catch at 2,500,000 cat-
erpillars. Other towns in that State are making strenu-
ous efforts to stay the invasion begun in that section one
year ago. Boston is proceeding against this pest through
the Board of Health on the ground that the moth causes
business, the authorities compelling all property owners
to kill all the moths upon their premises. A general plan
of action is now recommended by the several States
in the path of the invasion.

I am asked if there is not grave danger of this pest's
getting into California. There certainly is, and our peo-
ple should avoid getting plants from the States infected
with the moth. It is generally believed that no new in-
sect enemy has secured a hold in Southern California for
a whole decade, but we have been in danger all this time,
and the danger is still great. This State is in advance of
all others in the thoroughness of its inspection and quar-
antine laws, yet no system can ever dispel the need of
vigilance and cooperation upon the part of those who
purchase stock for their homes and farms from the East.
The outlook for 1905 is very gloomy in the States of
Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New Hampshire, so bad
in fact that the Department of Agriculture has made a
special investigation of the ravages of the moth. Na-
tional aid will no doubt be invoked to control this great
pest.

THE DAIRY.

Be Acquainted With Your Cows.

WHAT is the advice of "Wallace's Farmer" to those of
his readers who take milk to creameries. Then the
"Farmer" explains what it means by the phrase "get-
ting acquainted with your cows." It is a curious fact,
but one that is as true as the multiplication table, that
there are thousands upon thousands of farmers who
only know less about their cows than any other animal
on the farm. They never know how much milk they
give, nor how much butter or cheese they make, nor how
many in the herd are paying for their board or not.
They act as if they were afraid it would give them a fit
if some other dread disease if they actually got
down to a system that would make them acquainted
with their cows. It is just this slack-twisted, shilly-
shally-way of looking at the business of dairying that
makes them the men they are, and stamps the character
of the cow they keep. "Like owner, like cow." And the
key of it all is, they think it is cheaper and more profit-
able to do business that way.

David Mottled Butter.

FRANK CHEVRIE, a butter-maker of Bennington,
Vt., tells of a simple process by which he keeps his
butter from being mottled. He writes this to Elgin
Boy Report:

"In cold weather, after I churn and draw the butter-
milk, I take the temperature of the butter and then wash
it with water of about the same temperature. I
learned from experience that if the butter was of a high
temperature, and I then turned the stream of cold water
on it, it would at once harden the grains of butter di-
rectly under the stream of water, and when the but-
ter was salted, these grains being harder than the rest,
would not take the salt; on being worked, they would
pass through the soft butter and, as butter is of a higher
temperature after being salted and worked, these hard grains
would be well distributed, and being without salt and not
known as mottles.

To avoid this, I always scatter water of the right
temperature over the butter, instead of directly over one
side of it.

Milk in Milk.

I used to be an old idea that 4 or 5 per cent. of fat in
the milk out of which cheese was made spoiled it. We
were better now. Before the means were at hand for
analysis of milk on every farm, a cheesemaker that had
been showing 4 or 5 per cent. imagined that the solids
which he was working were about the same as in
milk having 3 per cent. of fat, which is about the
normal. Therefore, he eased his conscience and skim-
med part of the fat to make into butter, thereby turn-
ing an honest penny and reducing the amount of fat in
milk to about the supposed normal. What he really
made was a skim cheese, for the proportions of solids
to the butter fat being about constant the rich-
ness being skimmed was reduced below the normal in
the fat. The general run of milk is never too rich for
making. Here and there a cow gives very rich
milk, but the number of such cows is not large enough
to run any cheese factory running. The rich milk must
be mixed with the poor milk and the general average is not
above 3 per cent. So no man can afford to skim
cheese milk.—[Orchard and Farm.

Cattle in Japan.

REPORT prepared by the American Consul-Gen-
eral at Yokohama gives some particulars as to agri-
culture in Japan. He states that only 14,995,272 acres,
or 12 per cent. of the total area of the country, ex-
cept of Formosa, are in cultivation. About
one cent. of the agricultural families cultivate less
than two acres each; 30 per cent. two acres to less than
three-quarter acres, and 15 per cent.
three-quarter acres to more. It is not clear
whether the small holders have grass land in addition
to their arable land. As to how families can be sup-
ported on such minute farms, it is pointed out that

the small farmer usually earns wages apart from
his land, or engages in some such industry
as silk-producing or spinning; that he cultivates and
manures his land very thoroughly; and that he often
raises two or more crops in a season on the same land.
In the warmer parts of Japan, it is stated, barley, in-
digo, beans and rape are grown in succession on one
piece of land in twelve months.

LEAD PENCILS.

HOW AND WHERE THEY ARE MADE, AND OTHER
FACTS ABOUT THEM.

[Pearson's Magazine for May:] Every American man,
woman and child uses two pencils annually, at the lowest
calculation. Our per capita consumption is double that
of Europe, perhaps because there is more illiteracy across
the ocean, or perhaps because we are more extravagant
and waste quite as many pencils as we use. There are six
lead pencil factories in the United States; two in New
York, two in New Jersey, one in Illinois and one in Mas-
sachusetts. Together they employ more than 2000 people,
pay nearly \$700,000 in wages annually, and their yearly
output, at the rate of 12,000 gross daily, is worth more
than \$2,000,000. We are now making as many pencils
as all of Europe combined; we supply nine-tenths of our
home demand and ship a considerable quantity abroad.
And yet, despite the growing importance of the industry
and the fact that millions of people could not get through
a working day without the use of a pencil, how few are
there who can tell how this indispensable little article
is made.

Structurally speaking, the lead pencil consists of an
outer shield or covering and of an inner piece of round,
solid graphite. The wood, which is of prime importance,
must be durable and compact; straight-grained and soft,
so that it may be alike easy to polish and to whittle; if
it is fragrant, so much greater its value. Now of all the
trees in the world our Virginia or red cedar, which grows
so luxuriantly in the South, particularly in Alabama and
Florida, is the only one whose wood meets all these re-
quirements. Our pencil manufacturers own their own ce-
dar mills; but the European makers, much to their dis-
like, are obliged to purchase their pencil covering from
us. In order to place themselves on an equal footing, an
attempt was made to transplant the Virginia cedar; Ger-
many devoted a hundred acres to that purpose some forty
years ago; but the climate proved unfavorable, and a few
stunted trees with wood as hard as oak, proclaimed the
experiment a rank failure.

On the other hand, we go to foreign markets for our
graphite, the best qualities of which come from Eastern
Siberia, Mexico, Bohemia and Ceylon. Our largest fac-
tory, taking advantage of the cheaper labor market
abroad, has all of its graphite prepared in Germany and
sent here ready for use. Nor is cheap labor the only con-
sideration, for the German graphite workers, like the
wood carvers of Switzerland and the toy makers of Nu-
remberg, follow the trade from father to son, take to it
quite naturally and leave the rest of the world behind
in expertness.

Pencil leads consist of a mixture of clay and graphite,
both undergoing a careful and separate treatment before
they are united. The raw graphite, after being reduced to
a fine powder in a mortar, sifted and freed from impuri-
ties by mineral acids, is washed and fired to a bright red
heat. The next step is to add water to the preparation
and pour it into a vat where the heavier particles sink.
From this vat the water carries the lighter particles into
another at a lower level, and then on into one or two
more, where the heavier particles drop to the bottom
and the finer particles are carried over. The graphite
drawn from the last vat in the series is in a state of ex-
tremely fine division, and its value reserves it for use in
the best of pencils only.

The clay, purged of sand and iron, goes through some-
what the same process; and then it is mixed with the
graphite, the proportion varying all the way from equal
parts to two of clay for one of graphite—the amount of
clay depending strictly on the degree of hardness or soft-
ness wanted for the pencil leads.

When the particles of clay and graphite are thoroughly
incorporated and ground together, they are placed in
bags and squeezed to the consistency of dough by a hy-
draulic press. The formless substance, ready to be
shaped into pencil rods, is forced by a piston in contin-
uous threads through the many apertures of a strong up-
right brass cylinder, each of the apertures being of ex-
actly the same size as the leads that are to be fitted in
the pencils. The long threads of graphite are received
and arranged on straight grooves of a wide board and left
to harden until they become as stiff as rods. Afterward
they are cut into requisite pencil lengths—seven inches
as a rule—packed with charcoal in a covered crucible and
submitted to a high furnace heat.

COURAGE OF THE BOAR.

The wild boar never loses his head—or his heart; such
courage I have never beheld in any four-footed creature.
He has all the cunning commonly accredited to the devil,
and in his rage is a demon that will charge anything of
any size. I have seen a small boar work his way through
a pack of dogs, and his smaller brother, the peccary, in
Brazil, send a man up a tree and keep him there.

The boar looks ungainly, but the Indian species is as
fleet as a horse for about three-quarters of a mile. He
begins with flight, shifts to cunning and finally stands to
the fight with magnificent courage, facing any odds. As,
riding upon him, you are about to plant your spear he
will dart—"jink," as they call it in India—to one side,
repeating the performance several times, until he finds
he cannot shake you, when, turning suddenly, with ears
cocked and eyes glittering, he will charge furiously. If
not squarely met with a well-aimed and firmly-held
spear, he will upset both horse and rider. Hurling him-
self again and again against the surrounding spears, he
will keep up his charge until killed, when he dies with-
out a groan.—[Outing.

ABSOLUTELY PURE
AND
ECONOMICAL

Why not try it? The change will con-
vince you that there is no better tea on
the market. Its uniform quality, per-
fect purity and pronounced economy
will surely make you a convert to

LIPTON'S
CEYLON TEAS

"The proof of the pudding is in the
eating." The proof of the tea is in the
drinking.

HAAS, BARUCH & Co.
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by attaching appliances which hold them firmly; thus
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He was sent into the mine and with
pick, shovel and wheelbarrow—this ten-

W.C.T.U. OFFICERS.

clamation:
"Great hall!"

Care of the Body—Suggestions for Preserving Health.

CONDUCTED BY HARRY BROOK OF THE TIMES STAFF.

PRACTICAL HYGIENE.

[The Times does not undertake to answer inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice on individual cases. General inquiries on hygienic subjects of public interest will receive attention in these columns. No inquiries are answered by mail. It should be remembered that matter for the Magazine Section of The Times is in the hands of the printer a week before the day of publication. Correspondents should send their full names and addresses, which will not be published, or given to others, without the consent of the writers. Addresses of correspondents are not preserved, and consequently cannot be furnished to inquirers.]

Insomnia—II.

THIS is the second and concluding article on insomnia commenced last week:

The editor has recently been reading three treatises on insomnia, from various points of view. "The Genesis of Sleep," is an essay by Dr. Axel Emil Gibson, an osteopathic physician of Los Angeles, reprinted in pamphlet form, from the Medical Record of September 24, 1904. In regard to the importance of sleep, Dr. Gibson quotes the experiments—crude experiments, by the way—of a St. Petersburg physician, who found that puppies, while capable of sustaining life even after a twenty days' fast, broke hopelessly down from an absence of sleep of only five days. During enforced sleeplessness, it has been found that vision increases in acuteness, while memory and the power of attention suffer greatly. There is an enormous increase in the output of phosphoric acid in the urine. Repeated experiments have shown that sleep only in a very slight degree interferes with the functional activities of sympathetic life. The physiologists appear to have demonstrated that cerebral anemia is the cause of sleep. A Belgian physician regards sleep as a process of physiological intoxication. Dr. Gibson notes that some strong minds have the power to exist on a very small amount of sleep. He thinks there is an unmistakable tendency in the course of a higher evolution—the evolution of the will—to encroach upon the domain of sleep. Some great men have contented themselves with four or five hours' sleep out of twenty-four. The editor would suggest, however, that no one should persuade himself to be content with less sleep than he finds he requires. The author of "Witchery of Sleep" says:

"Most of the mischievous stories told about the ability of great men to do without sleep are untrue, and the foolish man who reads that Napoleon slept only three or four hours at night, and cuts down his own hours of sleep, might better open a vein and lose a quart of blood, than lose the sleep, which is life itself."

However, this article is not so much concerned about the cause of sleep as about the cure of insomnia. At the request of the editor, Dr. Gibson has contributed the following brief article on "How to Induce Sleep in Insomnia Without the Use of Drugs." As stated above, the man who flies to drugs to produce sleep is doomed, unless he soon comes to his senses, and abandons the habit. Dr. Gibson writes:

"The phenomenon of waking life results from a dissociation of cellular structures, particularly in the cerebral region connected with psychic states—a dissociation which in its turn seems to be due to the presence of oxygen in the involved tissues. By implication this fact would mean, that any condition resulting in a diminishing of the normal amount of oxygen in these tissues must tend to induce the state known as sleep."

"The blood stream carries the oxygen from the lungs to any part of the organism, and the more rapidly it circulates in a given organ, the more violent will be the cellular explosions resulting from the action of oxygen on the carbon deposits in the tissues. And as the dissociations of cerebral substance are the results from these explosions, we are met by the further fact that any condition which may increase, or fail to decrease, the normal blood supply to the brain, tends to prevent sleep by retaining the organism in its waking state of consciousness."

"Hence, to remove conditions that tend to increase, coupled with efforts to introduce conditions that tend to decrease the force and volume of the brain-bound current of the blood stream, would naturally give rise to sleep. Now, conditions of the former type we find represented in excessive intellectual labor, especially during late hours, mental strain, worry, stimulating beverages, such as alcohol, tea and coffee; narcotic drugs, such as bromide of potassium, opium, morphia, belladonna, which latter while purporting to induce sleep, or rather a comatose state resembling sleep, in reality by coercing nature into unwanted and dangerous byways, and thereby removing her from the opportunity of fortifying old mistakes, tend to establish abnormal conditions in the organs and vital processes involved."

"On the other hand, conditions leading to a diminishing of the volume of the brain-bound blood stream we find in any process or attitude effecting a deterring influence over it. Thus a deep, but careful kneading of the abdomen at the time of retiring will cause a dilation of the large abdominal vessels, and the ensuing demand for blood to that region will partially at least be drawn from the brain. Deep, sustained breathing raises a similar demand for an increase of blood supply for the lungs, which again means a further diminishing of the blood in the brain. On the same principles warm foot, or sitz baths, or the drinking of hot water, immediately before retiring, will, by a dilation of the vessels of those regions, cause additional drainage of the brain to fill the increased demand."

"If these proceedings are accompanied by mental calmness and equipose, with a determination to refuse hospitality to any thoughts or emotions of material concern, the brain will be practically unemployed, and hence have no need of blood. The result will be cerebral

anemia, which is the sine qua non for unconsciousness; and with few exceptions sleep will come and spread its restful oblivion over the tired and troubled mind. In cases, however, where every effort of self-administration has failed, osteopathy has been found to offer the greatest relief. But perhaps the most effective and most permanent treatment for insomnia, consists in the cultivation of mental and moral poise, freedom from anxiety and soul-tossing emotions; increased interest in the welfare of others, and an effort to lessen a too absorbing interest in oneself. Add to this an unceasing moderation in eating and drinking, coupled with outdoor exercises, deep breathing, protracted walks and copious drinking of water; and if there be no organic or functional mischief, such as thrombosis of a cerebral vessel, or some kind of cardiac insufficiency, the return of nature to normal conditions is infallible. Nature is the supreme physician, but her successes are involved in the degree of obedience with which the patient complies to her requests."

Dr. Gibson also writes as follows to the editor, in regard to the argument that smoking encourages sleep:

"The same argument would hold good with regard to chloroform, chloral, morphia, opium, etc. But the process is artificial, as the shock has asphyxiated the brain without rendering it anemic. Hence the impermanence of such artificially—mechanically in a way—induced sleep and semi-delirious experiences connected with it. Not accompanied by anemia, such sleep takes place while the blood is still busy in the cerebral vessels; hence the semi-delirium accompanying it. Normal asphyxia arises from fatigue throughout the whole body and its gradual inroads on the vehicle of consciousness prevents shock, while affording time for the associated process of anemia. It is the unavoidable shocks always accompanying the action of medicine that form the chief element of mischief. Nature knows of no shocks."

A German illustrated fortnightly, "Fuer Alle Welt," recently published an illustrated article on the proper position to be assumed in sleep. This is not by any means an unimportant question. Those suffering from insomnia should be careful, first, that they have a good comfortable bed; secondly, that the room is well ventilated; thirdly, that the light does not shine into their eyes; fourthly, that the room is quiet and, fifthly, that the position in bed is correct. The writer of the article refers to show the importance of avoiding undue pressure on any part of the body that would interfere with the circulation. He advises the sleeper to assume a position in bed like the letter S, lying half sideways on the right side, in order that the heart may work freely, and the liver not press upon the stomach. The knees, he thinks, should be slightly drawn upward, so that they are a little bent, and the head turned slightly to the side, the right arm being slightly bent or thrown under the neck over the left shoulder, the left arm being stretched out to its full length by the side.

He also recommends cold bandages off the forehead or neck, and the putting on of wet stockings. He fails to remark that these should be covered by dry stockings. He quotes Prof. Laborde of Paris, who recommends the frequent pulling out of the tongue, in a rhythmic manner. This, by the way, is a method used to resuscitate drowning people. Whether or not it is effective to send people to sleep, the editor cannot say. He also refers to a system of bed gymnastics, in which the would-be sleeper raises his head from the pillow so many times, then followed by the right leg, the left leg, and so on.

"How to Sleep" is the title of a little book of 100 pages, written by Marian N. George of La Vergne, Ill., author of "Little Journey," books of travel, that are well known in school libraries. Miss George is visiting for a few weeks in Los Angeles. Following are some of the leading points made by the author, in this volume:

Suggestion and auto-suggestion are of value, just before one falls to sleep, especially when combined with perfect relaxation. To form the habit of going to bed at a certain time and getting the body to sleep at that time is of great importance. The best hours for sleeping are those before midnight. Sleep grows deeper for about an hour from the time of its beginning, there remains about the same for about three hours, then gradually grows lighter. Women need an hour more sleep than men. The nervous person requires more sleep than those in health. The less night clothing worn the better. Sleeping between sheets without any clothing whatever is advocated by many physical culturists. It is hopeless to seek sleep if the surface of the stomach is cold. The effect of hot fluid may be obtained by applying warmth externally to the stomach.

In regard to position in bed, the author appears to be uncertain, although she recognizes the importance of the question. She advises, for the sake of the general health, to sleep either without a pillow at all, or else with only a small, flat one. On the other hand, she says "high pillows favor cerebral anemia, which induces sleep, but if one wishes to have a fine chest the pillow must be discarded entirely." She is also not quite sure whether a person should sleep on the right side, the left side or the back. The author truthfully says: "Loss of sleep is one of nature's warnings that some of her physical laws have been violated. When we are troubled with sleeplessness, it becomes necessary to discover the primary cause, and then to adopt suitable means for its removal." She also reports many physicians as asserting that the most usual cause of chronic sleeplessness is the habit of depending on drugs to induce sleep. "It is a dangerous habit and should be rigorously avoided. Drugs may give temporary relief, but in the end will

TOOTH TALK

PRESERVING THE TEETH

You should be as careful of your teeth as of any other bodily part. They are essential to your well-being. Many illnesses are due to a damaged condition of the stomach. Good teeth mean perfect mastication of food and thus—good digestion. Many a chronic stomach trouble can be traced directly to incomplete mastication, due to poor teeth.

PROPHYLACTIC TREATMENT

I never advise the extraction of teeth except as a last resort. My work is not to destroy teeth, but to preserve them. My Prophylactic Treatment has this object—to preserve the teeth, keep them sound, and to treat the mouth until those healthy conditions are present which make for the continued health of the teeth. Thus Prophylactic Treatment acts directly on the general health of the whole body. Through the correction of tooth faults I am often able to help the whole physical system of my patients.

PERFECT PLATES

The perfect plate is much more than a comfortable and serviceable plate. It must conform to nature so closely as to afford no suggestion of the artificial. The natural expression, contour and articulation must be restored. I am able to build out faces to reproduce the natural youthful fullness as well as to make plates that mechanically fulfill every requirement. I use nothing but the materials of the highest grade, in plate making, and thus am able to guarantee permanent satisfaction to patients requiring plates.

BRIDGE WORK

When a few strong teeth remain, gold and porcelain bridge work can be substituted for plates in many cases. My bridge work is artistic and natural—the crowns are carefully modeled to simulate your natural teeth. I make a special study of each mouth, and employ materials and methods of attachment to suit each individual case.

CONSULTATION

Come and see me about your teeth; if all is not right with them. Examination is free and thorough. I estimate the cost of any work that should be performed, and arrange the time, when as possible, to suit your convenience.

WALTER T. COVINGTON, D. D. S.

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Care of

(CONTINUED)

so shatter the entire system will grow worse." This administering such drugs is entirely to blame, for poisons, and if one doctor another, or buy them at

The author gives fifty most important of them applications and exercises in line with those given are highly recommended of the breath resulting recommends them to take the parsley, or a few green onions, to remove the uncommenced, and peanuts dorsed by some people as to be freshly roasted, and eaten, just before going draught of water. A hot quiet the nerves and pro low of old papers, placed helpful in inducing slum the flow of blood to the are said to have used the editor would suggest that of those lurid "yellow" flash head lines. A chapter sleep for children, and are given, that may be ones off to the land of authority is quoted as stating a year old, should spend awake.

"How to Sleep" is published by Vergne, Ill.

In the somewhat improved faithfully try all these at it therefrom, you may at they will do you no harm. be said in regard to drug stupor, with the inevitable background. Once more whatever you do, be temperate, for the purpose of snare your doctor to give him persuade you to take the reading these lines, by Ph

There is many a trouble

Would break like a

And into the waters

Did we not rehearse

And tenderly nurse

And gives it a perman

There's many a sorrow

Would vanish tomorrow

Were we but willing to

But sadly intruding

And quietly brooding

It hatches out all sorts

A Wrathful Woman.

A PLEA was recently published by a woman, for the use of consumptives. Dr. Barlow's plea, one poor woman, Mrs. who has lost a son from consumption, collecting from five had thirteen dozen glass jars delivered to the hospital, in Barlow wishes to thank Mrs. of San Jacinto for their generous perhaps some of the big cannisters of California may yet be heard from

Don't Know and Don't Care.

A CORRESPONDENT asks the curative and medicinal The editor knows nothing and any other similar preparation

Change of Address.

MISS JEANNETTE SMITH formerly at 1505 Raymond Her address is 1505 Raymond

Suggestion Versus Warrant.

"MIND," which describes the present of New Thought," a Psychological Research published, testimony to prove that horse by suggestion.

This seems to be about the apocrypha. Perhaps, however, it a little farther, and think the bottom—which would be highly Rojstvensky, just now.

Who are Healthy?

A RECENT dispatch from The Times, describing a serious disease in the new gold-mining contains the following statement: "The most susceptible, and in four hours are dead."

Such a statement as this must smile on part of any intelligent health. The trouble is that a large public have little idea as to when they see a florid person,

Health.

OTH
ALK

ING THE TEETH

as careful of your teeth as of art. They are essential to your health. Good teeth mean perfect food and thus—good digestion. Stomach trouble can be traced to poor mastication, due to poor

CTIC TREATMENT

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med, and arrange the time, so far
suit your convenience.

COVINGTON, D. D. S.

OUTH SPRING STREET

PHONE 5196

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Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM 28TH PAGE)

to shatter the entire nervous system that your ailment will grow worse." This is quite true, yet we see doctors administering such drugs all the time. They are not entirely to blame, for patients often insist upon having drugs, and if one doctor refuses them, they will go to another, or buy them at a drug store.

The author gives fifty remedies for sleeplessness, the most important of them being diet, baths, hot and cold applications and exercise. Many of the suggestions are in line with those given by the editor above. Onions are highly recommended. As many object to the odor of the breath resulting from eating onions, the author recommends them to take a few spoonfuls of milk, a little parsley, or a few grains of coffee, after eating raw onions, to remove the unpleasant odor. Lettuce is recommended, and peanuts are mentioned as being endorsed by some people as a cure for insomnia, the nuts to be freshly roasted, and not less than a pint being eaten, just before going to bed, followed by a copious draught of water. A hop pillow, when heated, tends to quiet the nerves and produce sleep. A cylindrical pillow of old papers, placed under the neck, is said to be helpful in inducing slumber, the pillow thus checking the flow of blood to the head. The Chinese and Japanese are said to have used this method with success. The editor would suggest that care be taken not to select any of those lurid "yellow" papers, with their sensational flash head lines. A chapter is devoted to the subject of sleep for children, and several little rhymes and stories are given, that may be used to aid in sending the little ones off to the land of the Sandman. A German authority is quoted as stating that the healthy child, when a year old, should spend more of his time asleep than awake.

"How to Sleep" is published by F. J. George, La Vergne, Ill.

In the somewhat improbable case that you should faithfully try all these suggestions, and receive no benefit therefrom, you may at least be reasonably sure that they will do you no harm, which cannot by any means be said in regard to drugs, that produce temporary stupor, with the inevitable reaction, and insanity in the background. Once more the editor would say: Don't, whatever you do, be tempted to resort to the use of drugs, for the purpose of producing sleep. Don't persuade your doctor to give them to you, and don't let him persuade you to take them. Now, go to sleep, after reading these lines, by Phillips Brooks:

There is many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it
And tenderly nurse it,
And gives it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish tomorrow
Were we but willing to furnish the wings;
But sadly intruding,
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

A Wrathful Woman.

A PLEA was recently published in these columns for a canned fruit, for the use of the Barlow hospital for consumptives. Dr. Barlow writes that, in reply to this plea, one poor woman, Mrs. E. Kreis of San Jacinto, who has lost a son from consumption, went from house to house, collecting from five cents to a dollar, and has had thirteen dozen glass jars of fine fruit put up and delivered to the hospital, in memory of her son. Dr. Barlow wishes to thank Mrs. Kreis and the good people of San Jacinto for their generosity, and suggests that perhaps some of the big canning plants of Southern California may yet be heard from.

Don't Know and Don't Care.

A CORRESPONDENT asks the editor's opinion as to the curative and medicinal virtues of "hydrozone." The editor knows nothing and cares less about this, or any other similar preparation.

Change of Address.

MISS JEANNETTE SMITH, who conducted a sanatorium and manufactured several varieties of health foods on West Seventh street, has removed to Pasadena. Her address is 1505 Raymond avenue.

Suggestion Versus Warts.

"MIND," which describes itself as the "leading exponent of New Thought," states that the Society for Psychological Research published, some years ago, much testimony to prove that horses can be cured of warts by suggestion.

This seems to be about the limit in suggestive therapeutics. Perhaps, however, it would be possible to go a little farther, and think the barnacles off a ship's bottom—which would be highly convenient for Admiral Rozhkovsky, just now.

Who are Healthy?

A RECENT dispatch from Reno, Nev., published in The Times, describing an epidemic of some mysterious disease in the new gold-mining camp of Tonopah, contains the following statement: "The healthy are the most susceptible, and in from twelve to fourteen hours are dead."

Such a statement as this must needs cause a pitying smile on part of any intelligent student of the laws of health. The trouble is that a vast majority of the average public have little idea as to what health really is. When they see a florid person, with a big waist line,

and big limbs, full of energy and activity, they say: "There is a picture of health." Yet this red-faced, overweighted man is really a mass of corruption, full of the soil in which disease germs find a fitting medium for reproduction. On the other hand, a dyspeptic will escape contagion, because his digestion is not strong enough to turn the poisons he consumes into blood. They simply lie and rot in the stomach, causing gastric disturbances.

A person whose blood is perfectly pure can no more catch a disease of any kind than you can set fire to a pile of iron filings. If there are wooden shavings among the filings, they will burn, and the bigger the proportion of shavings, the greater will be the blaze. If the shavings are out of all proportion to the filings, the heat may be enough to melt the iron. Then the man dies.

Neither Philosophy Nor Common Sense.

DR. EVANS, fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, says:

"The popular medical system is a most uncertain and unsatisfactory system. It has neither philosophy nor common sense to commend it to confidence."

Hygienic Picnic.

THE picnic of hygienists, at Echo Park, on Sunday, April 2, was quite a success, about sixty being present. The next picnic will be held on Sunday, May 14, at Elysian Park. The company will gather at 11 a.m. at the Buena Vista street entrance. All interested are invited. Bring your lunch along. Musical instruments will be welcome.

Hens' Eggs and Ducks' Eggs.

A CORRESPONDENT asks: "What are the comparative values of hen's eggs and duck's eggs, as articles of nourishment?" About the same as the comparative value of tweedledum and tweedledee, except that duck eggs contain somewhat more fat, and are consequently not quite so easy of digestion for some people.

A Valuable Disease.

THE following is from an English paper:

"At a meeting of the Lancashire County Council, a case of ankylostomiasis, or miner's worm, was reported. The chairman of the Health Committee explained that the man affected had been offered £1 a week if he would remain in Wigan Hospital, and in Manchester he had been offered considerable more to undergo treatment. He had refused, and his mother had declared that if her son was suffering from such a valuable disease he had better keep it."

Medical Legislation.—XII.

THE action of Dr. Norman Bridge of Los Angeles, in openly criticizing the State Medical Association, for refusing a license to practice to a woman doctor from the East, has aroused much comment among the local medicals. Most of the comment that the editor has so far heard is adverse. But that is to be expected. The times are not very propitious for the washing of dirty linen by the medicals in public. There are too many scolders among the "laymen," peering over the garden wall.

However, the editor holds no brief for Dr. Bridge. He is amply able to take care of himself, and the cause he champions. The question seems to be largely one of whether an applicant for medical license must have spent so long time going through his—or her—courses, or whether a certain amount of knowledge must be demonstrated. The idea that a person who simply sits through his—or her—courses, absorbing any notable amount of information, should be put on a par with the diligent and ambitious student, who burns the midnight oil, would be scouted, even by the Chinese. To find anything like an equivalent, one has to take the custom prevailing in the Inner Temple of London, where the budding barrister has to eat so many dinners before he can become a full-fledged limb of the law.

A yellow journal recently published some ridiculous slush about Dr. Hanish, the Mazdaznan leader. Mr. Dittman, manager of the Mazdaznan Publishing Company, writes to the editor on this subject as follows:

"The trouble arose in New York, where Dr. Hanish was lecturing, by the arrest of one of his pupils for practicing medicine without a license. Dr. Hanish personally had nothing to do with it, nor was he interfered with, but went on with his classes just the same, and had the protection of the police, rather than that they were trying to find cause to arrest him. Whatever the purpose of the police, they found out that nothing unlawful was being done. Capt. Sweeney was admitted to the classes, and liked them very much, as a report of the New York Journal states, which we will publish in our May issue, also some others, which no doubt you may have seen 'ere this. These will show the situation from the other side. The same Hearst papers have actually condescended to say something to the credit of Dr. Hanish, but they have not made so much of it as they did of the slanderous stuff.

"Dr. Hanish is at present in Massachusetts, lecturing in Boston, Lowell and Nashua. One of the Lowell papers gave him a good write-up."

A correspondent asked Dr. Sheldon Leavitt, editor of Thought: Would you be willing to throw open the doors of legal practice to all? To this, Dr. Leavitt replied as follows:

"I would. It is a weakling who has to be hedged about by all kinds of legal restrictions for fear that others will trespass upon his rights. There are already too many guaranteed class rights. We need less legislation rather

(CONTINUED ON 28TH PAGE)

INVISIBLE BI-FOCALS

WHAT THE "KRYPTOK" LENSES MEAN TO THE WEARER OF BI-FOCAL GLASSES.

DR. WALTER I. SEYMOUR
317 S. Broadway.

Having received so many personal inquiries regarding the Kryptok, I will endeavor to answer a few questions through this column.

The new Kryptok, or invisible bifocal, is an actual achievement in the scientific combining of two lenses of different material, and blending them so perfectly that they give two distinct focal powers with no line or demarcation to attract the attention or injure the sight, and the wearer can change the eye from the long to the short-range focus contained in the glasses with no discomfort.

Like many other really wonderful discoveries, the evolution of the perfected lens has been rather slow, but after a period of nearly two years in the perfecting of the proper machinery and appliances, the inventor and manufacturers are now able to produce a perfect lens, and the unfortunate person obliged to wear the old-style "double-deckers," as they are commonly called, may now be fitted with lenses as simple and elegant as any single lens, and at the same time be able to use them for either long or short distance without the annoyance encountered in the old style, or the change from one pair to the other.

Many ask me how it is possible that they do not confuse the wearer in going up and down stairs, etc., as the old style do. The answer is simple, there being no line of obstruction, the reading part also being made perfectly round, they afford far greater range of vision than the old style, and in fact the change from long to short distance is made so easily that the glasses give one the feeling of having regained their youth so far as their eyesight is concerned. And indeed the improvement in appearance strengthens the conviction, as there has nothing yet been made that compares with their simplicity and perfect finish. They entirely do away with the badge of advancing age, which is so evident in every pair of the old style that are worn.

As there seems to be some confusion as to the cost, a few words on this subject may be appropriate.

Not being manufactured in the usual manner of the ordinary spectacles, and requiring expensive apparatus and skilled labor, these lenses are far more expensive to produce, but the makers have put them at prices very reasonable, considering their special merits, and they are sold at the same price over the entire United States.

Each person ordering a pair will receive the same at the established price made by the patentee, and can rest assured that their glasses will cost them no more here than in New York City, and, everything considered, they are far cheaper at the prices quoted than the old style bifocal, which are extremely cheap at the first cost, the difference in the price you have paid depending upon the manner in which they were fitted.

Kryptok lenses cost from \$5.00 to \$7.50 a lens. This means an average cost of about \$12.00 a pair. No extra charge is made for duplicating glasses that you have of the old style, or for filling your own prescription, if you think it correct. If, however, you wish my services in fitting and guaranteeing the lenses for a given period, both as to their perfection and quality, as well as the fitting of the eyes, I will charge you one-half of the regular fee charged by all the best oculists. In addition to this invisible bifocal, I also have the exclusive local rights of the new depressed bifocal (an invention also owned by the Kryptok Company) which is far superior to any other made, except the invisible, and the cost is but one-half, being from \$2.50 to \$3.50 a lens.

This reduction in my fee will be made for a short time only, until the Kryptoks are thoroughly introduced, and those wishing lenses fitted should give me ample time, as it requires from two to three weeks to get them from the East.

Five dollars is all that is required to order them, and the balance can be paid when the glasses are received and found to be satisfactory.

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OF
OLIVE OIL

COMPILED FROM MEDICAL WORKS
AND NOTED PHYSICIANS' WRITINGS.

SERIES B. No. 2.

FOR CONSUMPTIVES

The therapeutic properties of olive oil are well known to medical men. It is destructive to certain forms of micro-organic life.

It stimulates intestinal activity, being slightly laxative in its effect, which stimulates the liver and stomach and encourages the process of digestion. In nervous exhaustion and diseases where the system demands to be fed rather than drugged, it is indispensable. It should take the place of pernicious cod liver oil for the feeding of consumptives, for colds on the lungs or sore throat. For cold in the head rub the nose with it.

SYLMAR OLIVE OIL

GRAND PRIZE OF THE LARGEST OLIVE OIL CONTEST ST. LOUIS, MO. 1904. AS PALATABLE AS GREAT ITS PURITY. AT GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS. Los Angeles Olive Growers Association, 505-S SHADSBURY BLDG. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

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 And all so-called incurable diseases—especially female diseases.
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 412, Station C, Los Angeles, Ten cent.

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 a book, **RETURN TO NATURE**,
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THE BEACHES
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Saved by a Chance.

A PECULIAR ACCIDENT OF THE
 EARLY DAYS.

By a Special Contributor.

NUMBER of years ago, when the Staked Plains
 was a much wilder country than it is now, the gov-
 ernment maintained numerous military camps
 in fact, at nearly all the permanent waters. From
 the country about Fort Concho, which is situ-
 ated near the eastern edge of the plains, there was a
 line of these camps westward, including Camp Char-
 leson's Spring, Fort Stockton and Fort Davis.
 The principal duty of the soldiers stationed at these
 was to see that no marauding bands of Apaches
 came from the reservations in the north to Mexico, as
 were fond of doing, or molested the few settlers who
 were so timidly to live in so insecure a country.

The Indians rarely did greater harm than to drive
 stock from the widely-scattered ranches, though
 were apt to kill what they could not drive away; but
 a band of them encountered a lone settler, or even two
 of them together, the whites seldom saw their
 again.

There was no railroad in this part of Texas, the gov-
 ernment camps had to be supplied by wagon, and in the
 summer of 1877, a train of wagons was carrying supplies
 to Grierson's Spring. There were half a dozen heavy
 wagons, each of which were attached four big mules.
 They contained supplies of all kinds, food, clothing and
 everything needed by men who were cut off from commu-
 nication with their kind for a month at a time. With
 other things, one wagon, the second from the rear,
 carried a few kegs of black powder. The freight
 was in charge of Lieut. Callahan, and they were
 approaching the Pecos River, which here runs at the bot-
 tom of a deep cañon, with nearly perpendicular walls.
 The cliffs are broken by towers and spires that stand out
 on the sides, and down among them zigzags the gov-
 ernment road, which is cut out of the solid rock nearly
 as straight as a line, and is fine and smooth.

The wagons were moving along with the wind, and the
 for some time had been rather restive, turning
 heads to one side or the other as if trying to see
 what was behind them, and sniffing the air. Lieut. Cal-
 lahan was even more uneasy than the mules, and
 was along the train to see that all was well, when
 he reached the rear wagon, the driver called his atten-
 tion to the actions of the animal.

"There are Indians not far away, sir; just see
 your horse is behaving, and the mules are nearly as

The animals were now plainly much disturbed. All of
 were very restless, and the horse constantly threw
 his head up to the wind, and pricked his ears forward as
 if he were listening with wide eyes back up the road.

"I have been noticing their uneasiness for some time,"
 said the lieutenant, "and I am inclined to agree with
 you. I will ride up this hill to the left and see if I can
 hear anything."

Lieut. Callahan turned his horse from the road, and
 looking the hill on the lower side so as to keep its
 between him and any who might be coming along
 and they had passed over, he soon reached the top.
 He looked his glass on the country back of them, and "one
 seemed to be enough, for he quickly wheeled his
 horse and hurried back as fast as the animal could
 slide down the rather steep descent.

There is a band of Indians about two miles away,
 he said to the driver of the rear
 wagon. "I could not see how many, but there are enough
 to kill us. Close up with the other wagons as quickly
 as you can, and let your team go down at a brisk trot. If
 we cross the river and get started up the other side,
 we have a fair chance to stand them off."

The lieutenant rode along the line with similar orders
 to each driver, and the wagons were soon rolling swiftly
 down the steep grade with a roar and a grinding from
 the brakes like that of a heavy train of cars being
 brought to a sudden stop. The heavy wagons lurched
 forward alarmingly, as they swung around the turns.
 The animals became so excited that the drivers were
 not to lock the brakes to prevent the frantic animals
 going down at full speed, and the rear wheels
 of the rock with a deafening din. The noise appar-
 ently reached the Indians and warned them that their
 was escaping, for when the wagons were about
 half down the declivity, the savages appeared on the
 shore, and, with yells, tore down the descent.
 The noise was needed to render the mules unmanage-
 able, and the pace increased to a gallop, while it seemed
 only a miracle could save the wagons from going
 off the edge at each turn of the road.

Lieut. Callahan soon saw, however, that, with all the
 noise, they would surely be overtaken before reach-
 ing the bottom, and he thought that, by abandoning the
 wagons, those in front might escape, so he shouted
 to the drivers:

"Hurry, Reeves and Smith, leave your wagons and
 run up on those in front, and maybe we'll get away
 in the first three."

The three drivers scrambled down and cut across a
 ravine the other wagons as they swung around
 the turn. The Indians, about a dozen, galloped down
 a whop and swarmed aboard from their ponies,
 and tried to pass the rear wagons and get at
 the front.

Great jarring and jolting, and the terrific swings
 of the turns had handled the freight very roughly,
 and the powder had been thrown against a sharp
 rock something, and a tiny hole punched through.
 The powder sifted out and was lying in a little black line
 on the road. As the end wagon hurried around a turn

its loaded wheels ground over the rock and crunched the
 line of powder.

There was a flash of fire along the ground and a stun-
 ning explosion. In a few moments the first three teams
 were pulled up at the river bottom, with the six drivers
 and Lieut. Callahan in a dazed condition. The men
 looked back up the road. Two of the Indians, who had
 been somewhat behind the others, were galloping away,
 and between was a great chasm torn across the road. Of
 the middle wagon, the one which had carried the powder,
 and its mules, there was not a vestige left; but above and
 below the hole in the road were strewn portions of the
 other two wagons, with which were mingled sickening
 bloody fragments.

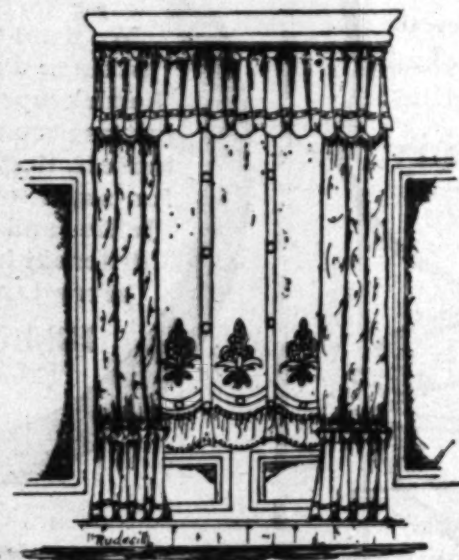
L. WORTHINGTON GREEN.

WINDOW DECORATION.

DESIGN FOR A HANDSOME UP-TO-DATE WINDOW
 TREATMENT.

By a Special Contributor.

How unfortunate it is that we cannot reproduce real
 color schemes in a newspaper! It is the color scheme
 in drapery work that helps form the design. Without
 it the accompanying illustration signifies no special
 character; it only shows the outline as to how it is to
 be hung. This drapery was recently put up in a Holly-
 wood home. It is especially characterized by its at-
 tractive fabrics and color scheme, which effect is all



WINDOW DRAPERY DESIGN.

lost here. However, it may be made clear by explana-
 tion. The box-plaited valance is of plain rose taffeta
 silk, with border of deeper rose and Nile green. The
 side curtains are of rose brocade silk with ruffle at the
 bottom to match the valance. The heading of this
 ruffle is piped with Nile green, which gives it an air of
 elegance. The "bonne femme" lace curtain hung in the
 center is made of fine black silk net. The pattern on it
 is a cushion embroidery work done in Nile green and
 rose with a touch of lemon yellow. It will be noticed
 that the side curtains come to the baseboards, which
 should always be the case when the lace curtain stops
 at the window sill.

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He was sent into the mine and with
 pick, shovel and wheelbarrow—this ten-
 derly-reared, highly-educated young

W.C.T.U. OFFICERS.

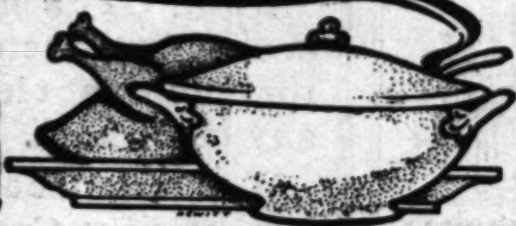
line, came one long, tremendous ex-
 clamation:
 "Great hat!"

Bishop's UNCOLORED Tomato Catsup

A good companion all through the meal up to the dessert course—Bishop's Uncolored Tomato Catsup. For the soup, the fish, the salad, the meat, no other seasoning quite so good. Rich in flavor, as well as pure, natural in color, spiced with choicest spices. Bishop's Uncolored Tomato Catsup is the best of all seasonings. 15c and 25c bottles.

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"The purest and best, and the only absolutely safe water to use for drinking and the preparation of all foods and drinks is that produced by distillation. There are many processes of distillation, but the most imperfect one produces a water far superior in purity and healthfulness to the very best spring waters under their most favorable conditions."

A. L. WOOD, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Puritas Distilled water is produced by the best modern process of distillation. After passing through the still once, the water is redistilled, thus avoiding the "flat," unpalatable taste common to most distilled waters, and producing a water that is absolutely pure, wholesome and palatable.

Further than this, Puritas is aerated with purified air—air that has been cleaned twice before being forced into the water.

Then it is bottled in glass demijohns that, after a thorough cleansing, are rinsed in distilled water before being filled with Puritas.

Order a demijohn of Puritas tomorrow. Avoid drinking the heavily mineralized city water. Your continued good health depends largely on the water you drink.

Puritas is inexpensive; easy to get.

**5 Gallons Both Phones
of Puritas 40c Exchange 6**

Los Angeles Ice and Cold Storage Co.



Coupon book good for 5 demijohns of Puritas \$1.90; book good for 19 demijohns, \$3.60; book good for 20 demijohns, \$7.00.

\$1000.00 Guarantee on Bishop's



Jellies and Jams

We want the above statement to make an impression on every housekeeper. We want her to feel just as sure as if she put up the fruit herself, that there is no substitute for sugar or fruit in the Bishop's Jellies and Jams. Thirty or more different kinds. Try the Strawberry Jam and the Guava Jelly

Bishop & Company

Highest Award, Grand Prize by Original Jury. Jellies, Jams, Preserves

Editorial Section

PART II—LOCAL SHEET

XXIVTH YEAR

Reliable Goods.

N. B. BLA

Telephones:

Main.....259

Home.....259

DR

New Wash Goods

Beauty, daintiness, adaptability and real worth were never better exemplified than in this week's showing of sun wash fabrics; varied, elaborate styles for every season's purpose. Among the things note these two in particular.

White Goods 20c and 25c

Nainsooks and Linones plain weaves and pretty colored and satin bar stripes, and dainty satin plaids—all modern designs made especially for waists and summer frocks. These you have not seen so low before; yd. and 25c.

Black Grenadines 25c

A highly mercerized, silk finished material—will not crack or fade, that we guarantee—in patterns that equal in style and beauty the usual fifty cent qualities, handsome openwork and lace stripes yd.—25c.

Regular \$1.25 Black Pique

**RICH
AROMATIC
DELICIOUS**



The coffee maker and the coffee drinker both hold

Newmark's Hawaiian Blend

in highest esteem. Hawaiian Blend is a coffee one hears talked about on all sides, a coffee that finds a constant welcome in every home wherever it has once been used. Its rich, aromatic, delicious flavor never varies the year round. At your grocer's.

Newmark Bros.

NEWMARK BROS.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.



Free Victor Rec At Three

We're going to use new May records, Enrico Caruso, Sig. Jourdan, popular selections; hear them all as if they stood before you. Be up to date; be acquainted with talking machines it's the VICTOR.

Geo. J. Birke

Steinway and Kravich
345-349 South

W. Knick

A Pioneer

Goldf

Reliable Goods. Popular Prices.
N. B. BLACKSTONE CO.
Telephones: 1111 DRY GOODS Spring and Third Sts.

New Wash Goods
Beauty, daintiness, adaptability and real worth were never better exemplified than in this week's showing of summer wash fabrics; varied, elaborate styles for every seasonable purpose. Among the new things note these two in particular.

White Goods
20c and 25c
Shirtings and Linones in all weaves and pretty cord and satin bar stripes, and many satin plaids—all modern designs made especially for summer and summer frocks; makes you have not seen and so low before; yd. 20c and 25c.

Black Grenadines
25c
A highly mercerized, silk finished material—will not crack or fade, that we guarantee—patterns that equal in style and beauty the usual fifty cent quality, handsome openwork and lace stripes yd.—25c.

Seasonable Woolens
Half dozen items here today to arrest the attention of frugal women, not passe styles either, all new in weave and coloring and texture. Here are a couple of them:

\$1.00 Mohairs
For, Yard. 65c
Practical, dust shedding, fashionable materials for spring and summer shirt waist or jacket suits; make smart frocks for girls' school use, too, they wear so well. Colors are royal and navy blues, reds, light, medium and oxford grays, golden and seal browns. Width is full 52 inches, specially priced, yd., 65c.

Panama Cloth
\$1.00
A quality you would expect to pay considerably more for. A fine weave and just the proper weight and texture for the late style jacket suits, measures 46 in. wide. Tans, castors, seal and golden browns, bottle and bronze greens, navy and royal blues—extra value yd. \$1.00.

Regular \$1.25 Black House de Cygne Today, Yard, \$1.00.

The Victor

produces more and better tone; firmer, louder, clearer, more natural, richer, truer than any other talking machine manufactured; it brings out many of the fine qualities noticeably lacking in others. If you don't believe this, yet are open to conviction, we especially invite you to the

Free Victor Recital Tomorrow
At Three O'clock

are going to use new May records; you may hear Emma Amos, Enrico Caruso, Sig. Journal and others in famous opera popular selections; hear them at their best; just as natural as if they stood before you. Be up to date; be acquainted with the best of everything—talking machines it's the VICTOR.

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A Pioneer of
Goldfield

is in the city for a few days.
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534 S. Spring St.
THE PLACE TO TRADE.
W. Knickerbocker Outfitting Co. 544 South Spring.

A PREACHER TURNS MINER.

On Easy Street is Former Pastor of Trinity.

Knickerbocker Comes Home from the Camps.

Hard Knocks that Paved Way to Good Fortune.

"How did you go to Goldfield?" a Times man yesterday asked ex-Rov. H. W. Knickerbocker, who arrived here to visit his family on East Twenty-seventh street.



Preacher Knickerbocker in Los Angeles study and in desert togs

a ramshackle buggy, was broke myself and had a broken wrist," was his answer. That was nineteen months ago, but today H. W. Knickerbocker, mining broker of Nevada, is on "Easy street," is the owner, in fee simple, of two score claims in the new field and is a controlling factor in an many more.

He and Jim O'Brien struck the new field at the same time, in the name "ramshackle" buggy—boom cronies, they. Jim was a newspaper man and the other member of the firm was a preacher; that is, he had been a preacher. Rev. H. W. Knickerbocker, for nearly three years pastor of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Los Angeles, will not for many a day fade from the memory of his former parishioners, of whom are yet his warmest friends.

"Well, Jim, how shall we raise the wind for a grubstake?" was the momentous question he put at his partner when they were about to strike out from Tonopah.

"You deliver a series of lectures on Shakespeare and I'll be the business agent." "There are few prospectors who could meet such a requirement, but Jim's 'word' was equal to the emergency, and the result was the realization of sufficient cash to fit them out and take them to the new Eldorado, where they arrived when they were exactly ten people in the town of Goldfield, now a city of 10,000, and where O'Brien is the proprietor and editor of its newspaper, The News.

When Mr. Knickerbocker first quit the pulpit (which is another story) he went into the real estate business in this city; but after two years, having met with losses that threw him down pretty hard, early in 1902 he determined to go to Tonopah and make a new start. There he lost what little means he had left and secured a position with the Wells-Fargo Express Company, which for some reason or other did not last long.

Among the friendships he formed at Tonopah was that of the superintendent of the Montana-Tonopah mines. Efforts were made to get him into the office of the company, but failed. Knickerbocker is not made of the stuff that stops at trifles, so he said to the superintendent:

"I've got to have work; put me in the mine and if I can't stand the work of the shift throw me out; I'm ready to make the trial."

Gold Hill Mining Company; vice-president and general manager of the Cache County mine, and superintendent of the California-Goldfield mine, made up exclusively of Los Angeles capital. He says he has sold for other people since last August 155 claims, ranging in price from \$300 to \$20,000. Among business men of this city who have become interested through him he mentions R. D. Robinson Company, Frank A. Garbutt, J. W. A. Orr, A. H. Beach, C. W. Baker, George C. Doty and others.

MONOPOLY OF FUNERALS.
In some respects preacher once is preacher still. Mr. Knickerbocker says he has never preached since he left Trinity Church, but when anybody dies at Goldfield he has to bury them. Fourteen men and one woman have been laid to their last resting place under his ministrations since he has been a resident of the district, and he is a spokesman at every sort of public function.

Mr. Knickerbocker is a native of Louisiana, but two brothers who are preachers, and all his associations from earliest childhood have been in the direction of the ministry, for which he was afterward educated and ordained.

He was well known in this city during the years 1890 and 1900 as one of the most brilliant pulpit orators in the city and people thronged Trinity Church to hear him. He was a whippersnapper of the teaching, and for almost a year he held his pulpit, supported by some of the members and opposed by others, and with the threat of the presiding elder hanging over him that he should be deposed.

At there has been much speculation in the city concerning the matter, it is of interest to hear an explanation from the preacher himself. He said yesterday:

HOW IT HAPPENED.
The bishop advised the presiding elder not to press the charges against me and I had the support of my official board, which unanimously asked that I be returned to me by the conference when it met in San Bernardino.

SING ON THRO' SUDDEN SMOKE.

Two Hundred Fifty Children Not at All Dismayed.

Song Follows Screams Out of High Windows.

Lilt of "Dixie" After Flash of Blinding Light.

There was a sharp explosion, accompanied by a blinding flash of light, at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, in Steinway Hall, where 250 public-school children were assembled to rehearse for the coming Innes May Festival. Screams followed the explosion and out of the open fifth-story windows of the George J. Birkel building drifted long wisps and rifts of smoke.

But the screams were not heard again; no panic ensued; the ear waited in vain for the mad galling of hoofs, the heavy rumbling of hook-and-ladder wheels, the terrifying bark of fire-engines.

Still the ragged ribbons of smoke drifted from the high-up windows; and from the parallel floor of the Hellman block, across the street, a man saw children's heads bobbing behind the haze. "Fire!" he yelled to himself, and bounding to the elevator he plunged to the pavement, thence to rush into the street, hatless and eyes upturned.

Up to Steinway Hall, where Miss Stuns was writing at the smoke-filled air with her hat on and where the keys of the piano sang under the fitting fingers of Miss Wallace, the strains of "Swanee" presently gave way to a swelling anthem as 250 fresh young voices gave themselves up to the swing of

"My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing." And glad they could sing it! Not merely the words, but the words, verily never a falter nor a break. It marked some training, that.

THE LAMPS DANCED.
"Now," said the lady of the baton to the lady of the keys, "suppose we try 'em with 'Dixie'."

And a moment later a man at an open window on the parallel floor, the Hellman block, across the street, might have been overheard to ejaculate "Great hat! how the bawlers can sing!" And sing they could, and did; for there is no other song like "Dixie" to stir the blood and set the pulses bounding.

"I wish I was in the land oh cotton, Oh times dar am not forgotten; Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land!"

no other song that runs quite so breathlessly up the ladder of notes and down again, with just enough pause half the way up and half the way down to catch a sob and to dash away the tears that sparkle like gems in a smile— "Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land!"

And don't you ever let anybody tell you that Innes Chorus kids can't sing it! Why, there was just enough lingering smoke of flash-light in the air to make your nostrils twitch with the far-off off of battle; and the light of late windows struck the incandescent pianos in the corners of the big room were so affected by the reverberation of that kids' chorus that their bases set to trembling, and made deep, surreptitious, boomy sounds like the roll of many drums in the distance; and from somewhere outside, with the ring of the voice of a colonel on the line, came one long, tremendous exclamation— "Great hat!"

EMBEZZLEMENT CHARGED.
Calvin Parker, wanted on a charge of misdemeanor embezzlement, was arrested yesterday afternoon. Parker will be arraigned in the Police Court this morning.

STUBBS HELD FOR ORDERS.

Harriman Traffic Director Detained in City by Subpoena.

The red board was dropped yesterday in front of J. C. Stubbs, traffic director of the Harriman line, and he is held in Los Angeles for orders.

Mr. Stubbs came here in his private car Monday, on the special train that brought Senator Clark and other officers and directors of the Salt Lake line, which is to operate closely with the Harriman line.

The visiting Harriman chief had expected to leave today, having been in the city while the Salt Lake officials conferred over the opening of that road for through traffic, but at the last minute a deputy United States Marshal stepped in and served him with a subpoena to appear tomorrow in the Federal Court, as a witness in the case of the Santa Fe against a large number of Los Angeles sculptors.

Like a good railroad man, Mr. Stubbs did not run by the signal. He will wait until he gets a clearance.

BUSINESS MEN ARE ENLISTING.

ORGANIZING FOR WORK IN THE COMING ELECTION.

Consolidation of Commercial Interest Against the Plan to Make Los Angeles a "Dry" City—Brewers Declare They Are Not Fearful of the Result.

Open war is about to be declared on the anti-saloon forces. Interests that have been preparing quietly for the coming campaign at the polls, will announce themselves publicly in a day or two. An organized effort will be made by business men to defeat the proposition to close retail liquor houses.

While those engaged wholly or in part in the manufacture and sale of liquors are girding themselves for the contest, there also is a strong sentiment in the mercantile life of Los Angeles against the stoppage of liquor selling at retail. It is predicted that a large number of merchants will work for the defeat of the proposition that is to be submitted to the voters.

Brewers and wholesale liquor dealers have been engaged ever since the beginning of the Chapman campaign, in building up an organization for political work. Their plans are about completed, but have not yet been made public.

Just who are at the head of the organization, or what their plans may be, are not known. They are being so carefully up to this time that the supporters of the anti-saloon movement, nor any one else, it is believed, knows what they are.

Representatives of the interests most affected, however, profess to have no fear of the outcome of the election. The commercial interest of the city is to be among the arguments against the proposal to legislate the retail sale of liquor. It will be argued, and merchants in general are expected to join in driving this argument home, that a city of the cosmopolitan nature of Los Angeles cannot progress if there is to be a law declaring "Thou shalt not drink at a bar."

Merchants say that in view of the support Los Angeles receives from tourists and visitors from every part of the world—persons who are accustomed to a maximum of personal liberty—it would be the height of folly to bring them here and then tell them that they will not be permitted to obtain liquor in any manner that they please.

With the bars up against the retail sale of liquor, it is argued, the tourist trade would turn from Southern California to Florida or to the northern part of the State, and the hundreds of thousands of dollars expended in exploiting this section would be wasted.

BLOODY FIGHT IN THE HAZEL.

Trail of Gore from Place Down Spring Street.

Espee Trainmen Use Knives and Beer Bottles.

Upstairs Riot Follows the Request of Landlady.

A crowd of Southern Pacific trainmen tried to take possession of the Hazel lodging-house, No. 1974, South Broadway, at 7:30 o'clock last evening. Because the landlady, Mrs. White, objected to the endless chain of buckets of beer ascending the stairs, a fight was started in which the men, who lost three fingers by a knife slash, after he had been knocked down by a tough who wielded a water picher; another man was slugged with a bottle and lost several inches of scalp; and a third was beaten about the head and face.

For genuine excitement not one of the several notorious lodging-houses along Broadway between First and Second streets has ever furnished a marker to the riot of last night.

The fracas occurred when the night watch from the Police Station was just going out, and half a dozen policemen were sent to the place immediately. A bloody scene and a thoroughly demolished house were presented to the gaze of the policemen.

Three men, who had started all of the trouble, escaped by the back stairway, and ran out of the alley on to First street, at the moment when three score policemen on their way to their beats were marching past; but they were not apprehended, for none of the officers knew of the bloody fight in the Hazel.

TRAIL OF BLOOD.

Patrolmen Murray and Henderson caught the track of the fleeing men, however, and a few minutes later they were located in the office of Dr. Lanterman in the Yamacraw block, corner of Third and Spring streets, where one of the men had been taken to have his injuries attended.

A trail of blood marked the flight of the men down First and Spring streets, and a gory line showed the route to the Receiving Hospital of L. W. Poole, who was slashed across the hand with a knife after he had been almost brained with a picher.

It appears that A. P. Carroll, Southern Pacific trainman; L. Hicks, brakeman, and J. C. Mahoney, conductor on the Espee, went to the Hazel early last evening and asked for W. J. Faulkner, another trainman, who had a room, although his house address is given as No. 90 Buena Vista street.

Faulkner was absent, but the others cared not a whit. They began drinking and carousing in his room, and when the landlady tried to stop them they started to fight. Mrs. White called to Poole, a roomer, and he went to her assistance, only to be knocked down and beaten. Poole is a husky cement-worker. He grappled with the men as he fell and dragged one of them down with him. Then a cowardly trick was resorted to.

SLASHED WHILE DOWN.
While Poole was down and holding one of the men another whipped out a sharp knife and slashed the fallen man's fingers. So deeply were they cut that Poole will probably lose three of them.

Meantime Carroll had been knocked down by someone who wielded a beer bottle. The man's head was severely gashed. His friends say the blow was delivered by one of their own number by mistake.

Carroll, Hicks and Mahoney fled to Dr. Lanterman's office, where they were arrested by Patrolmen Murray and Henderson. Poole was taken to the Receiving Hospital. The three railroad men were locked up on "suspicion." Their cases will be investigated today and complaints charging assault with a deadly weapon, or perhaps assault with intent to murder, will be sworn out against them.

OWNED BY UNIVERSITY.

The bloody fight may result in a revolution in the conduct of lodging-houses along Broadway, several of which have been constantly under police surveillance. The Hazel and the Wyndham, both of which use the same stairway, are owned by the University of Southern California, and complaints have recently been entered about the class of lodgers in at least one of the places. Women of the recently renovated red-light district flocked to Broadway, and many troubles have resulted.

OFF FOR IMPERIAL.

Now it is said the university trustees will look carefully into the matter, and some of the lodging-house-keepers may go out of business.

SEEMS AGAINST CONSTITUTION.
New Drug Clerk Law Likely to be Overturned.
Similar New York Statute Killed by Court.
Highest Tribunal in Land Knocks it Out.

The Supreme Court of the United States has taken the liberty of differing with the California Legislature.

It has knocked the stuffing out of the New York bakery law which served as a model for the drug clerk law which went into effect all over California last Sunday. This law limits the number of hours a clerk in a drug store may work. He may wish to work longer than ten hours; the boss of the store may wish to pay him extra for so doing. This law forbids it.

As might be evident, this law was forced upon the last legislature by the labor union men of San Francisco.

In somewhat elegant language, the United States Court of last resort has decided that if the boss wants his baker to work over ten hours; and the baker wants to work over ten hours himself, it is nobody's business; except that of the boss and the baker. The same thing is nobody's business to druggists and drug clerks.

The decision was rendered in the Supreme Court in the case of New York vs. Lockhart, wherein a baker was convicted of a misdemeanor in having allowed men in his shop to work more than ten hours.

The case was first carried to the New York State Appellate Court; there, an opinion written by Judge Alton A. Parker, the conviction of Lockhart as misdemeanor was sustained. The court was divided four to three on the issue.

It was carried to the Supreme Court of the United States; this decision was reversed. Again the court was divided, in time five to four.

The opinion was written by Justice William Brandeis, and was concurred in by Justices Holmes, Fuller, and Justice, Brandeis, and Mr. Justice, Day and Justice, McHugh.

The point of the opinion is that the law is unconstitutional because it interferes with the rights of contract between individuals.

The dissenting opinion, written by Justice Harlan, is to the effect that it is an interference with State rights to say that such a law shall not be passed. Inasmuch as it apparently applies directly to our own drug clerk law, the opinion of Justice Peckham is of interest. Justice Peckham said that the law is not an act merely fixing the number of hours which shall constitute a legal day's work, but an absolute prohibition on the employer permitting under any circumstances more than ten hours' work to be done in his establishment. He continued:

"The employer may desire to earn the extra money which would arise from the working more than ten hours, but this statute forbids the employer from permitting the employee to work more than ten hours. It necessarily interferes with the right of contract between the employer and employee concerning the number of hours in which the latter may labor in the bakery of the employer. The general right to make a contract in relation to his business is part of the liberty of the individual protected by the fourteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution. Under that provision no State can deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law. The right to purchase or to sell labor is part of the liberty protected by this amendment, unless there are circumstances which exclude the right."

"The question whether this act is valid as a labor law pure and simple may be dismissed in a few words. There is no reasonable ground for interfering with the liberty of person or right of free contract by determining the hours of labor in the occupation of a baker. There are in no sense words of the State."

"It is generally believed among lawyers of this city that the decision bears directly upon the effective drug clerk law, which was modeled on this New York law."

THE CIRCULATION OF THE TIMES.
The circulation of the Los Angeles Daily Times for the month of March, 1905, was as follows:

Number of copies printed	40,000
Number of copies distributed	38,000
Number of copies sold	35,000
Number of copies returned	3,000
Number of copies on hand	2,000
Number of copies in circulation	35,000

On an average daily sale for the month of March, 1905, was 1,166.66 copies.

Southwestern Tunnel Club
had a crowd there in front of our windows all day long. It seemed that everybody wanted to see the magnificent display of Prize Cups. The crowd seemed to be composed of all the people of Los Angeles, and the display was indeed a wonderful one. We sold over 100 cups, and the number of cups, over 100, all are completed—their number of being sold—some such a wonderful display of 100 Prize cups, and in sight.

These good people of Los Angeles are a liberal lot. We not only sell these cups, but also—very few—jewelry in Los Angeles has been so richly favored. We sold our cups, and the number of cups, over 100, all are completed—their number of being sold—some such a wonderful display of 100 Prize cups, and in sight.

The two big windows are both filled with cups, and the number of cups, over 100, all are completed—their number of being sold—some such a wonderful display of 100 Prize cups, and in sight.

THEO TIES
other original ideas in law for misses and children. The Oxford ties are decidedly ordinary; also high shoes, an Orthopedic last—designed for us.

See the children in and let see the new styles in Foot.

HERBY - KAYSER SHOE COMPANY
Los Angeles, 215 Broadway.

So Different
There is no one wearing glasses that we cannot see with our special glasses when fitted by our oculist, C. M. D., post-graduate, Oculist and Vienna. Self-prescribed recommendation, but if you wear a trial we will convince you. Hundreds of testimonials like the following:

"I have been fitted by the finest oculist in the world, and I know what sight and comfort could afford until I had Logan fit my eyes with his round lenses. His price is reasonable."

Los Angeles Optical Co.
CLASSES AND OPTICIANS
Broadway, near Fifth St.

Latest styles
men's suits, and waists found on, below cost, at the

ES P. PER
523 S. Broadway

THE MARK OF GOOD CLOTHES
KNOW US FOR BEST VALUES

NOBBY HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

The very latest styles in Young Men's hats are to be found in both our stores.

All the new colors and shapes—special values at \$2.50 and \$3

Harris & Frank
LEADING CLOTHES OF TWO STORES
215-217 SOUTH BROADWAY

Nettletons

Wear a Nettleton and have a shoe with style.
Wear a Nettleton and have a shoe that fits.
Wear a Nettleton and have a shoe that wears.
Wear one of the new spring Nettletons we are showing and have a pair of the swiftest shoes in town.

Stop a moment at our Nettleton window and see what we mean by well.

Step around to our side window and read the message there for you today.

C. M. Staub Shoe Co.
255 South Broadway

HYPNOTIZE THE JURY! NAY, NAY!

OCULT POWERS FAIL TO SAVE RUBEL, THE "BEER."

Long-haired Hindu With Sensitive Eyes Found Guilty of Assault With Deadly Weapon—Hunger Was the Only Hint that Hinted an Earlier Agreement—Woman Present.

Whatever powers of occultism may or may not be possessed by F. Rubel, the self-styled "Hindu seer," he utterly failed to hypnotize the jury in Judge Smith's court which had in hand the matter of convicting or acquitting him of the charge of assault with a deadly weapon upon a fellow-faker, Harry Clement, in a tent on "Grafter's Row" near the postoffice. At 7 o'clock last evening the jury returned with a verdict of guilty, and Rubel was led away to his cell in the County Jail to await the passing of sentence. The crime of which he stands convicted was the shooting of Clement in the leg, with a revolver, during a "professional" quarrel.

The courtroom was well filled with spectators yesterday, many of whom were women, presumably attracted to the trial by the gaudiness of the defendant, whose disheveled length of hair and a certain soulful expression of the olive oval of a languidly handsome face.

The case went to the jury early in the afternoon, but at 5 o'clock no agreement had been reached, so Judge Smith adjourned the court and everybody went to dinner. It seems that the juror had caused the hitch, for no sooner had the jurors consumed the meal provided for them at the county's expense than they discovered themselves to be of one mind.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Concert.
Richard J. Jost, the celebrated concert pianist, will be heard in concert next Friday evening and Saturday afternoon at Simpson Auditorium. This time he comes at the head of the Richard J. Jost Grand Concert Company, with new selections, including the beautiful "Too Late," written for Mrs. Jost, and sung by Jost for the first time by anyone save Melba herself.

Notes for Kneisel.
The sale of seats is now on at the Pacific ticket office for the recital to be given by the Kneisel Quartet, which is undoubtedly one of the leading organizations of the United States presenting chamber music.

Miss Olcott's Recital.
The guitar recital to be given by Miss Ethel Olcott at Robinson Auditorium has been postponed until Friday evening, May 5. Those who hold tickets for tonight may retain the same for the night of the 5th.

WOMEN'S CLUBS.

For Summer Congress.
Meeting of the presidents of all the local women's clubs was held at the Women's Club House yesterday afternoon, in strict confidence and commencing for the four days to be given to women's clubs in the summer congress at Venice of America, the 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th of next month.

Miss Roy Jones. president of the Morning Club, was chosen president of the committee on Arrangements. Mrs. D. G. Stephens, Mrs. E. H. Handrick, president of the Art Club, and Mrs. J. A. O. O'Brien, president of the Women's Club, were elected presiding officers for the four days. Other officers were as follows: Recording secretary, Mrs. C. L. Lewis, president of the Women's Club; corresponding secretary, Mrs. C. L. Lewis, president of the Women's Club; chairman of the Social Committee, Mrs. E. H. Handrick; chairman of the Entertainment Committee, Mrs. Roy Jones; chairman of the Finance Committee, Mrs. J. A. O. O'Brien; president of the Women's Club.

Robinson Company
235-237-239 So. Broadway

Expansion Sale

Skirt Sale Tomorrow

Several odd dozen skirts—hardly any two alike—at prices that bear no relation to their true worth.

\$2 for skirts whose duplicates brought \$4.50 to \$7.50.

\$3.65 for the sorts heretofore sold at \$7.50 to \$12.50.

No question about THOSE prices forcing a speedy clearance.

If interested, be here when the doors open Thursday morning at 8:30.

Walking skirts of excellent chevrons, Homespuns and smart mixtures; every wanted shade.

Some pleated, some tailor-stitched, some self strapped and piped with velvet.

Wash skirts of various stylish materials. Some pleated, some strapped, some tucked, some prettily trimmed with lace.

Walking skirts of high-grade manish cloths, smart mixtures, zibelines, plaids and stripes.

Some pleated, some strapped and piped, some with tucks.

All splendidly tailored. Just about every desirable color and shade.

(SECOND FLOOR.)

Embroidery Sale Friday
On Friday you will have another chance to choose from several thousand yards of embroideries, at a mere fraction of their real worth. Full particulars in Thursday's paper.

Robinson Company
Boston Dry Goods Store

At \$2
Were \$4.50 to \$7.50

At \$3.65
Were \$7.50 to \$12.50

Wedding Gifts

We have made preparations for the coming May and June weddings, and are showing a line of exclusive rich cut glass; art patterns, consisting of the best products from Europe, as well as America; fine china and bric-a-brac in great variety, and put up and delivered in the best manner possible. Give us a call.

H. F. Vollmer & Co.,
Importers of China and Glass.
On Broadway, Corner Third

KODAKS AND CATALOGUES FOR 1905 NOW READY

HOWLAND & CO.
215 S. Broadway

Ricksecker's Edgewood Violet.

The queen of violet perfumes. Dainty, buoyant, lasting, refreshing. Gives as much pleasure as the flowers themselves.

In fancy bottles and packages or in bulk.

PER OUNCE 75c

Phone or mail orders carefully filled.

Home Phone No. 491
Summit Main 200

Chapman & Co.
A. F. BOWWELL, Pres.
H. M. NEWLON, Sec'y.

H. JEVNE CO.

The Best Toilet Articles

When one uses a tooth wash or powder, they want the preparation that will benefit the teeth. Same way with toilet waters, soaps, face preparations, brushes and all articles for toilet use. The safest and most meritorious toilet articles make up our stock—everything here is dependable. In Toilet Articles, as in everything else—"You're safe at Jevne's."

SHOKE JEVNE'S FINE CHAIRS

208-210 S. Spring St.—Wilcox Building

Premier Purity and Quality

Are recognized as the highest, on the Atlantic as well as the Pacific Coast. Premier wines are served at the best hotels, clubs and cafes in New York, as well as in Los Angeles. Sent to your home direct, if you order from the winery. Phone Boyle 21. Free delivery in Los Angeles and Pasadena.

Chas. Stern & Sons 903 MACY ST. Phone Boyle 21

MIRAMONTE TRACT

How to Get One Dollar and Eleven Cents Worth for One Dollar

Buy a lot in the Miramonte Tract paying spot cash and receiving ten per cent. discount—a \$10 lot for \$9.

In addition to this attractive feature we will build up easy terms for our cash purchasers.

For full particulars apply to the owner **Rufus P. Spalding**

Phone: Home 600, Sunset Main 200. 215 N. W. Holman Bldg. City

Garland Gas Stoves

Wear Imperial \$3.00 Hats

LOWMAN & CO 131 So. SPRING ST.

Boulton Dry Goods Co.

Sale of Black Silks Thursday

Another black silk sale starts Thursday morning, continuing for the balance of the week, with savings of 1/4 to 1/2 on the most representative grades to be found anywhere. The comparisons given below show just what we have to charge for the very same qualities when bought in the regular way. Some are shown in the windows today; sale begins at 8 tomorrow.

We've found in former sales that the price concessions create such tremendous selling that the late comer is very likely to meet with disappointment—and the exceptionally favorable offerings during this sale will break even our former records—so come Thursday, if you can.

Yard-wide **PEAU DE SOIES**; these first four, especially for coats and skirts, we count strong values at the regular prices:

31-35 grades, \$1.15	27 inches wide
31-35 grades, \$1.25	31-35 grades, \$1.05
31-35 grades, \$1.35	31-35 grades, \$1.15
31-35 grades, \$1.45	31-35 grades, \$1.25
31-35 grades, \$1.55	31-35 grades, \$1.35
31-35 grades, \$1.65	31-35 grades, \$1.45
31-35 grades, \$1.75	31-35 grades, \$1.55
31-35 grades, \$1.85	31-35 grades, \$1.65
31-35 grades, \$1.95	31-35 grades, \$1.75
31-35 grades, \$2.05	31-35 grades, \$1.85
31-35 grades, \$2.15	31-35 grades, \$1.95
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31-35 grades, \$5.05	31-35 grades, \$4.85
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31-35 grades, \$14.55	31-35 grades, \$14.35
31-35 grades, \$14.65	31-35 grades, \$14.45
31-35 grades, \$14.75	31-35 grades, \$14.55
31-35 grades, \$14.85	31-35 grades, \$14.65
31-35 grades, \$14.95	31-35 grades, \$14.75
31-35 grades, \$15.05	31-35 grades, \$14.85
31-35 grades, \$15.15	31-35 grades, \$14.95
31-35 grades, \$15.25	31-35 grades, \$15.05
31-35 grades, \$15.35	31-35 grades, \$15.15
31-35 grades, \$15.45	31-35 grades, \$15.25
31-35 grades, \$15.55	31-35 grades, \$15.35
31-35 grades, \$15.65	31-35 grades, \$15.45
31-35 grades, \$15.75	31-35 grades, \$15.55
31-35 grades, \$15.85	31-35 grades, \$15.65
31-35 grades, \$15.95	31-35 grades, \$15.75
31-35 grades, \$16.05	31-35 grades, \$15.85
31-35 grades, \$16.15	31-35 grades, \$15.95
31-35 grades, \$16.25	31-35 grades, \$16.05
31-35 grades, \$16.35	31-35 grades, \$16.15
31-35 grades, \$16.45	31-35 grades, \$16.25
31-35 grades, \$16.55	31-35 grades, \$16.35
31-35 grades, \$16.65	31-35 grades, \$16.45
31-35 grades, \$16.75	31-35 grades, \$16.55
31-35 grades, \$16.85	31-35 grades, \$16.65
31-35 grades, \$16.95	31-35 grades, \$16.75
31-35 grades, \$17.05	31-35 grades, \$16.85
31-35 grades, \$17.15	31-35 grades, \$16.95
31-35 grades, \$17.25	31-35 grades, \$17.05
31-35 grades, \$17.35	31-35 grades, \$17.15
31-35 grades, \$17.45	31-35 grades, \$17.25
31-35 grades, \$17.55	31-35 grades, \$17.35
31-35 grades, \$17.65	31-35 grades, \$17.45
31-35 grades, \$17.75	31-35 grades, \$17.55
31-35 grades, \$17.85	31-35 grades, \$17.65
31-35 grades, \$17.95	31-35 grades, \$17.75
31-35 grades, \$18.05	31-35 grades, \$17.85
31-35 grades, \$18.15	31-35 grades, \$17.95
31-35 grades, \$18.25	31-35 grades, \$18.05
31-35 grades, \$18.35	31-35 grades, \$18.15
31-35 grades, \$18.45	31-35 grades, \$18.25
31-35 grades, \$18.55	31-35 grades, \$18.35
31-35 grades, \$18.65	31-35 grades, \$18.45
31-35 grades, \$18.75	31-35 grades, \$18.55
31-35 grades, \$18.85	31-35 grades, \$18.65
31-35 grades, \$18.95	31-35 grades, \$18.75
31-35 grades, \$19.05	31-35 grades, \$18.85
31-35 grades, \$19.15	31-35 grades, \$18.95
31-35 grades, \$19.25	31-35 grades, \$19.05
31-35 grades, \$19.35	31-35 grades, \$19.15
31-35 grades, \$19.45	31-35 grades, \$19.25
31-35 grades, \$19.55	31-35 grades, \$19.35
31-35 grades, \$19.65	31-35 grades, \$19.45
31-35 grades, \$19.75	31-35 grades, \$19.55
31-35 grades, \$19.85	31-35 grades, \$19.65
31-35 grades, \$19.95	31-35 grades, \$19.75
31-35 grades, \$20.05	31-35 grades, \$19.85
31-35 grades, \$20.15	31-35 grades, \$19.95
31-35 grades, \$20.25	31-35 grades, \$20.05
31-35 grades, \$20.35	31-35 grades, \$20.15
31-35 grades, \$20.45	31-35 grades, \$20.25
31-35 grades, \$20.55	31-35 grades, \$20.35
31-35 grades, \$20.65	31-35 grades, \$20.45
31-35 grades, \$20.75	31-35 grades, \$2

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

SHIPPING. **AT THE CITY HOTELS.** **Banks.**

SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES.
ARRIVED—TUESDAY, APRIL 2.
 Italian cruiser Upsilon, Commander
 San Diego.
 John J. Taylor May A Taylor, lot 2 and
 part lot 4, block 2 Alamogordo tract, 1906.
 William A and Selma Plummer to Los An-
 geles Railway Company, part lot 14, block 4,
 Belmont tract, 1905.
 Kalamazoo Land Company to Alexander B

YESTERDAY'S ARRIVALS.
WESTMINSTER.—Mrs. R. P. Adams, Brans-
 ton, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Adams, Mrs. Stev-
 er, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hanks, Miss
 Leona Hanks, St. Louis.

UNION BANK

—Established 1859—

Security Savings Bank

Much
 0% On Term Deposits 3% ON DEMAND SAVINGS ACCOUNT

OF SAVINGS

4% interest paid on deposits

Safe Deposit

Capital and Surplus \$600,000.00

The largest paid up Capital and Surplus and largest amount of deposits of any Savings Bank in Southern California.

OUR TRUST DEPT. is fully equipped for prompt attention to Trust and escrow matters of whatsoever nature - note trustees, executor, assignee, etc.

ANY OF VESSELS IN PORT.
TUESDAY, APRIL 23
 1. Under Tumbler, Outer Harbor.
 2. Under E. K. Wood wharf.
 3. Under Ball Lake wharf.
 4. Under E. K. Wood wharf.
 5. Under Gabriel, Ketchikan-Cassidy wharf.
 6. Under Ball Hallway, Southern Pacific wharf.
 7. Under Southwestern wharf.

Resources Over \$12,000,000.00

4% Paid on Term Deposits **3% Paid on Ordinary Deposits**

Put your savings where they will be safe and at the same time earn a good increase. This Bank pays four per cent. interest, compounded semi-annually, on savings deposits. Open an ac-

B. SAMUEL, Trust Officer.
 James Johnson, 98 Cal. wharf.
 George C. Perkins, N.W. wharf.
 Kate Pickleson, Outer Harbor.
 Brothers, Billar, wharf.
 Ostellio, Reading wharf.
 W. F. Pittman, Crescent wharf.
 Fount House, San Pedro, L. Co.
 Midway, Crescent wharf.
 J. H. Hays, Crescent wharf.
 Anna, Southern Pacific wharf.
 J. M. Coleman, Southern Pacific wharf.

Over 26,000 Open Accounts on Our Books

Wings Bank
Cor. Fourth and Spring

223 SO. SPRING ST.
LOS ANGELES

Geo. D. Taylor

Letters

Expansion. Crescent wharf.
William Benson, 9a, Cal. wharf.
Bill Reno, 2a, Cal. wharf.
Pacific wharf.
Newly, So. Pacific wharf.
Crescent, Southern Cal. wharf.
S. W. Bartlett, Consolidated I. Co.

German-American Savings Bank
CORNER FIRST AND MAIN STREETS
CAPITAL, \$200,000.00 SURPLUS AND PROFITS, \$275,000.00

This Bank makes a specialty of Savings Bank work and offers only to depositors of interest-bearing accounts.

Letters

ATTENTION

Give **careless attention** to every accommodation safe banking is granted, and at favorable rates.

DR. HAYES—WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28.

Office hours: Dr. Hayes, Capt. Glass, or Gray's, 1015 Broadway, 10th floor.

Dr. Charles J. V. French to Central M. Center, part lot 10, Green's College Avenue.

Dr. J. J. French to Central M. Center, part lot 10, Green's College Avenue.

Dr. J. J. French to Central M. Center, part lot 10, Green's College Avenue.

of Credit

DOLLAR SAVINGS BANK AND TRUST CO.

6 Per Cent. on Term Deposits. Open Saturday Night, 6:30 to 9.

[illegible]

Savings Bank

South Bay, from Astoria, via San Francisco.	Germine & Harris Trust, Bk.	Wm. C. Patterson, Pres.	Capital.....\$500,000
Canada, from Aberdeen, via San Francisco.	Mohrman Trust Co., Los Angeles	N. E. Cor. First and Spring	Surplus.....\$100,000
Fresno, from Durban, via San Francisco.	and Merchants' Trust Company of Los Angeles, trustees, to J. A. McJannet, lat. bk. block	Merchants National Bank	HERMAN W. HELLMAN, Capital.....\$500,000
John C. Meyer, from South Bend, Ind.	McCarthy Company's Monte Avenue and	N. E. Cor. Second and Main.	W. H. HOLLIDAY, Cashier.
J. M. Griffith, from Port Madison, Wash.	Pavona Street trust, \$60.	American National Bank	W. F. ROTSPORD, Pres.
Alber, from Bellingham.	Ella H. and Arthur W. Cooley to William R. Brown, lat. to bk. block J. Bryne Villa street, 10.		Capital.....\$1,000,000
McClelland, from Port Blakely.	C. L. Crowshaw to Anna M. Smith, lat. bk. block at Central Arlington Heights Bk.		
	William L. and Ellen Freeman to Francis MacLean, lat. bk. block.		

5th and Broadway
Openings, 6 P. 30 to 8:30

BOXES

Short Reelers, from Everett.
 Arrer Drive, from Aberdeen.
 Lima, from Bellingham.
 Hallia, from Everett.
 Plume, from Tacoma.
 Salem, from Everett.
 Mabel Oak, from Astoria.
 Beretta, from Portland.
 Marshall, from Clallam Bay.
 Eva, from Kureka.
 Mollie, from Fort Hadlock.
 Edie, from Astoria.

Union Trust and Realty Company to P E Alderson, lot 4, Everett & Dickinson's Florida; lot 2, 6th.
 Mrs. Mabel Oak to William Lyman Molyneux, lot 4, Clallam, subdiv.
 1902.

Rebecca Hagopian and Anne Poppler to Little Mosher, lot 2, Shouse & Dickinson's Maple Avenue tract, 1902.
 Mattie Johnson to H R Carow, lot 14, Montrose tract, 5th.

ANGELUS-Thomas Kearns, David Keith, Bera Thompson, J. C. Lynch, Salt Lake; Mrs. J. J. Munday Chicago; Mrs. J. J. Munday Florida; Martin H. Well, D. P. Tracy, New York; E. H. Stevenson and wife, Fresno; C. Duane, Chicago; Mrs. J. J. Munday, New York; J. L. Dault, Chicago; M. H. Livingston, J. Tashauer, New York; W. H. Moore and wife, Philadelphia; L. J. Sargent, Chicago; Mrs. A. J. Davis, Salt Lake; Julia Marlowe, E. R. Mothers, New York; Miss Tomlinson, Chicago; Mrs. C. J. Munday, Chicago.

No. 525 S. Broadway
New Taylor Bldg.
 Dinner Dis. Ladies' Tailors. Third Floor

Transportation
Telephone
Railway
Water
Gas

S. W. Car, Second and Broadway. T. W. PHILLIPS, Cashier, and Profits 75,000
National Bank of California JOHN M. C. MARBLE, Pres. Capital.....\$250,000
N. W. Car, Second and Spring. J. H. FINEBERG, Cashier, and Profits 110,000
State Bank and Trust Company H. J. WOOLLACOTT, Pres. Capital.....\$250,000
N. W. Car, Second and Spring J. W. A. OFF, Cashier, and Profits 60,000
Citizens National Bank R. J. WATERS, Pres. Capital.....\$100,000

[illegible][illegible]

THE BANK AND TRUST
Cor. Second and Spring Sts.

W. H. North Star, 2; Ohio Trust Co., 1; Building, 3; Sanders, 4; 5; 6; 7; 8; 9; 10; 11; 12; 13; 14; 15; 16; 17; 18; 19; 20; 21; 22; 23; 24; 25; 26; 27; 28; 29; 30; 31; 32; 33; 34; 35; 36; 37; 38; 39; 40; 41; 42; 43; 44; 45; 46; 47; 48; 49; 50; 51; 52; 53; 54; 55; 56; 57; 58; 59; 60; 61; 62; 63; 64; 65; 66; 67; 68; 69; 70; 71; 72; 73; 74; 75; 76; 77; 78; 79; 80; 81; 82; 83; 84; 85; 86; 87; 88; 89; 90; 91; 92; 93; 94; 95; 96; 97; 98; 99; 100; 101; 102; 103; 104; 105; 106; 107; 108; 109; 110; 111; 112; 113; 114; 115; 116; 117; 118; 119; 120; 121; 122; 123; 124; 125; 126; 127; 128; 129; 130; 131; 132; 133; 134; 135; 136; 137; 138; 139; 140; 141; 142; 143; 144; 145; 146; 147; 148; 149; 150; 151; 152; 153; 154; 155; 156; 157; 158; 159; 160; 161; 162; 163; 164; 165; 166; 167; 168; 169; 170; 171; 172; 173; 174; 175; 176; 177; 178; 179; 180; 181; 182; 183; 184; 185; 186; 187; 188; 189; 190; 191; 192; 193; 194; 195; 196; 197; 198; 199; 200; 201; 202; 203; 204; 205; 206; 207; 208; 209; 210; 211; 212; 213; 214; 215; 216; 217; 218; 219; 220; 221; 222; 223; 224; 225; 226; 227; 228; 229; 230; 231; 232; 233; 234; 235; 236; 237; 238; 239; 240; 241; 242; 243; 244; 245; 246; 247; 248; 249; 250; 251; 252; 253; 254; 255; 256; 257; 258; 259; 260; 261; 262; 263; 264; 265; 266; 267; 268; 269; 270; 271; 272; 273; 274; 275; 276; 277; 278; 279; 280; 281; 282; 283; 284; 285; 286; 287; 288; 289; 290; 291; 292; 293; 294; 295; 296; 297; 298; 299; 300; 301; 302; 303; 304; 305; 306; 307; 308; 309; 310; 311; 312; 313; 314; 315; 316; 317; 318; 319; 320; 321; 322; 323; 324; 325; 326; 327; 328; 329; 330; 331; 332; 333; 334; 335; 336; 337; 338; 339; 340; 341; 342; 343; 344; 345; 346; 347; 348; 349; 350; 351; 352; 353; 354; 355; 356; 357; 358; 359; 360; 361; 362; 363; 364; 365; 366; 367; 368; 369; 370; 371; 372; 373; 374; 375; 376; 377; 378; 379; 380; 381; 382; 383; 384; 385; 386; 387; 388; 389; 390; 391; 392; 393; 394; 395; 396; 397; 398; 399; 400; 401; 402; 403; 404; 405; 406; 407; 408; 409; 410; 411; 412; 413; 414; 415; 416; 417; 418; 419; 420; 421; 422; 423; 424; 425; 426; 427; 428; 429; 430; 431; 432; 433; 434; 435; 436; 437; 438; 439; 440; 441; 442; 443; 444; 445; 446; 447; 448; 449; 450; 451; 452; 453; 454; 455; 456; 457; 458; 459; 460; 461; 462; 463; 464; 465; 466; 467; 468; 469; 470; 471; 472; 473; 474; 475; 476; 477; 478; 479; 480; 481; 482; 483; 484; 485; 486; 487; 488; 489; 490; 491; 492; 493; 494; 495; 496; 497; 498; 499; 500; 501; 502; 503; 504; 505; 506; 507; 508; 509; 510; 511; 512; 513; 514; 515; 516; 517; 518; 519; 520; 521; 522; 523; 524; 525; 526; 527; 528; 529; 530; 531; 532; 533; 534; 535; 536; 537; 538; 539; 540; 541; 542; 543; 544; 545; 546; 547; 548; 549; 550; 551; 552; 553; 554; 555; 556; 557; 558; 559; 560; 561; 562; 563; 564; 565; 566; 567; 568; 569; 570; 571; 572; 573; 574; 575; 576; 577; 578; 579; 580; 581; 582; 583; 584; 585; 586; 587; 588; 589; 590; 591; 592; 593; 594; 595; 596; 597; 598; 599; 600; 601; 602; 603; 604; 605; 606; 607; 608; 609; 610; 611; 612; 613; 614; 615; 616; 617; 618; 619; 620; 621; 622; 623; 624; 625; 626; 627; 628; 629; 630; 631; 632; 633; 634; 635; 636; 637; 638; 639; 640; 641; 642; 643; 644; 645; 646; 647; 648; 649; 650; 651; 652; 653; 654; 655; 656; 657; 658; 659; 660; 661; 662; 663; 664; 665; 666; 667; 668; 669; 670; 671; 672; 673; 674; 675; 676; 677; 678; 679; 680; 681; 682; 683; 684; 685; 686; 687; 688; 689; 690; 691; 692; 693; 694; 695; 696; 697; 698; 699; 700; 701; 702; 703; 704; 705; 706; 707; 708; 709; 710; 711; 712; 713; 714; 715; 716; 717; 718; 719; 720; 721; 722; 723; 724; 725; 726; 727; 728; 729; 730; 731; 732; 733; 734; 735; 736; 737; 738; 739; 740; 741; 742; 743; 744; 745; 746; 747; 748; 749; 750; 751; 752; 753; 754; 755; 756; 757; 758; 759; 760; 761; 762; 763; 764; 765; 766; 767; 768; 769; 770; 771; 772; 773; 774; 775; 776; 777; 778; 779; 780; 781; 782; 783; 784; 785; 786; 787; 788; 789; 790; 791; 792; 793; 794; 795; 796; 797; 798; 799; 800; 801; 802; 803; 804; 805; 806; 807; 808; 809; 810; 811; 812; 813; 814; 815; 816; 817; 818; 819; 820; 821; 822

[illegible]

Drafts and Silver
 SAN FRANCISCO, April 25.—The
 Mexican dollar, nominal, drafts
 drafts, telegraph, 5.

CALL UP HOME TOWN
 to get in with
RAMIADY TON

Bonds and Investments.
 Bonds and Investments.

Beware of Wild-Cat Mining Stocks
 All active stocks of the Tonopah, Goldfield and Bullfrog districts are listed on the

PROPOSITION

[illegible]

BURR BROS. & CO.
209 Grady Bldg.
JOSEPH L. BALL COMPANY

part lots 24 and 25, Brown & Cham-
berlain tract, 116; to
part lot 24, same tract, 116; to Fannie M. A.
O'Fallon, 117; to M. Davidson,
part lot 1A, Country Club Heights
title insurance and Trust Co. to Emma Cole,
lot 6, blk H, 118.
LANKERSHIM RANCH.
R. W. and Madeline R. Penderexter and J. E.
Loebbert to Christina Lankershim, part lot 2B
and 2C, subdivision, 119.

ADAMS-PHILLIPS COMPANY
(ESTABLISHED 1903)
BONDS No. 315 S. Broadway
First Mortgage Gold Bonds LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Mining Company.
(From the San Francisco Bulletin.)
"About four months ago, in the early history of the struggling camp of Wood-
land, a prospector by the name of Bull-
frog was looking for a place to start a mine."

adjoining, tells who are the men who are behind this proposition.
In offering a block of stock in this meritorious prospect, we have
nothing to conceal, everything to gain from candor and sincerity.
WOLVERINE-BULLFROG MINING COMPANY is incorporated
for 1,000,000 shares of a par value of \$1.00 each. Its stock is listed on
the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board. The registrar of stock
and transfer office is with the California Safe Deposit & Trust Com-
pany of San Francisco. The main office of the company is at the corner of

BROKERS.
Members Stock and Grain Ex-
change of the City of Los Angeles.
H. W. Helman Bldg.

SOLICITORS ATTORNEYS.
Office 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

BROKERS.
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H. W. Helman Bldg.

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My Market Letters are sent from others. A copy on request.

de PUTRON GLD. 105 Henne Bldg. Los Angeles

My Market Letters are sent from others. A copy on request.

de PUTRON GLD. 105 Henne Bldg. Los Angeles

[illegible]

Room 419
H. W. Hellman Building
Starr & Dulfer
Fiscal Agents for Mines
Commission Stock Brokers
Members of the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board
Office: San Francisco; Tonopah, Nevada; Los Angeles



AND PIANOS—
WILLIAMSON PLAN
\$2.00 FIRST PAYMENT
\$2.00 MONTHLY.
NO INTEREST